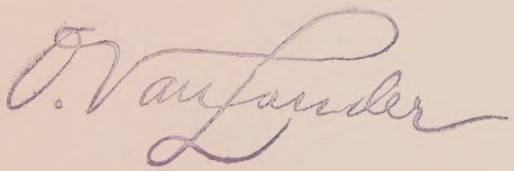
SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT ME

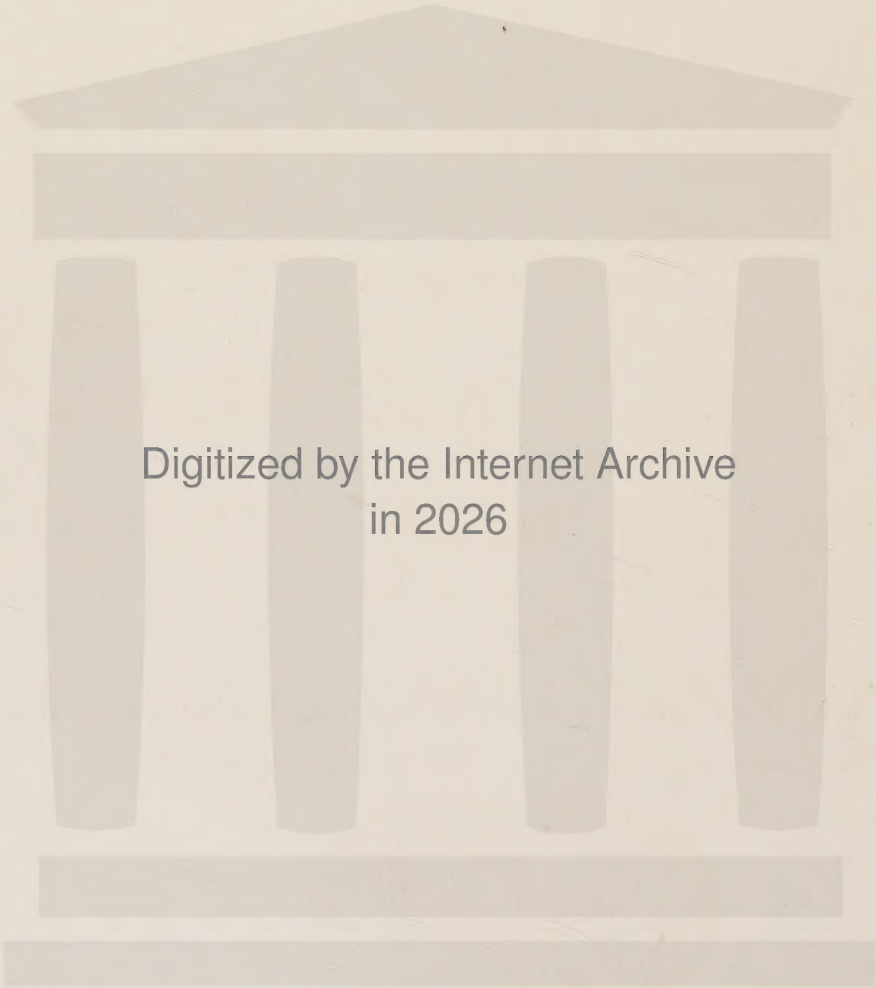
"I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER —"

20 02

"YOURE IN THE ARMY NOW. YOURE NOT BEHIND THE PLOW."

SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT ME

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THE SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT ME

according to

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This book
is for
Hélène
Emily
Florence
& Blanche

IN APPRECIATION

The editors of "The Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" have received contributions from practically every corner of the English-speaking world. In fact, one contribution came from the upper Yukon Valley; another from Nicaragua; several from the Hawaiian Islands and one from far-away China. The following is a partial list of our contributors.

Lieut. S. C. Green (of the 528th Engineers, now living in Des Moines, Iowa).

Mr. Robert Ballou (well known author and formerly literary editor of the ***Chicago Daily News***).

Mr. Robert Casey (author, artilleryman and reciter of army verse, pure and impure).

Mr. Samuel Holliday.

Mr. Oliver Judson.

Mr. Marshall Bartholomew.

Hélène Babbitt Niles (of the American Red Cross).

Mr. Frank Miles (of the Iowa Legionaire).

Capt. E. Armitage McCann (English Navy).

Miss Helen Bennett (American Red Cross, who gave us the correct lyrics of "Bon Soir, Ma Cherie").

Mr. Earl Dannals (C.P.O., U.S.N.).

Mr. Ernest Bruce Haswell (Cincinnati, Ohio).

Mr. Darrick Hallowell (colored, of Chicago).

Lieut. Leland Gilbert Niles (F.A., U.S.A.).

Lieut. Lee Turner (F.A., U.S.A.).

Lieut. J. Heath Brasselman (M.G., U.S.A.).

Mr. Geoffrey Dennis (Sec'y to the League of Nations, Geneva, Switzerland).

Mr. Alexander Woolcott (one time Sergeant Woolcott, war correspondent on the "Stars and Stripes").

Lieut. H. L. Roberts,
Lieut. Charles Matthews,
Lieut. Orian Hoskinson,
Lieut. Duncan MacKenzie,
Lieut. Jack Eggleston,
Lieut. John W. Shook,
Lieut. James Malcolm,
} U. S. Air Service.

Father Sullivan (Chaplain to the Air Service of the A. E. F.).

Mr. Sigmund Spaeth.

Mr. Maxwell Anderson (of "What Price Glory", "Saturday's Children", "Gods of the Lightning" and "Hell on Wheels").

Sergeant-Major J. G. Dees and Lieut. Robert Poole (both now associated with the Adolphus Hotel, Dallas, Tex.).

Sergeant Scott and the Adolphus Chanters (a colored outfit made up of the bell boys from the Adolphus Hotel).

Captain Thomas P. Brown (one time instructor at the Central Training School for Infantry Officers, Camp Pike, Arkansas).

Lieut. F. P. Sherman (U.S.N., naval aviator aboard the U.S.S. ***Lexington***).

Mr. Pierson Underwood.

Captain Paul C. Harper (U.S.A.).

Mr. R. W. Gordon (of the Library of Congress, the international folk song authority).

FOREWORD

As the facts about this man's war slowly come to light, we become more and more amazed at the many things that go to make up a major conflict. And in the conflict of 1914-1918 (although unofficially) song was by no means the least of these.

After considering the data collected on the subject of war songs and army singing, one should not be surprised to find that on those dark uncertain nights in and around Chateau Thiery or later down in the Argonne, musical settings of the Astabula disaster, or Macaulay's epic about Horatius and Herminius at the Roman Gate were sung in a trench-weary voice to anyone who cared to listen. In fact, we have been promised (to date unfilled) a cowboy-army version of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," once sung in a traveling army show in France, and a quartette arrangement with army lyrics of "Oh, Why Did They Dig Maw's Grave So Deep."

The folks "back home" have heard about the horror side of the war. They are beginning to wonder what the soldiers did besides get killed. They are tired of hearing about the crack of hand grenades and want to know what the boys mean when they say, "Yes, it was a terrible war, but it was better than no war at all!"

In the 1917 Training Camp days, our families knew something of our musical activities. Now and then fathers and mothers and younger relatives would be seen on the outskirts of a "sing," but

that was as near a close-up of the "Singing Soldier man" as some of them ever had.

In those days we sang "Goodbye Maw, Goodbye Paw, Goodbye Mule, with your old hee-haw," "America, I Love You," "Over There," "There's A Long, Long Trail a Winding," "Indiana" (with those delicious parodies), etc.—all filling a very definite need. We also did the stirring old ditty about being in the army now and not being behind the plow, but we didn't sing it when the relatives were around.

Then there was "Roll, Jordan, Roll"—very profane but very humorous—just ask any man who sang it. And those semi-lewd couplets set to the tune of the "Hesitation Blues." But we had not yet come into contact with the vocabulary of the service. We hadn't found out how humorous it was to hold up our officers, our pack mules, our mess, our allies, and our enemies to ridicule. Nor had many of us learned the trick of manufacturing barrack-room lyrics.

One group of soldiers (Ambulance men from Chicago, Illinois) started out by hanging the following words onto the tune of "I'm A Little Prairie Flower":—

I'm a little midway rose,
I wear dirty underclothes,
Nobody sees, and nobody knows,
I'm wild—I'm wild.

But they evolved rapidly. For in a very short while, the same outfit took the well-known "Son of a Gambolier" and turned out the "Allentown Ambulance Song," which aside from disclosing some very pertinent facts about the medical department, is nicely

rhymed, humorous and easy to sing. (The full musical version will be found in this volume with the others.)

It was in France that we discovered "Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile." It had been brought out in 1915 and the English Tommies had been singing it since then, but we encountered it for the first time during the winter of '17 and '18 at Issoudun.

We hadn't been in France a great while when the more or less original songs began to appear, the first being a ribald version of "In The Good Old Summer Time," making a bit of sport of the Headquarters at Chaumont.

> At the Chaumont G. H. Q., they say,
> Time is quietly idled away,
> Addin' up the roster sheets and figgerin' out soldier man's pay.
> They never have to make the war,
> Nor fall out for reveille,
> If I ever do a hitch again,
> Chaumont is the place for me.

You see, we were beginning to employ satire and also beginning to find out about the army.

At first, the original songs were improvisations. "Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In the Morning" came in for its parodies. In the original, it was very popular, particularly with the lads who had to answer first call. In a little while, an ambulance driver, late of the Field Service, came along with that interminable dirge about today being Monday and tomorrow being Tuesday, each line ending with "Oh, you dirty Germans, we wish the same to you." Later, during that first terrible period when everything was

raspberried, the song manufacturers worked overtime. Not all their efforts were worth writing down, but we were acquiring the vernacular of the Service and slowly a type of army song began to evolve.

The present collection is made up of these Service Songs. Sailors and soldiers sent them to us from everywhere; some in answer to the statement made by the author in "Singing Soldiers," that negroes were the only soldiers who sang anything original; and some out of a desire to have the music of the war recorded and kept for future generations.

All of the songs suggested were not practical. Some of them were so hot they melted down the type every time the linotypers set 'em up. Some had no direct bearing on the war. But out of them, we found nearly 100 songs having an origin in the English speaking armies and navies. (The present collection contains 56.)

And speaking of the navy! What a lot of jolly, Hell-roaring ditties they inherited from their illustrious forerunners. Shanties for their labors and sentimental ballads for their shore leaves. For, contrary to the general impression, sailormen never sang their shanties except when they had some task to peform. The chanty was intended to lighten the pull or relieve the tedium of working the pumps.

Owing to the fortunate coincidence of having a professional musician aboard the early sailing vessels—a fellow employed to rhythmatize the work with a concertina or a violin,—sailormen had the tunes of their working songs long before the words existed. With the disappearance of the ship's musician came the singing sailor, who did very little hard work but earned his pay

by singing snatches of tunes he remembered from the professional performers of the past, and adding appropriate words as the situation demanded. Thereupon, the shanties were born, and for that reason, we find them set to very fine melodies, a thing which is not always true of other such folk music.

Under the heading of impracticable and unexpurgatable songs come many priceless things. Some time we'll have to run off a special edition for soldiers and sailors only and include them all—"in full."

By reading the lyrics of the songs on the pages that follow, one will see that the love of woman is seldom referred to. There is more of it in the sailors' songs than in the soldiers' songs. After all, going away to war is a very masculine occupation and it is natural that the sights, the sounds, the odors, the tasks, the endless days of mud, the pock-marked fields, the smashed airplanes, the phosgene, the mustard gas, the hospital, the sub-chaser, the mine sweeper, channel patrol and the troop ship ***should*** make up the "fiendishly illogical hodgepodge" from which the soldier and the sailor concocted their songs.

Women had to do with the madness that was war. Many of them had their first opportunity to prove a previously unexpressed nobility. Many of them were brave beyond the usual understanding of the term, but somehow they seldom got into the original song creations that became a part of our army and navy's kit and baggage.

Yes, we sang! And when we did, our songs revealed thoughts that would have otherwise died unspoken. Our songs told a tale the histories will try to untell for a good many years; they revived

sunken spirits when the platoon leaders failed and they gave us a new lease on the sense of humor that carried us "over the top."

It has taken us a long time to compile, arrange, and set down corrected versions of the songs, ballads and ditties found in "The Songs My Mother Never Taught Me"—hunting up certain boys who sang certain songs; attending the Legion "get-togethers" and other reunions where the sentimentalia of 1917-1918 was taken out of its lavender jar and re-lived—where the faded pages of old diaries were re-read. Months were spent answering letters from the far corners of the English speaking world, cutting, adding to, and revising. Even so, our task is not finished. Mistakes and corruptions have crept into both verses and tunes. These we have tried to detect. We can only ask the reader's indulgence if a great many such irregularities appear.

JOHN J. NILES,
1st Lieut., A. S. O. R. C.

DOUGLAS S. MOORE,
Lt. (j. g.) U. S. Navy (Ret.)

Cutchogue, L. I.
Summer Time, 1929.

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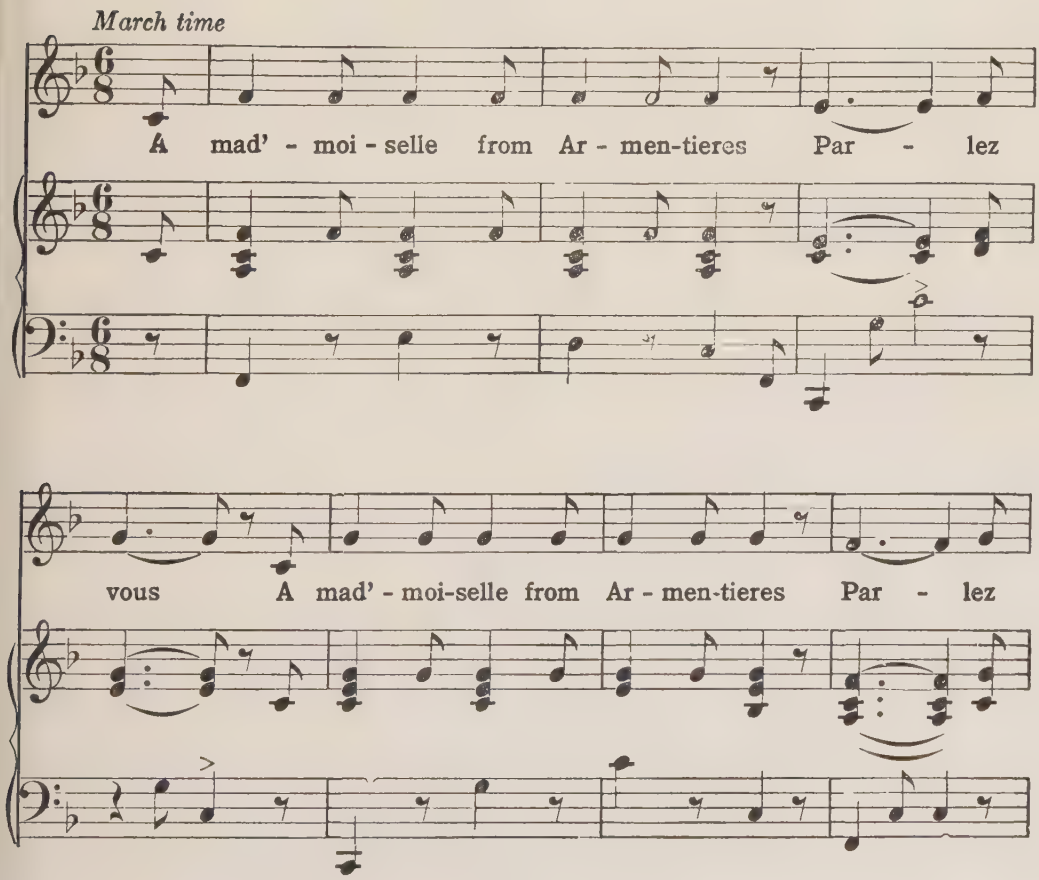
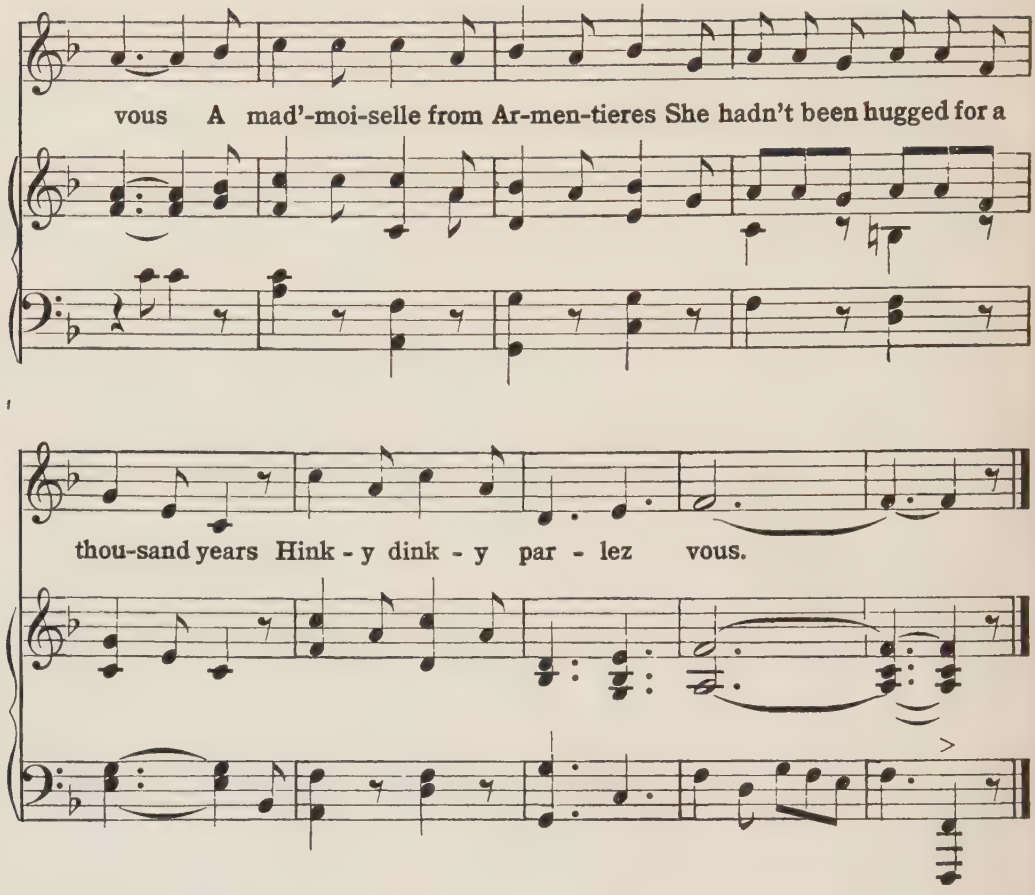
SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT ME

MAD'MOISELLE FROM ARMENTIÈRES

40,000 Marines Can't Be Wrong





Mad'moiselle from Armentières,
Parlez-vous.
Mad'moiselle from Armentières,
Parlez-vous.
She got the palm and the croix de guerre,
For washin' soldiers' underwear,
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Mad'moiselle was dressed in blue,
Parlez-vous.
Mad'moiselle was dressed in blue,
Parlez-vous.
Mad'moiselle was dressed in blue,
The souvenir was in blue too,
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

The tin hat, he's a totin' his pack,
We hope to Christ it breaks his back.

The open shop can't get me sore,
It's closed saloons that rile me more.

The "Pretoria" passed a ship to-day,
For the ship was going the other way.

If you'd get hold of a friend to talk,
'Phones are there, but it's quicker to walk.

If they should make me President,
I wouldn't have to pay no rent.

They say home brew is puny stuff,
But mine would make a lambkin rough.

When shoes cost twenty bucks a pair,
My dog-gone feet are going bare.

With her I flirted, I confess,
But she got revenge when she said yes.

The bonus didn't last me long,
So that is why I write this song.

My Yankee sweetheart looks askance,
At all the mail I get from France.

The doughboy he had beaucoup jack,
'Till mademoiselle got on his track.

But there's a way if there's a will,
We'll run a little private still.

The doughboy he went over the top,
Because he had no place to stop.

From gay Paree he heard guns roar,
And all he learned was "je t'adore."

The day we sailed away from Brest,
I said, "Good-bye" and thought the rest.

The yellow peril was worse than flu,
But now it's reds that make me blue.

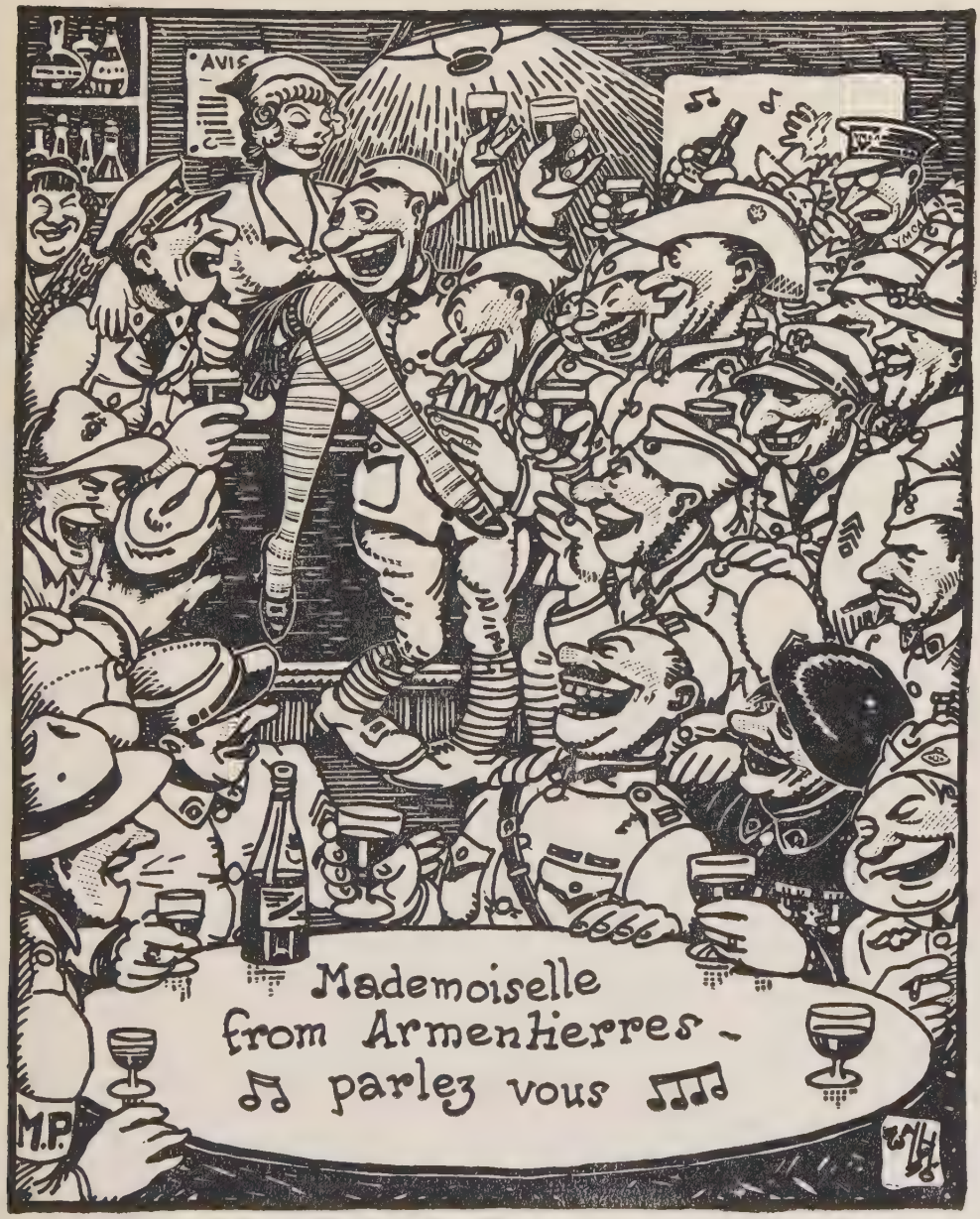
"C'mon, sign up for three years, bo,"
He'll be around in a month or so.

Twelve long, rainy months or more,
I spent hunting for that war.

The boys in the 5th Marines, they were the nuts,
They had the damndest kind of guts.

The bonus may come to us some day,
But taxes will take it right away.

Hoover rates a croix de guerre,
He left the goldfish over there.


AVIS
6666
Mademoiselle
from Armentierres -
parlez vous
M.P.

Bergdoll's lesson is easy to see,
When the draft comes round, R. S. V. P.

I didn't care what became of me,
That's why I joined the Infantry.

He won the war but didn't get much,
Now Bill's in Holland, God help the Dutch.

Dempsey helped to build the ships,
But couldn't see the ocean trips.

The Indian is a good old race,
His nose is red, so is his face.

Oh, I ain't got no power of will,
And all I want's a moonshine still.

Where are the girls who used to swarm,
About me in my uniform?

I'm going bugs with the cost of clothes,
I'd like to be Adam and dress même chose.

The door to my cellar's locked and barred,
I sit with a gun all night on guard.

The M. P. asked me for my pass,
A thing I did not have, alas!

The poor old vine we'll have to drape,
With ribbons fine and dull black crepe.

To find a buddy in a crowd,
Sing "Hinky-dinky" right out loud.

The old red cow left one good pelt,
But they threw the bull for the Sam Browne belt.

'Twas a Hell of a war, as we recall,
But still 'twas better than none at all.

Oh, the 77th Division went over the top,
A sous lieutenant, a Jew and a Wop.

Our General, he got the croix de guerre,
But the poor old bozo never was there.

My Froggie girl was true to me,
She was true to me, she was true to you,
She was true to the whole damned army too,
Hinky-dinky, Parlez-vous.

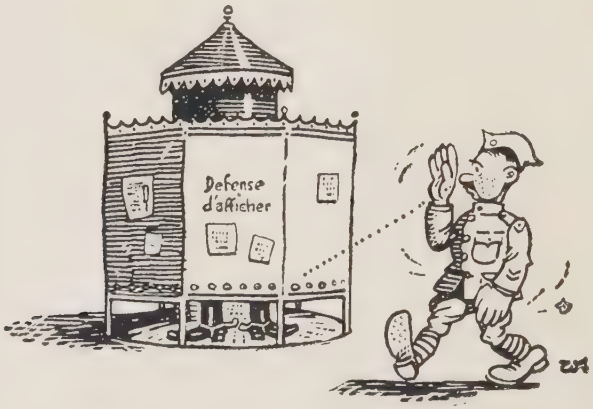
The Peace Commissioners drink and talk,
They never had a post to walk.

The Yanks are havin' a Hell of a time,
Wadin' around in the mud and the slime.

"Hinky-dinky, Parlez-vous" is undoubtedly the folk song of the war. The English Tommies sang it early. Our own Marines picked up the idea and turned out their own verses. The Regular Infantry outfits did the same. The American negroes were not so fond of the buxom wench from Armentières; in fact, they revamped the tune and with their natural musical ingenuity constructed a somewhat similar song which will be found in this collection under the title of "Tell Me, Oh Tell Me Now."

But "Mlle. from Armentières" proves to be the song of songs whenever white army men get together these days and will continue to be perhaps until this present generation of veteran soldiers goes west.

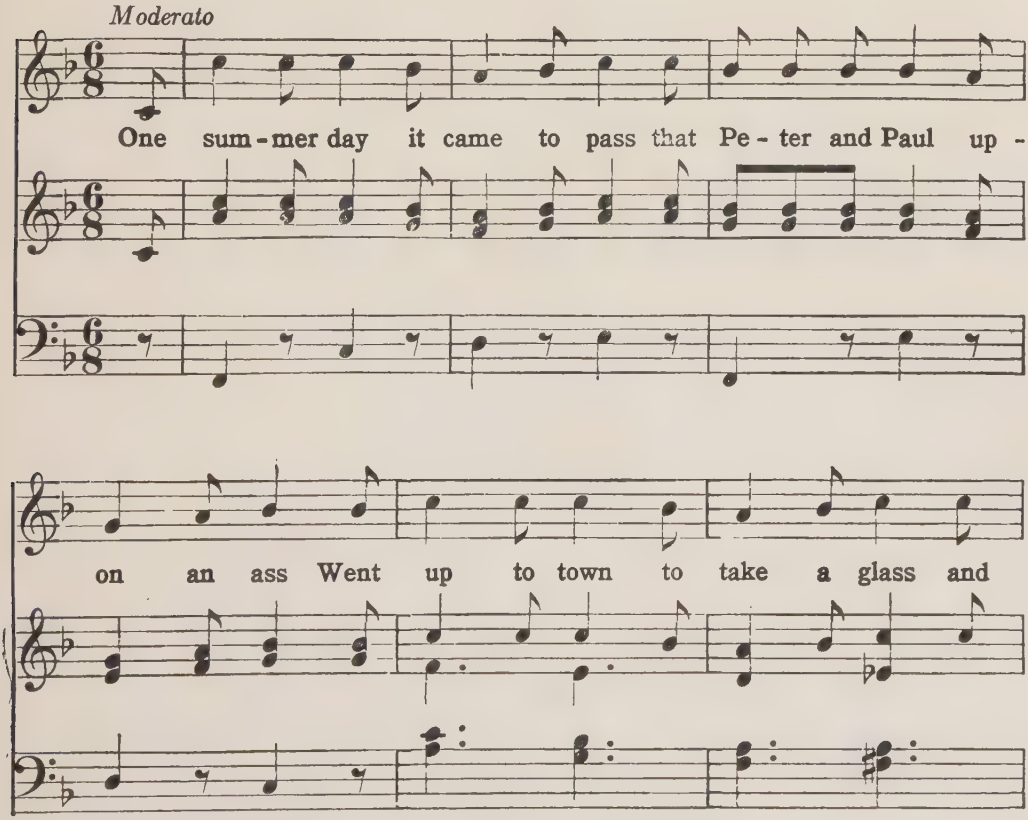
In "The Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" one will find more than forty verses of "Hinky-dinky, Parlez-vous." Many of them were passed on to us by the American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

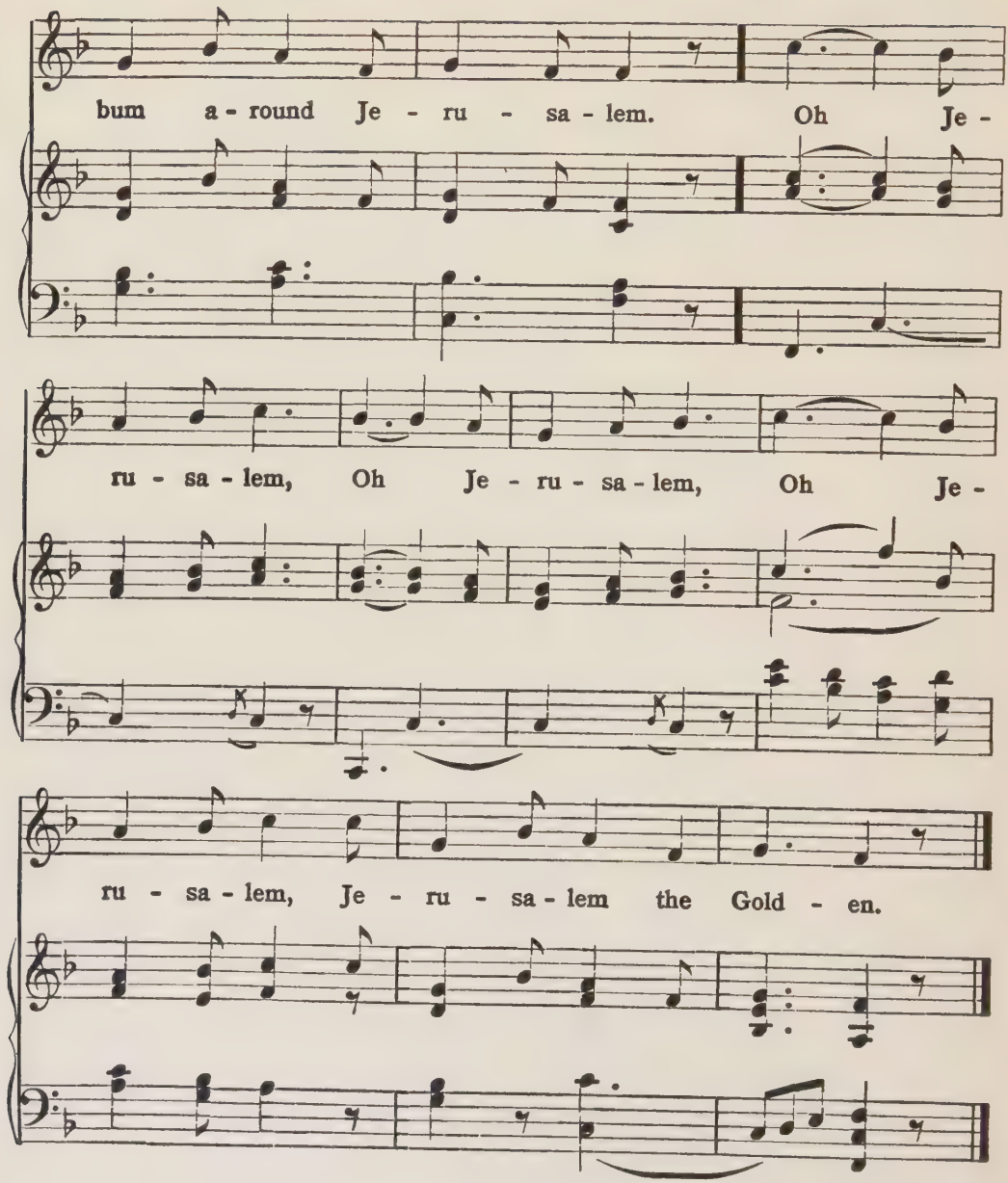


PETER AND PAUL

(Based on a song known as "Gafoozalum" and sung for stag consumption only)

The chorus is what gets "Peter and Paul" over. One voice may do the verses, but no less than twenty lusty fellows with their hearts in their jobs should be turned loose on the choruses. You have no idea what a lift there is in this ditty, if it's properly done.




bum a - round Je - ru - sa - lem. Oh Je -
ru - sa - lem, Oh Je - ru - sa - lem, Oh Je -
ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem the Gold - en.

Then Peter started for the Inn,
Come on, let's have a hooker of gin,
"Brother," says Paul, " 'twould be a sin,
To licker in Jerusalem."

Chorus!

But when they got into the bar,
Says Paul, "Oh look, Pete, here we are,
We must have followed the Hennessey star,
Instead of that of Bethlehem."

Chorus!

The barmaid had an ankle neat,
It soon began to get to Pete,
He grabbed her right behind the seat,
The seat of old Jerusalem.

Chorus!

Says Peter, "Paul, I have a notion,
It's time to tend to my devotion,"
Says Paul, "You're rolling like the ocean,
You're all wet in Jerusalem."

Chorus!

Says Paul, when Peter gave a lurch,
"Beware, your holy name to smirch,"
"Well, ain't I lit up like a church,
The church of old Jerusalem."

Chorus!

Just then the monastery bell,
Made both apostles run like Hell,
For fear of being SOL
And pealing spuds in Bethlehem.

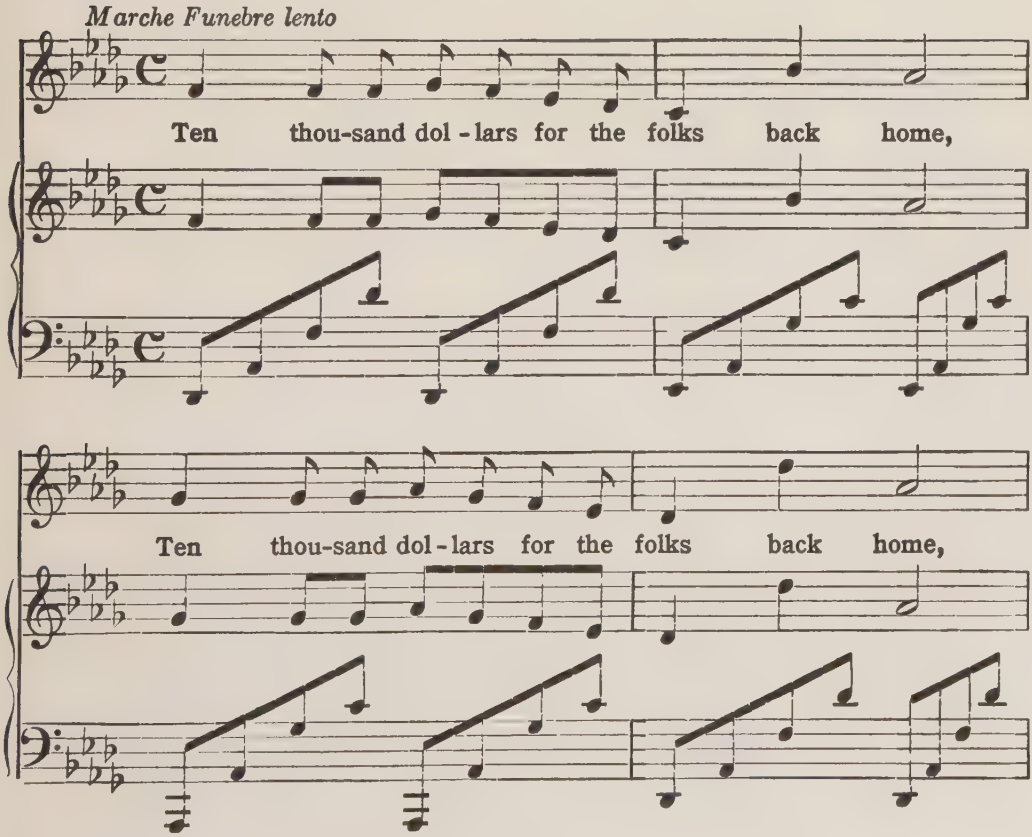
Chorus!

And when the mess call bugle blew,
The twain alone had goldfish stew,
By special order of G. H. Q.,
The C. O. in Jerusalem.

Chorus!

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE HOME FOLKS

Whenever we had the makings of a regulation funeral, we were forced to listen to Chopin's Funeral March. The boys always sang this little song if there were no very high-up tin hats about—it seemed to relieve the tension of the situation.



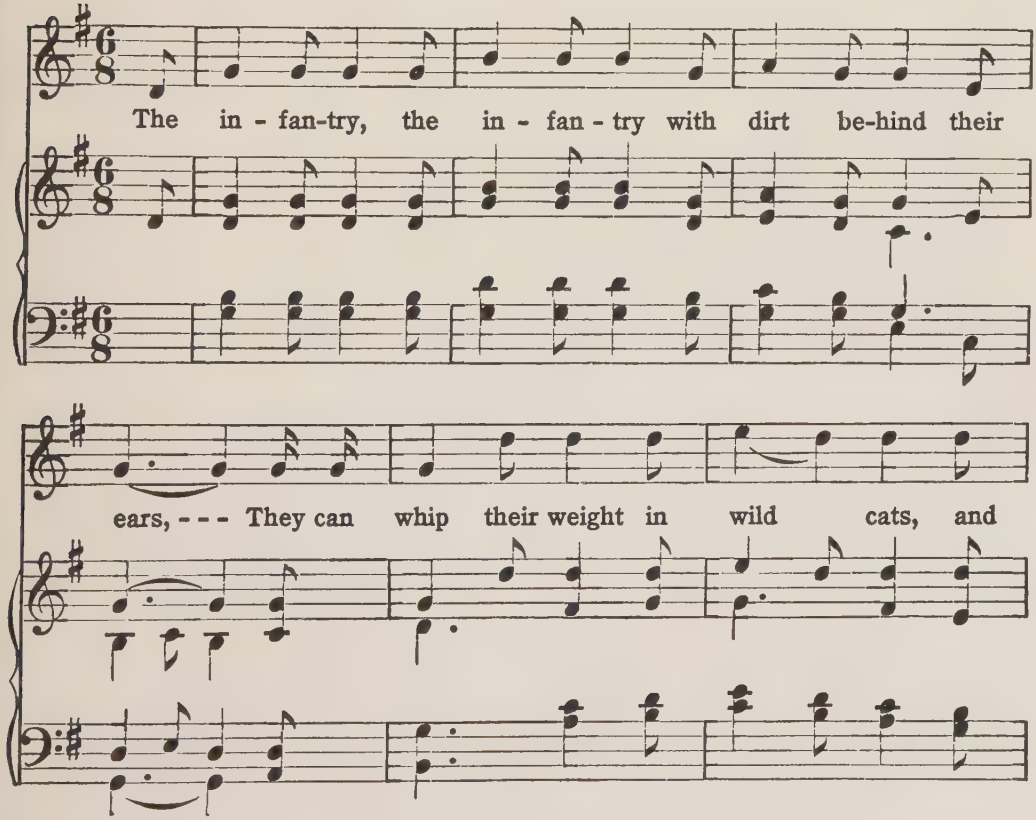
Ten thou-sand dol-lars for the home - - folks

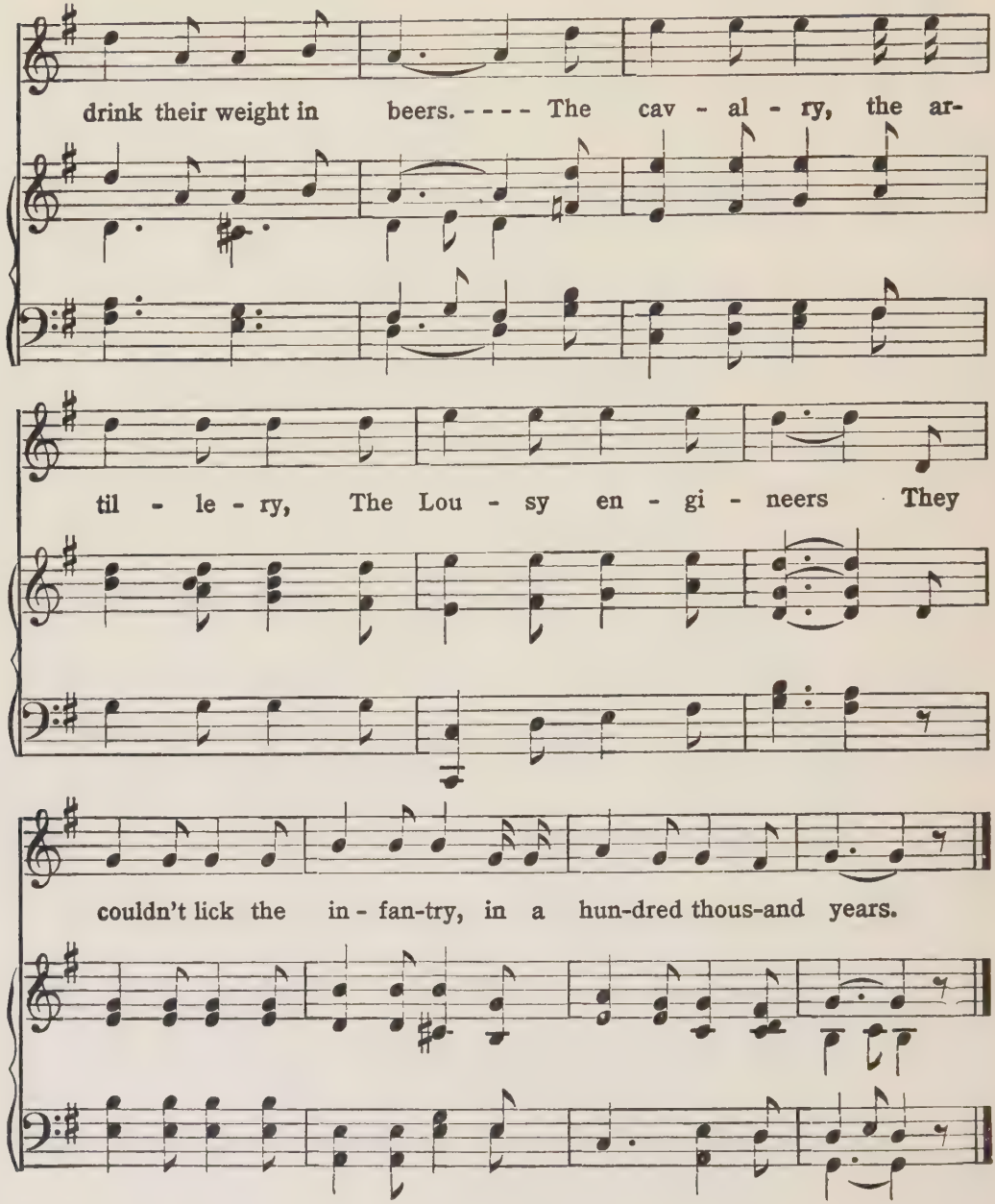
Ten thou-sand dol-lars for the fam - ily.

8va.

THE INFANTRY

Many an unwashed, cootie infested, pack weary "Doughboy" sang this song in '17 and '18, and believed it too . . . By switching the words around a bit this legend about whipping wild cats and lapping up beers can be applied to any branch of the service. . . .




drink their weight in beers. - - - - The cav - al - ry, the ar-
til - le - ry, The Lou - sy en - gi - neers They
couldn't lick the in - fan-try, in a hun-dred thous-and years.

The preceding music is intended to be an easy arrangement of "A Son of a Gambolier." It may not be the same son of a gambolier the reader knew in his youth, or his early manhood, or any other time, for that matter, but it's the son of a gambolier the authors knew in the United States Army of America. And in other places too, like the Diamond Cafe, Louisville, Kentucky; the bar in the Phoenix Hotel, Lexington, Kentucky; Benny Benkirk's Last Chance, Jefferson County, Kentucky; the Black Diamond Bar, Pikeville, Ky.; on the campus at the Kentucky State University, Lexington, Ky.; at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; at Yale University, New Haven, Conn., and a thousand other places where men sing rollicking songs for the pure joy of singing.

"Home Boys, Home," "The Newly Minted Corporal," "Greasy Wops and Yankee Boys," "The Sergeant, the sergeant, he is the worst of all," "The Infantry," and "Heligoland" may be sung to this arrangement.

If the reader has any skill at all he will presently compose a much better arrangement than the one we have written off and he will, of course, use it from then until the end of his days. And if the reader will sing one ribald ditty each day, his days will be long and proportionately happier therefor.

A song from John Gee, sailorman, U. S. N., who cruised the Channel and the North Sea looking for trouble. John lives in New Haven, Connecticut. Trusting tradition, the Heligoland song was sung to the same old "Son of a Gambolier." And speaking of trouble, John tells us that they found quite a little.

HELIGOLAND

(Sing it to the tune of the "Son of a Gambolier," page 29)

We'll all go up to Heligoland,
To get the Kaiser's goat.
In our little pogie boat,
Up Kiel canal we'll float.

And when we meet the German fleet,
We'll make them understand,
That we'll knock the Hell-igo
Out of Helligo, into Heligoland.

A pogie boat was a Norfolk fishing boat converted into a mine sweeper. It was not an awfully happy idea for the sailormen who had to man the pogies. They may have been very good fishing boats off the coast of Norfolk, but in the North Sea, or the choppy English Channel—no.

THE SERGEANT

(This is what the smell of gun powder did to law-abiding citizens)
(Sing it to the tune of the "Son of a Gambolier," page 29)

The Sergeant, the Sergeant,
He is the worst of all.
He makes us hit the bloody deck,
At early bugle call.
And then he sings out "Squads left!"
And "Right Front Into Line!"
And then the slimey son of a b . . .
He gives us double time.

Oh, he's quillin' with the Captain,
To get us all in bad,
Always a turnin' in our names,
A queerin' many a lad.
But when we get him up to the Front,
Things will be squared, we think,
'Cause we'll jam a bayonet through his ribs,
An' leave him there to stink.

This was sung by Infantrymen most generally. And there were other verses—unprintable ones, but very vigorous withal—telling about the delicious cruelties the privates were going to try out on their disliked "top."

If, in the æsthetic, peace-time days before 1917, anyone had tried to bring out a song about lice or being lousy, the pages edited by music critics would have echoed with righteously indignant "boos" and "bahs," but when the horror of this man's war is forgotten (and that sometime may happen), a few of us will still be thankful for the death of certain silly conventions—certain ideas our fathers and mothers inherited from the middle area of Victoria's reign—ideas that stopped original minds a long way this side of reality. If we had stuck to conventional highty-tighty lyrics, "Mlle. from Armentières" would have died "unwept, unhonored and unsung." In spite of the splash Tristan and his sweetheart Isolde make in classic literature, and the consummate beauty Wagner poured into the music setting of their love life, they take second place by long odds when compared to the universal popularity of the buxom wench from Armentières.

"The Sergeant - the Sergeant -
He is the worst of all -."

Here's an example of how the louse became lyric material through the kind offices of the "parlez-vous" rhyme.

The cootie is the national bug of France,
Parlez-vous.
The cootie is the national bug of France,
Parlez-vous.
The cootie's found all over France,
No matter where you hang your pants,
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

The cootie may or may not have been the national bug of France—this is as yet a disputed question, but he was the constant though uninvited companion of many a good soldierman. At first, we were embarrassed by them—ashamed to think we had slipped down to the level of the lousy bozo, but later, we jokingly joined the shirt hunts or disregarded them, with a rather high and mighty kind of indifference. Here's a song that tells the cootie yarn more adequately than one hundred pages of copy. It is sung to that already worn-down-at-the-heels "Son of a Gambolier."

"LOUSE SONG"

(Sing it to the tune of the "Son of a Gambolier." See page 29)

Greasy wops and Yankey boys, they all lay down to rest,
They flop their tails on lousy straw and the cooties begin the quest.
They'll bite you, boys, they'll bite you,
Yes they'll gnaw your skin to the bone,
Their teeth will penetrate your hide,
If you should be made of stone.
In lousy goddam freight cars, they haul us to the front,
But all the while we're ridin', we're havin' a cootie hunt,
For they've been banged and batted,

Yes, they've been squeezed and knocked,
But there'll always be two to take the place,
Of the one that's just been socked.

Don't talk about your Pullmans and your parlor cars back home,
Of the smiling nigger porters with the whisk-broom and the comb.
For in our bloody forty and eights,
We lay awake and curse,
'Cause the only time the lice don't bite,
Is when we're in the hearse.

In singing the "Louse Song," one should be careful to slow down on the last two lines of each verse so as to get over the idea of inevitable suffering.

THE CORPORAL

The First Rung on the Ladder

(Sung to the tune of the "Son of a Gambolier." See page 29)

Oh, the General with his epaulets,
A leadin' the parade,
The Colonel and the Adjutant
A sportin' of their braid.
The Major and the Skipper,
None of 'em look so fine,
As the newly minted Corporal,
A comin' down the line.

Oh, the Bishop in 'is mitre,
A pacin' up the aisle,
The Governors, frock coated,
With their votes for women, smile,

The Congressmen, the Mayor,
Aren't in it, I opine,
With the newly minted Corporal,
A comin' down the line.

This sly piece of egotism expresses the enlisted man's point of view with regard to rank. Although the Sergeants did win the war, it's rather a difficult matter sometimes to convince the enlisted personnel that the commissioned grades even helped.

HOME, BOYS, HOME

(The tune is the "Son of a Gambolier." See page 29)

There was an English soldier song about prices being high and girls being unreliable, which ended up with—

Oh, it's Blighty, boys, Blighty,
The place we ought to be.

Here is an American Army and Navy "Home, Boys, Home" song which, in the case of the second version, requires a little obvious expurgation.

1st Version.

Home, boys, home, is the place we want to be,
Home, boys, home, in the land of liberty,
Then we'll hoist Old Glory to the top of the hill,
And all enlist again—like Hell we will!

2d Version.

Home, boys, home, is the place we want to be,
Home, boys, home, in the land of liberty,
Then we'll hoist Old Glory to the top of the pole,
And all enlist again, in a .... *

It was usually sung with great vigor by shore parties returning to ship, or by soldiers voyaging in French box cars or springless camions.

Napoleon had the dope about the relation of an army to its stomach. Of course, in the time of the Bonaparte, there was no canned monkey meat and the term "grease-ball" had not yet been invented.

Our grease ball is a dirty goddam bum,
Parlez-vous.
Our grease ball is a dirty goddam bum,
Parlez-vous.
Our grease ball is a dirty bum,
He bails out the swill and makes the slum,
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

* The Navy version of this line is "And we'll all ship over, etc."

Do you know what a grease ball is? Well, a grease ball is a particularly dirty kind of army cook. The one referred to in the above "Mlle. from Armentières" rhyme was quietly killed one dark night by a mess sergeant, after the facts set forth in the song were proven to be as nearly true as facts are usually proven to be by "drumhead army investigations."

After all, Napoleon was right—he said that God was on the side of the heaviest artillery, but that the army marched on its stomach. Food! That's what won the war! The mighty Ludwigshafen on the Rhine, where the Interessen Gemeinschaft made most of the poison gases for that spring offensive of 1918; the dreaded Flammenwerfer (flame spreaders); the tack-tack of the maxims; the guard house; the brig; the Naval rock pile; Courts Martial; affairs of the heart—all this was as nothing to an empty galley. Food won the war! Ask any soldier, particularly an Infantryman.

But what a job that was! Trying to feed the American Army. There were men in our Service from every strata of civilian life—men who were used to backdoor handouts—they were easily pleased. The men from the peace time army of pre-war days—they knew what the war was and understood. But the others—the ones whose mothers had fed them—the ones whose incomes had permitted them to do the high class restaurant or hotel act—they were the mess-pan die-hards. It was a collection of the latter who concocted this spicy piece—ten verses originally, starting out with "ten little grease balls standin' in a row," and ending with the one who had to face a shower of half-cooked carrots. Here are the

last three verses—the only ones we dared print. (This was at one time the pièce de resistance of the singing cook at Issoudun, France.)

Three dirty grease balls standin' in a row,
A bailin' out chow for the soldier boys to stow,
One bailed java and the other bailed slum,
And the third bailed nothin' 'cause his gut was full o' rum,
Oh, goddam the dirty little grease balls.

Two dirty grease balls standin' side by side,
Passin' out swill the soldiers couldn't keep inside,
One got a hook on his dirty little chin,
On account of something in the slum he'd let fall in,
Oh, goddam the dirty little grease balls.

One little grease ball standin' by his pan,
Hopin' everything was all to the Mary-Ann,
But then a hail of carrots and half-cooked hunks of beef,
Turned this grease ball's hope into the worstest kind of grief,
Oh, goddam the dirty little grease balls.

The above may be expurgated for parlor performance, but will thereby lose much of its punch, as the entire value of the piece rests in laying a good solid curse on the offending grease balls. One might say, "Oh, doggone the dirty little grease balls," or "Tut, tut, now, fellows, be careful of the slum," but we are quite sure that soldiermen would notice the lack of vigor at once.

JAM
"Oh. G— D— the dirty little grease-balls!"

ALLENTOWN AMBULANCE

(Sing it with feeling to the tune on page 29)

They said we'd go to Allentown and get an ambulance,
Then crank her up and let her go and start for sunny France,
By God, it took us seven months to get a pair of pants;
Oh, there's something rotten somewhere in the bloomin' Ambulance.

One day they took us on a hike to last a week or less,
But when we came to pitch our tents we made an awful mess,
We stood for forty minutes just to try to make a line,
But when we got it finished, 'twas a Hell of a way from fine.

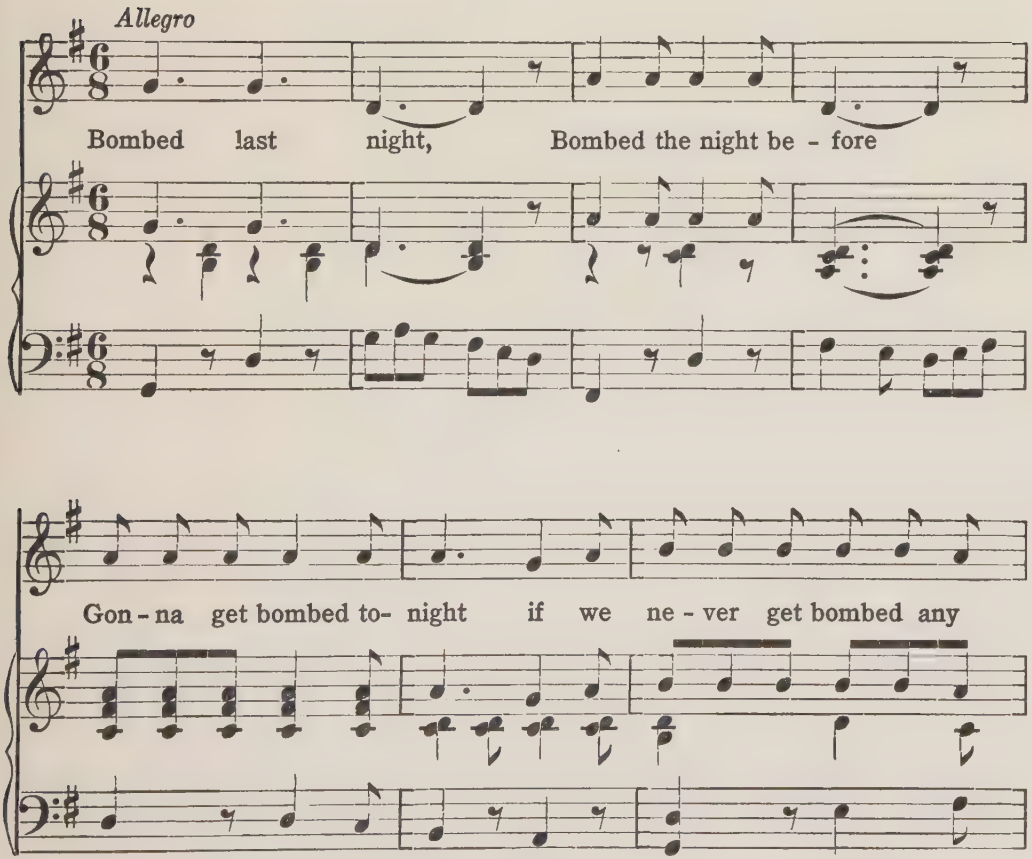
We're in this thing, you will agree, to help to win the war;
But if they'd take us over, we could help a whole lot more;
We wouldn't hurt the Germans, though we'd run 'em out of breath,
But if they saw us pitch our tents, they'd laugh themselves to death.

One day I had a bellyache and a broken down left arch,
I went and told the Captain that I simply couldn't march;
He said, "You take an ambulance or truck, I don't care which,
You can only ride a mile or so, then walk, you son-of-a-b . . . !"

The above Ambulance song was passed on to us by Mr. Robert Ballou of New York City. We are also indebted to Mr. Ballou for portions of the parody on Kipling's "If," "The Prairie Flower Song," and several other very valuable bits of soldier song lore.

BOMBED LAST NIGHT

(Sing this to the tune of "Drunk Last Night, Drunk The Night Before")



more. When we're bombed, we're scared as we can
be. Oh God damn the bomb - in' planes from Germ - a -
ny. They're ov - er us, they're ov - er

us, One shell - hole for the four of
us Glo - ry be to God there are no more of
us 'Cause one of us could fill it all a - lone.

Gassed last night—gassed the night before,
Gonna git gassed again if we never git gassed no more,
When we're gassed, we're as sick as we can be,
'Cause phosgene and mustard gas is too much for me.

Chorus:

They're warnin' us, they're warnin' us,*
One respirator for the four of us,
Glory be to God that three of us can run,
So one of us can use it all alone.

As we go back over the records of this man's war—from Sarajevo to the drawing room in Marshal Foch's special train near Rethondes in the forest of Laigue, we find much material for the scientifically-minded—numbers, figures, facts, endless data! One department of this war lore, namely, that of poison gas, fills many big volumes, and at that the tale is not too adequately told. But the fact that Ludendorff's Seventh German Army used 80 per cent gas and 20 per cent high explosive in their preparation for the attack on the Aisne on the 27th of May, 1918, becomes a dull, pointless sequence of numbers compared to the comedy and the tragedy, the abandon and the reality of the "gassed" song.

You see, even Mein Herr Ludendorff, who started out in the spring of 1918 to "lick the world" (and nearly did it), cannot prevail, with all of his delicious statistics, against the ribaldry of this simple bit of song. Capt. John W. Thomason tells us that "the songs men sing are revealing—sometimes terribly so." This is only

* (This line refers to the gas signal—a warning note on a klaxon, an empty ration can half full of rocks, or any pre-arranged noise-making device.)

too true of the "gassed" song. Think of having phosgene or mustard gas thrown at you and having one respirator among four men. The memory of a situation like this is what keeps some of us from eating horse-radish. (Personally, I never smell one without thinking of the other.—J. J. N.)

GROUSE, GROUSE, GROUSE

Oh, the Army and the Aviation section,
Is all shot to Hell, so they say,
And the Navy is up to its neck in salt,
And the Cavalrymen never get their pay.
So we'll have to write and tell our home folks,
That our Colonel is a louse,
But they don't take no stock, when we privates knock,
'Cause they think the only thing we do is grouse.

Oh, it's grouse, grouse, grouse,
Our Colonel is a louse,
And the General is all hopped up for fair.
Now how much chance has the doughboy in France,
A makin' the war with such a pair.
Oh, it shouldn't matter and we wouldn't mind much,
If these lily fingered tin hats ever grappled with the Dutch.
But when they cross the briny sea,
They bolt for the cafes of gay Paree,
And that's the reason why (A great shout "WHY")
And that's the reason why (Another shout "WHY")
And that's the reason why the privates grouse.

Oh, there's a hundred thousand soldiers in the transports,
And a hundred thousand more stand guard,
And a hundred thousand sailors in their damned converted whalers,
A seein' that the U boat men are tarred.

But the officers they live above decks,
With orderlies to shine their bloomin' gear,
While the doughboys eat their beans out of greasy damned canteens,
The tin hats are carousin' in the rear.

This song came to us from a bus driver in New Jersey. It started out to be part of an army show, but was blue-penciled by the censor. One can easily understand how that happened. We are surprised that the writer didn't land in Leavenworth. The music was an impossible series of grunts. . . .

BON SOIR, MA CHERIE

As sung by one million, nine hundred and eighty-two thousand Yanks to at least five times as many French, English, Belgian and German mademoiselles. From personal experiences, the authors should confess (without boasting) that "Bon Soir, Ma Cherie" was also sung to, at, and for quite a few American female persons, but that the French and the Belgian ladies seemed to understand the tender sentiments expressed therein and considered the proposals in a state of philosophical calm.

This little cross-section of big city night life in war-time France (and other countries) was sung to the tune of one of Sir Harry Lauder's popular successes, namely "A Wee Dock-an-Dorris."

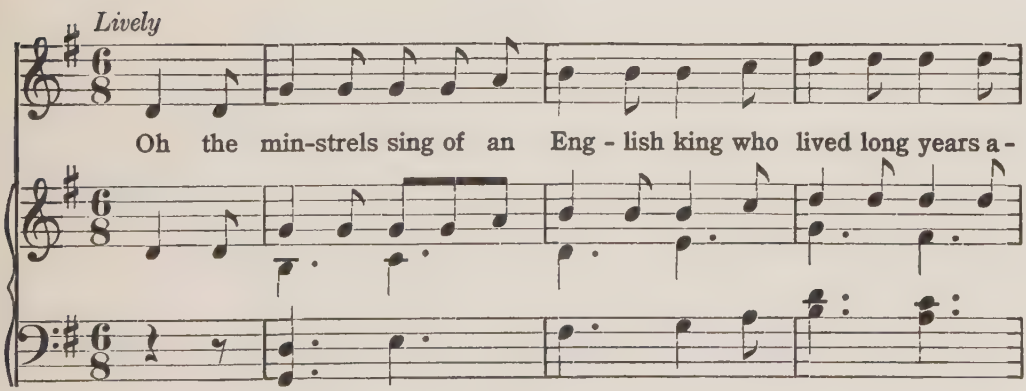
"Bon Soir, Ma Cherie" was a universal favorite, and was most usually sung as you find it recorded below. Now and then some Welfare folks would ask us to pollute our Rabelaisianism with a more milk-and-water version, which we did, unwillingly.

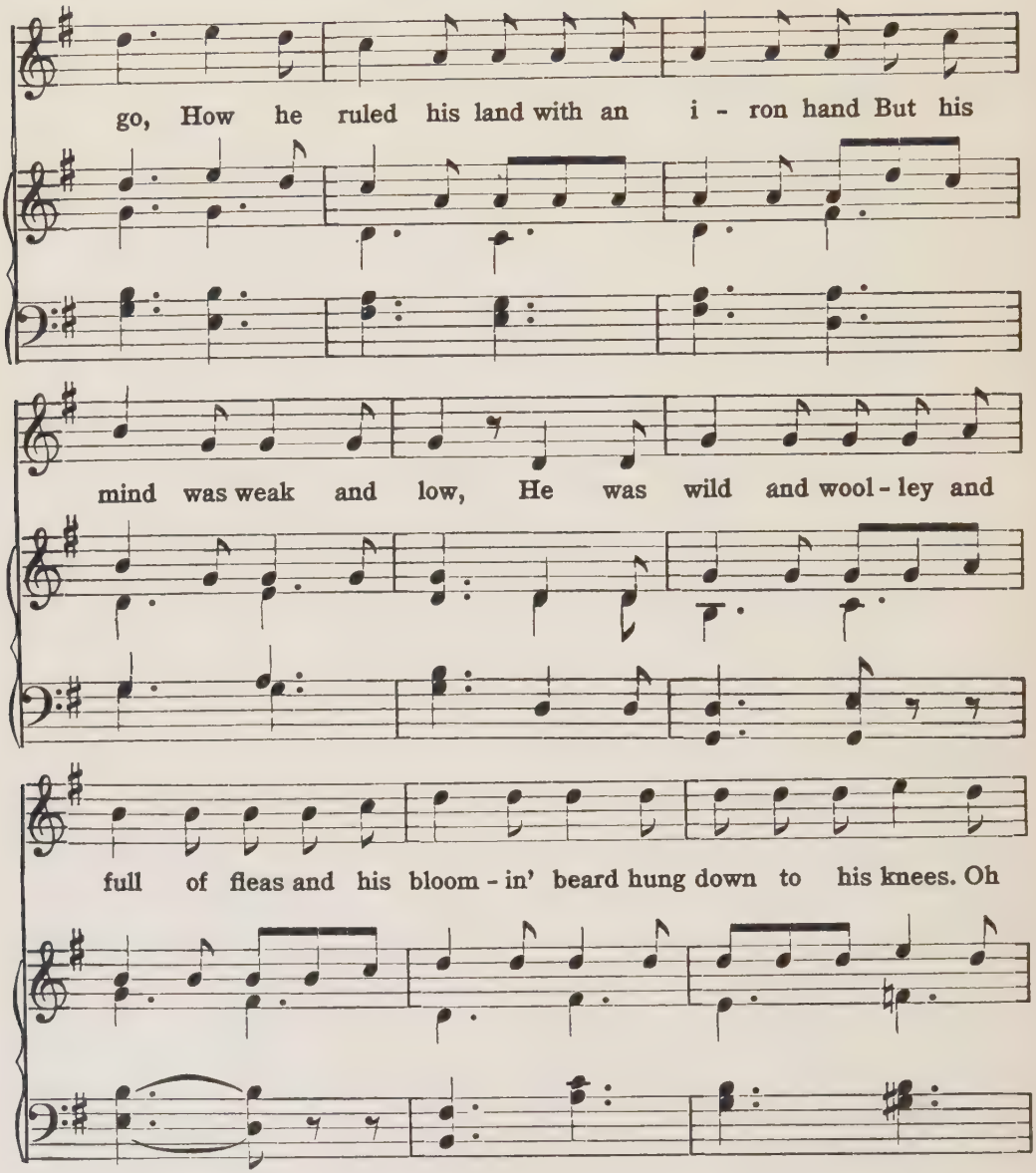
Bon soir, ma cherie, comment allez-vous?
Bon soir, ma cherie, je vous aime beaucoup.
Avez-vous un fiancé, ça ne fait rien—
Voulez-vous couchez avec moi ce soir—
Oui, combien?

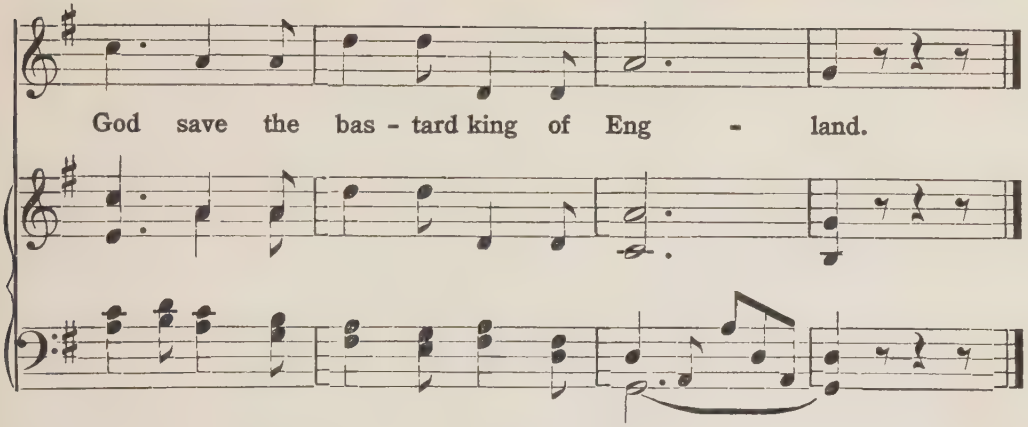
THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

This song, the original of which is ascribed to Tennyson, Walt Whitman, Dickens, Kipling and even Whistler, was a prime favorite with all the English speaking armies. Now and then, when the more imperialistic "limey" soldiers were looking for trouble, one could get a fight out of them by singing the less expurgated versions, but as a rule, Englishmen, Australians, Canadians and Americans sang it and loved it.

It should be delivered in a story-telling manner, with much emphasis on the necessity of saving the irregularly born, but jolly-withal, ancient King of the British Isles.




go, How he ruled his land with an i - ron hand But his
mind was weak and low, He was wild and wool - ley and
full of fleas and his bloom - in' beard hung down to his knees. Oh



Now he loved to hunt the bounding stag,
Within the royal wood,
But most of all, he loved his gin,
As every ruler should.
His only under-garment was a dirty undershirt,
With which he tried to hide his hide,
But he couldn't hide the dirt.

In France at that time was a king,
Upon the throne did reign,
Who was jealous of the British rex,
Because of the Queen of Spain.
The ladies of his court were fair,
But with the Spanish Queen they could not compare,
Oh, God, save the bastard King of England.

Now the Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame,
And an amorous dame was she,
How she loved to twit the royal rex,
Who lived across the sea.

But this ancient rex was up on sex,
Because his love-life had been complex,
Oh, God, save the bastard King of England.

Ah, ha, said France, this British hound,
Will ne'er take off the prize,
As long as I have ships and sails,
And armies of such size,
For the love of one as sweet as she,
I'd give up life and liberty,
Oh, God, save the bastard King of England.

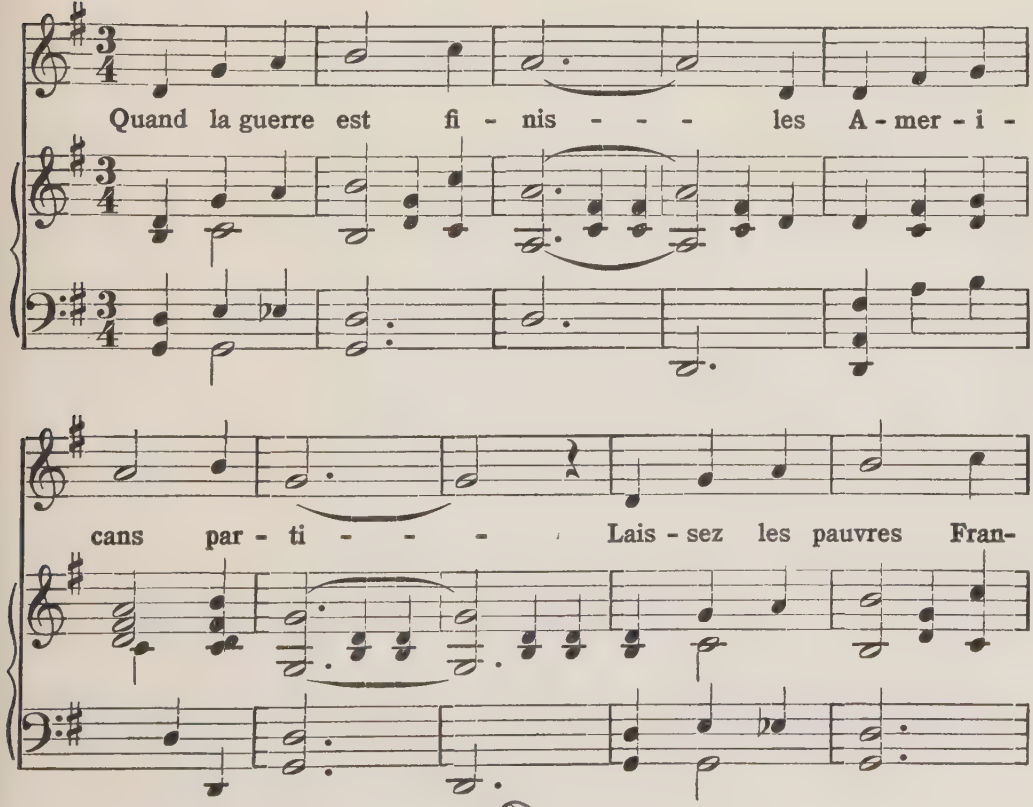
Now the rumor of this love affair,
Was spread throughout the land,
Oh, the army and the navy said,
The Spanish know where we stand.
But the Spanish Queen was just a flirt,
Who played at love and did men dirt,
Oh, God, save the bastard King of England.

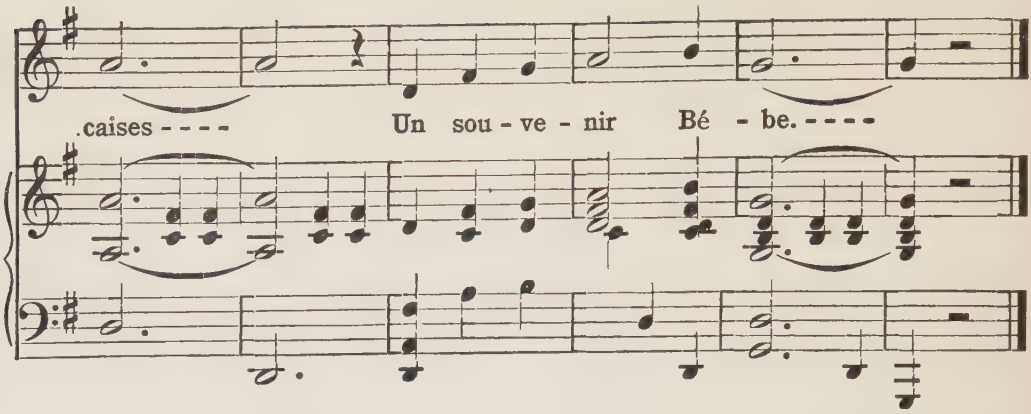
Now, brothers, there were many scraps,
Between those ancient kings,
'Cause we hear of wars and battles,
Every time the minstrel sings.
For the love of the queen, they fought and bled,
But neither of them would she ever wed,
Oh, God, save the bastard King of England.

QUAND LA GUERRE EST FINI

(Those terrible Americans and their souvenirs)

This is perhaps the most pathetic piece of drool to come out of the war. The French is atrocious and the sentiments are almost enough to cause a nice big gauge war between two very long-standing allies. But here it is just as it was sung countless times.





One verse of this is enough except at 2 A. M. on frosty mornings when the veterans are about to adjourn the "huddle." Then, additional verses are in order. Sing them as follows, or make up a few for yourself. Most of you know the details of the legend and have a few scattered words of the noble French language.

Après la guerre fini,
Les Americains partis,
Mademoiselle seul au lit,
Bouncing the new baby.

(What a tough break for Mademoiselle—to be "seul au lit.")

Après la guerre fini,
Tommy soldats partis,
Yvonne have pickaninny,
Après la guerre fini,

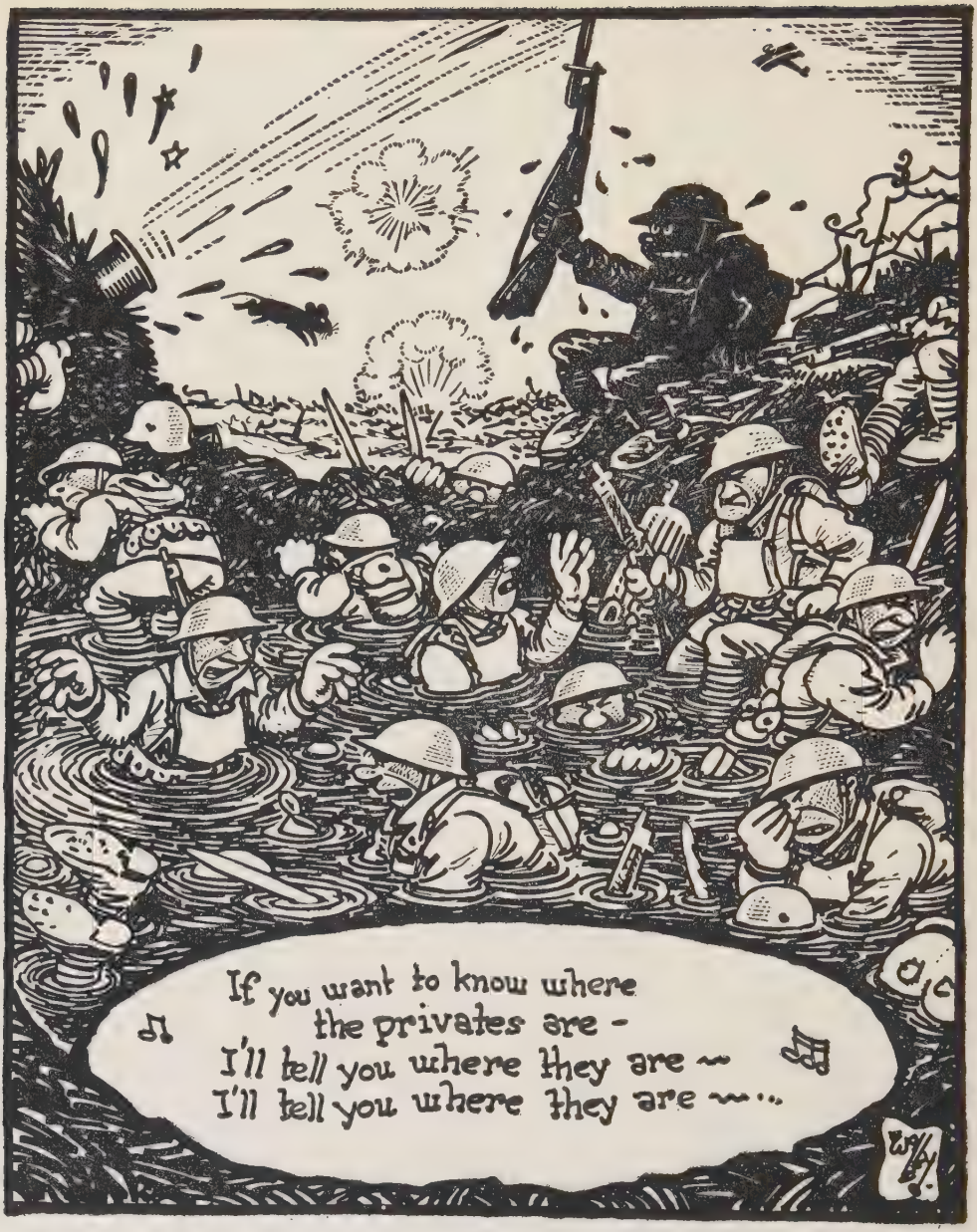
(But even so, Yvonne will have something to comfort her in her declining years.)

Quand la guerre est finis . . .

les Americans parti . . .

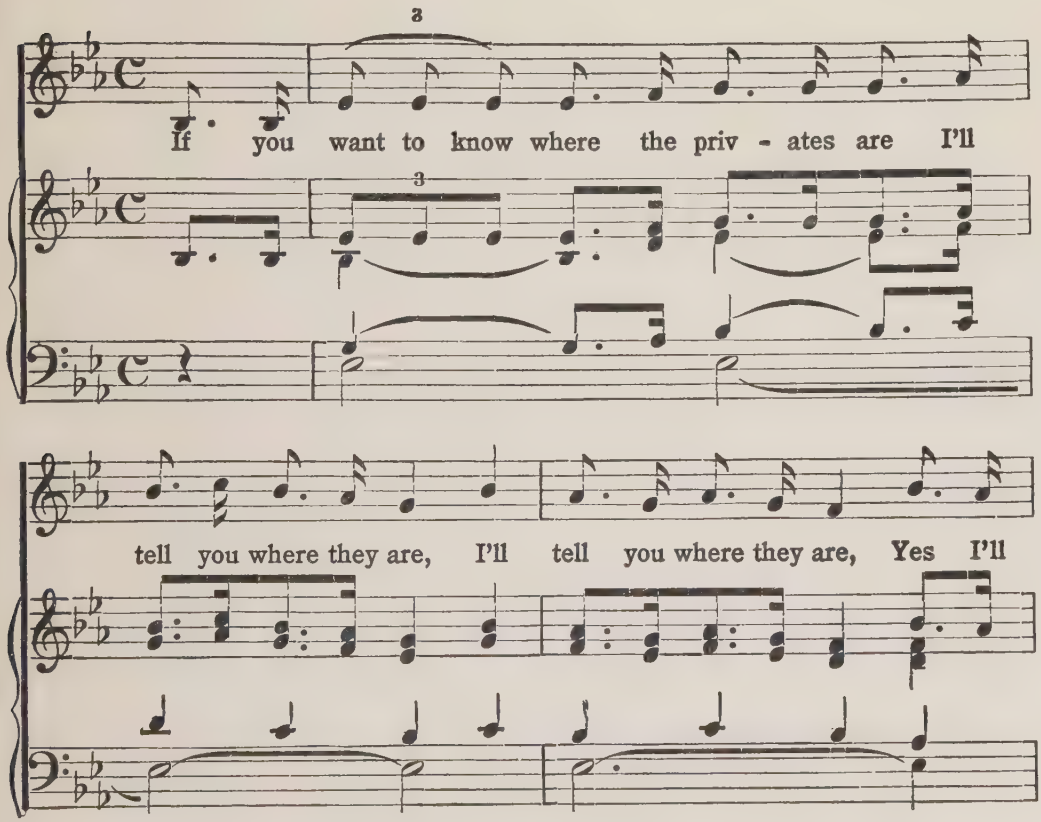
Laissez les pauvres
Françaises

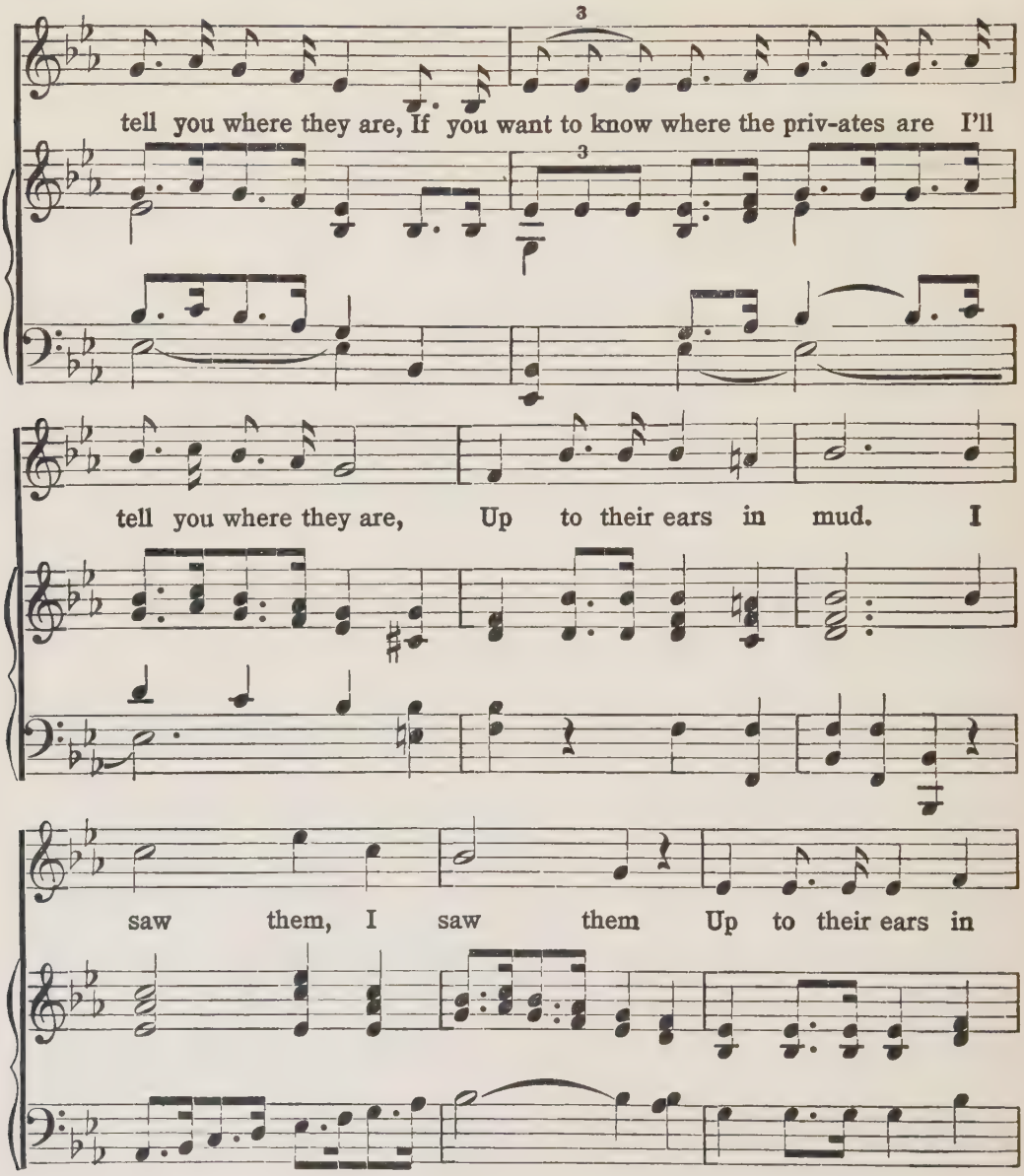
Un souvenir Bébe. . . .

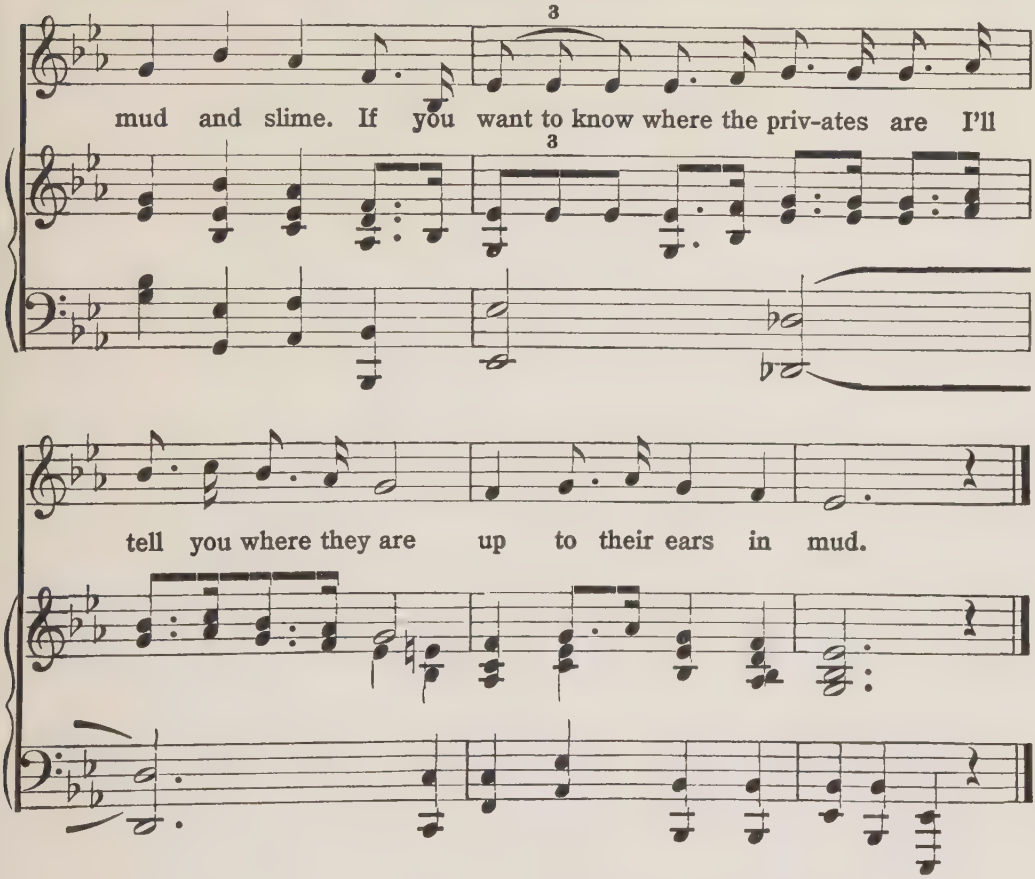

If you want to know where
the privates are -
I'll tell you where they are ~
I'll tell you where they are ~...

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE PRIVATES ARE

There is a lot more truth in this song than one is likely to suspect, official reports of Army Operations to the contrary notwithstanding. The version we have here was passed on to us by Orian Hoskinson, originally of the Field Service and later, Lieut. Hoskinson, A. S. U. S. A., arriving, however, by the Aviation Cadet route.




3
tell you where they are, If you want to know where the priv-ates are I'll
3
tell you where they are, Up to their ears in mud. I
saw them, I saw them Up to their ears in

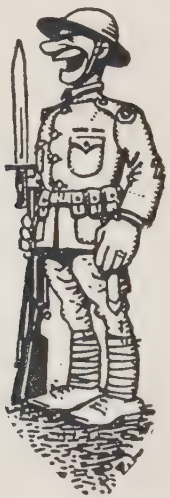


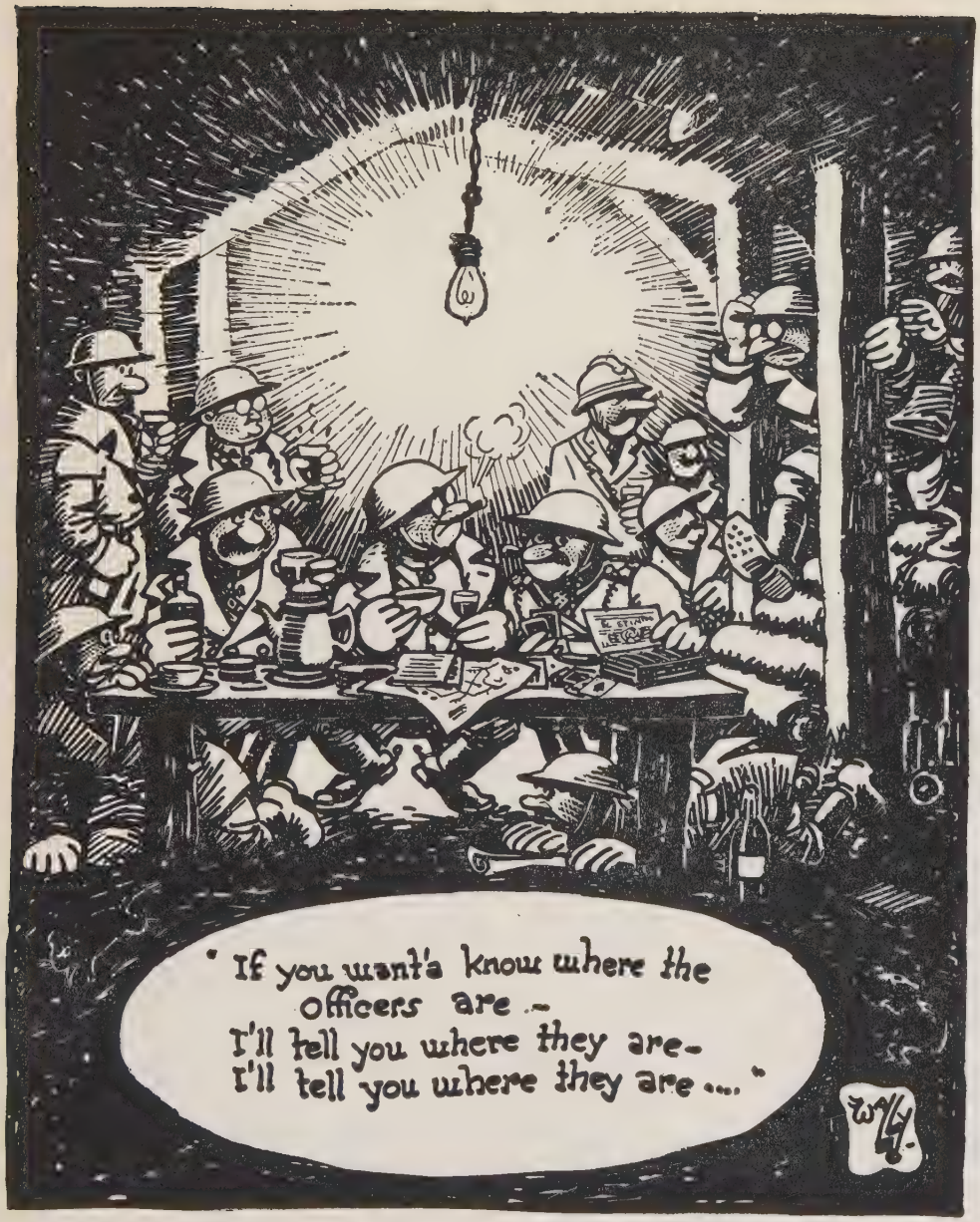
If you want to know where the Generals are,
I'll tell you where they are,
I'll tell you where they are,
I'll tell you where they are.
If you want to know where the Generals are,
I'll tell you where they are,
Back in gay Paree.

I saw them, I saw them,
Back in gay Paree, I saw them,
If you want to know where the Generals are,
I'll tell you where they are,
Back in gay Paree.

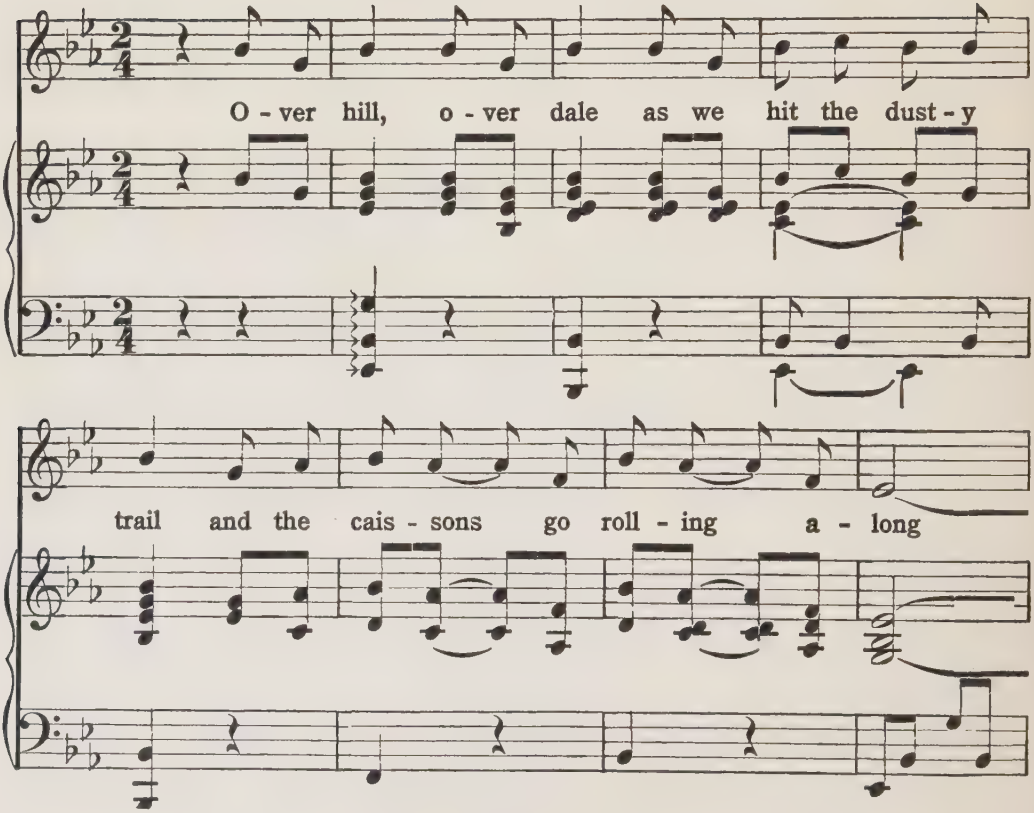
If you want to know where the Captains are,
I'll tell you where they are,
I'll tell you where they are,
I'll tell you where they are.
If you want to know, etc.,
I'll tell you where they are,
Drinking the Privates' rum.
I saw them, etc.

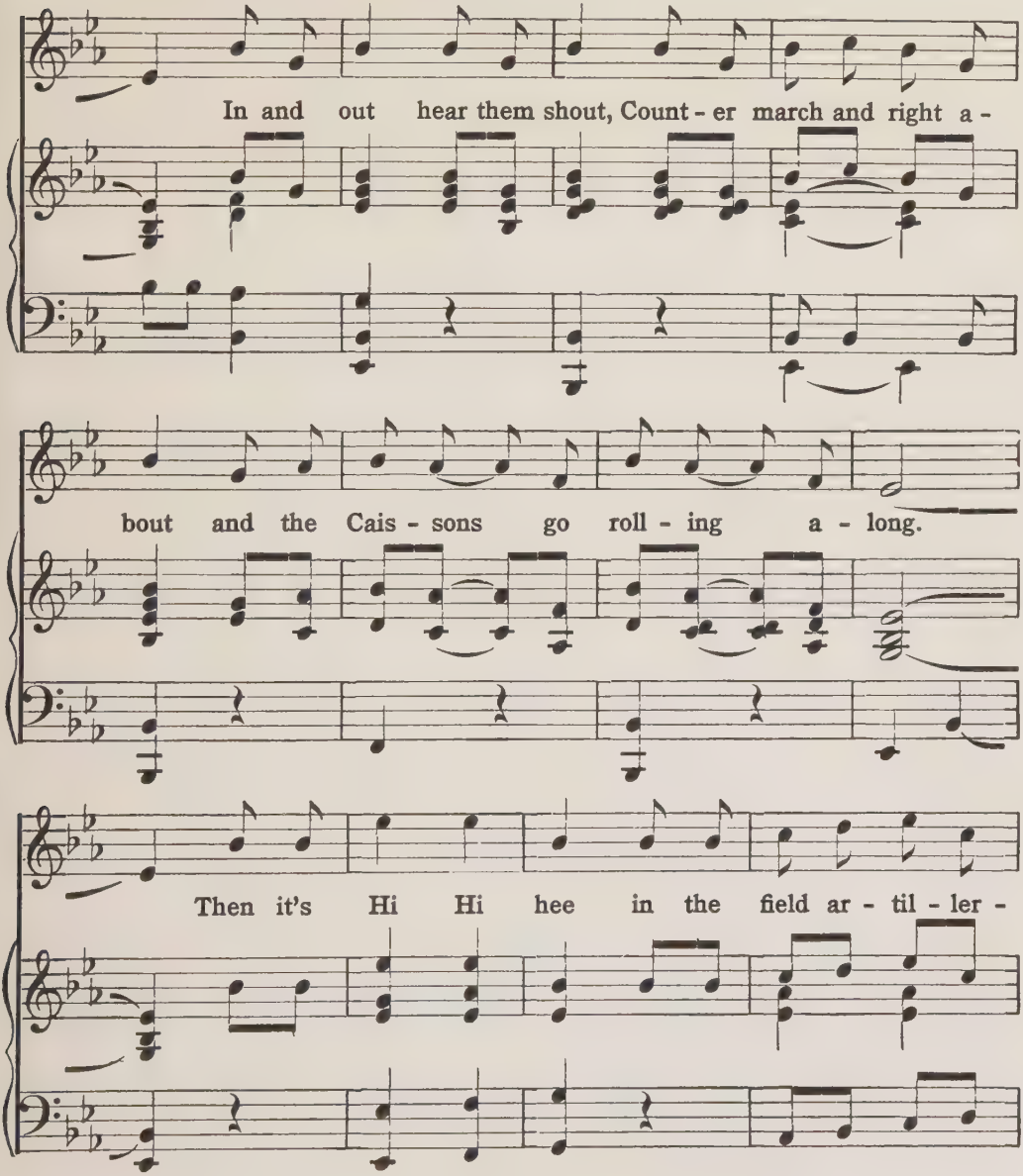
If you want to know where the Sergeants are,
Etc., etc.
Clipping the old barbed wire.

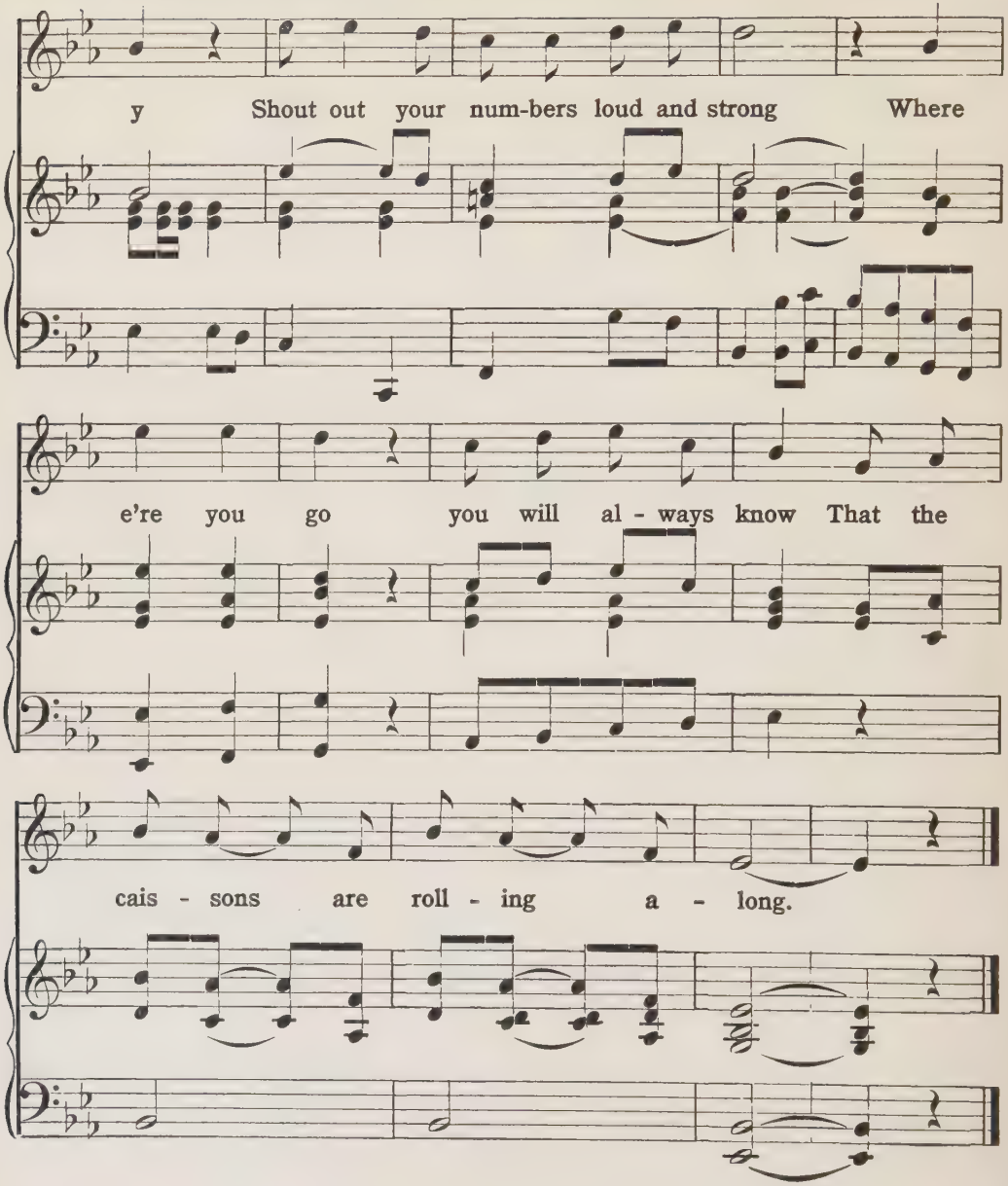



" If you want'a know where the officers are -
I'll tell you where they are -
I'll tell you where they are ...."

CAISSON SONG




In and out hear them shout, Count - er march and right a -
bout and the Cais - sons go roll - ing a - long.
Then it's Hi Hi hee in the field ar - til - ler -


y Shout out your num-bers loud and strong Where
e're you go you will al - ways know That the
cais - sons are roll - ing a - long.

In the storm, in the night,
Action left or action right,
See the Caissons go rolling along.
Limber front, limber rear,
Prepare to mount your cannoneer,
And the Caissons go rolling along.

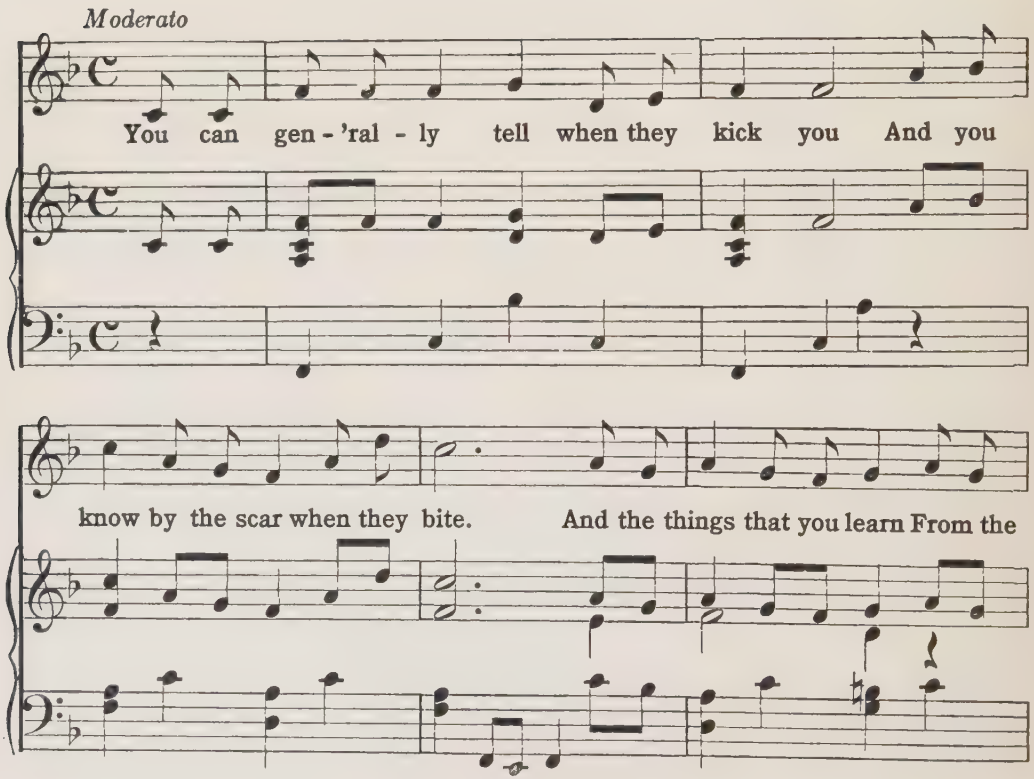
Chorus.

This is one of the best known songs in the repertoire of army music. It was distorted in many ways by different organizations, and even other branches of the Service occasionally made it over to fit their own needs. The reason for its popularity in the past was no doubt because of the great use of the light French field pieces, the 75s. Our American gunners who were classified as light artillery were inevitably equipped with the 75, and as these pieces could be hauled along at a very fair pace, the rollicking spirit of the Caisson song fitted admirably. No one would ever expect heavy artillery men to sing the Caisson Song. The big caliber guns were moved so slowly that the crews lost some of the swing and toss of the lighter equipment.

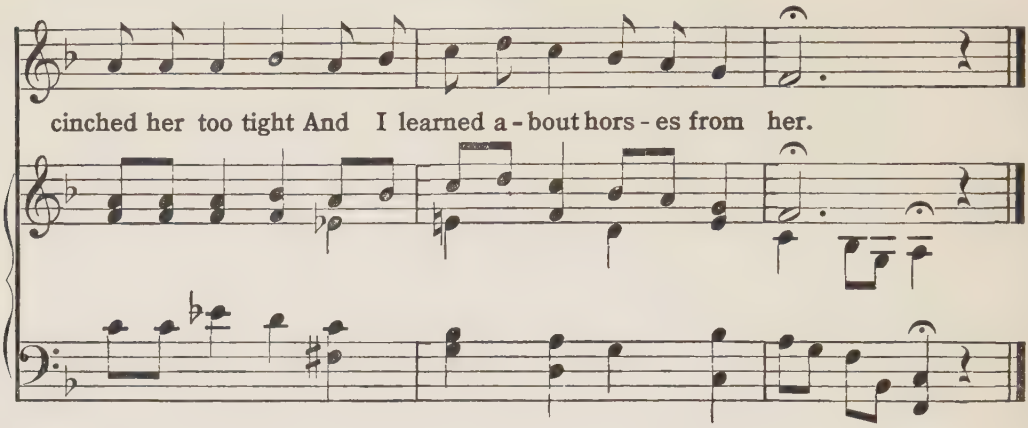
I LEARNED ABOUT HORSES FROM HER

(What a Confession for a Veterinary)

This Artillery version of "I Learned About Women From Her" has many variants. The tune across the page is not the usual one, but is rather a more musical setting contrived by an Artillery-man, who is a well-known writer on war subjects, now living in Chicago, Illinois.


Moderato
You can gen - 'ral - ly tell when they kick you And you
know by the scar when they bite. And the things that you learn From the

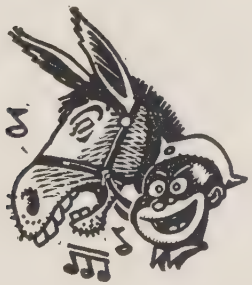
black and the roan Will help you a lot with the
white. I once had a gray one named Ag - nes Oh
God how de - vot - ed we were. But she bit me one night when I



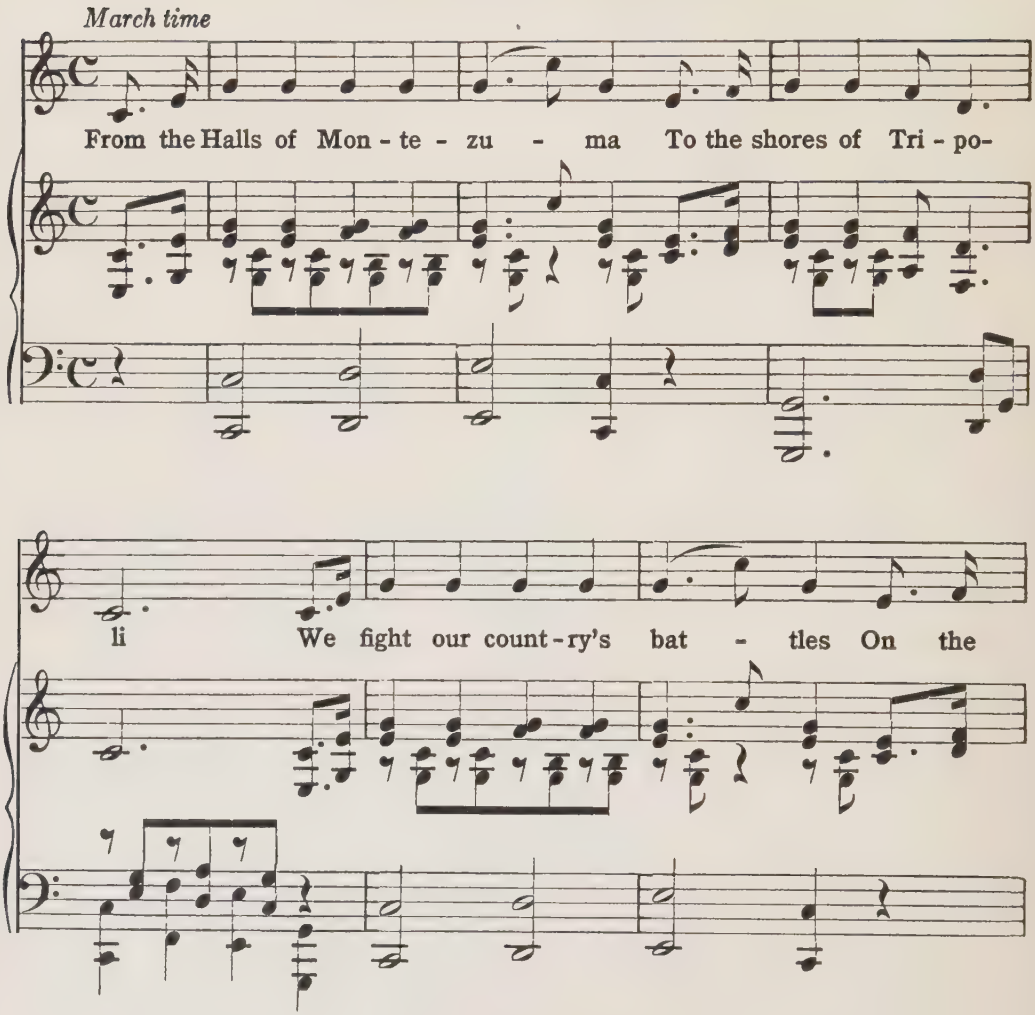
Once I went for a ride on a caisson,
Along with a sergeant named Jim,
But my animal had such a very queer face on,
Our chances of motion were slim.
I said as I climbed on her buttocks,
I'll give her a taste of my spur,
But I lit in the mud with a sickening thud,
And I learned about horses from her.

I once saw a mule with a tail plate,
Reading "Traveler, beware of my dust!"
And I said, "Here's a kind of real big gauge find,"
And I laughed until I thought I would bust.
So I tried a ride just to prove it,
It was just a kind of a whim,
But he unloaded me in a prickly pear tree,
And I learned about asses from him.

If ever your steed has a moon eye,
Be sure that you don't mind to walk,
For a mare, you will find,
Is by nature designed,
So that she cannot understand talk.
And when you climb into the saddle,
Be sure not to ruffle her fur,
Or she'll land you a punch where you digest your lunch,
And you'll learn about horses from her.

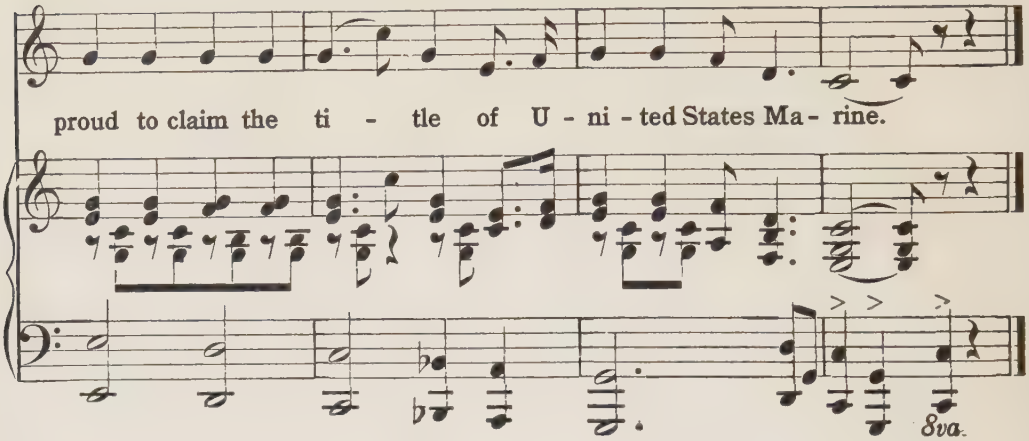


MARINE HYMN


March time
From the Halls of Mon - te - zu - ma To the shores of Tri - po-
li We fight our count - ry's bat - tles On the

land and on the sea. First to fight for right and

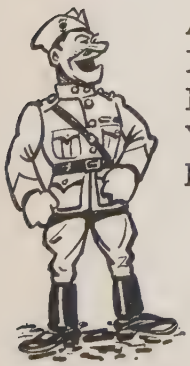
free - dom And to keep our hon-or clean. We are



From the Pest Hole of Cavite,
To the Ditch at Panama,
You will find them very needy
Of marines. That's what we are.
We're the watch-dogs of a pile of coal,
Or we dig a magazine.
Though our job lots are quite manifold,
Who would not be a marine?

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze,
From dawn to setting sun;
We've fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun.
In the snows of far-off northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will always find us on the job,
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our corps,
Which we are proud to serve:
In many a strife we have fought for life
And never lost our nerve.
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
You will find the streets are guarded
By the United States Marines.



This is the Hymn of the U. S. Marine Corps. It is a part of the regular equipment of every "leather neck"—the Hymn, the Close Order Drill, the Bayonets Practice and all such. Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., whose "Fix Bayonets" has become a kind of Bible of the War, supplied us with the above verses.

From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli; from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on the U. S. S. "Henderson" (in June, 1917) to the dank mustard gas besodden depths of the Bois de Belleau; from some far too short space of rest behind the lines at Croutte-sur-Marne, to the Villers-Cotterets Woods (the Forèt de Retz, to be exact); and then to Saint-Mihiel and to Blanc Mont and finally into the jaws of Hell itself, the Marines carried their hymn. They didn't sing a lot at all the places mentioned, but they did other things that make singing look pale and ineffective. They wrote their names with their bayonets. And the old-timers, who came through, are still teaching the recruits how to sing the Hymn of the U. S. Marine Corps.

"An' listen, Sergeant, if you ever hear anybody a speelin' about the 5th Marines, you can tell 'em I wuz one of 'em, an' as sure as God's a boy, I wuz no replacement."

He was a drawn-faced leatherneck, whose sunburn seemed to be more than a matter of skin deep—over whose cot hung a white enameled can of Carrel-Dakin solution, from which a brown rubber tube ran into and out of the side of a sorely wounded abdomen.

"Hell, I'll never eat in an Italyan restaurant again. Those damned rubber pipes look like long hunks o' macaroni that've

just been soaked in Wop tomato sauce. Say, orderly, all right, then; go on, go on, go on, I'll get a light from the Sergeant."

The Sergeant was a Southerner who swore deliciously, inventing new and delightfully mixed metaphors, and all because of a leg that was fast to a long white board,—a leg that was black, blue, purple and finally yellow, as one progressed from the knee, which was the seat of the trouble. The Sergeant had seen men hit in the belly—had seen fellows who, a moment before, were cool, deliberate soldiermen, grab their stomachs and in the splitest part of a second, pitch around on the ground—screaming maniacs! The Marine had got it in the belly—had screamed a bit in spite of himself—and then had spent the rest of the night and most of the next day, dry-mouthed and feverish under a blazing sun, trying to signal a combat patrol or a stretcher bearer.

Finally, they got him back and now he lay in a very much crowded little hospital with two long strands of macaroni running into the wound in his side.

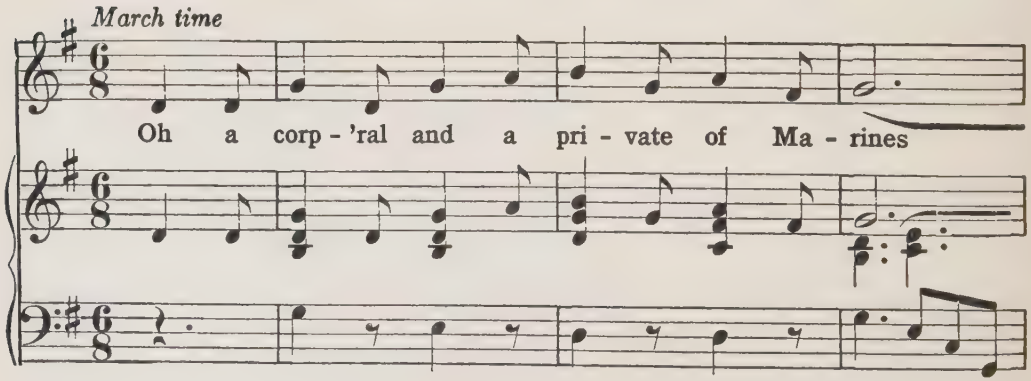
"An' I'll tell the sergeant that we'd a never been caught by them flea-bitten goddamned storm troops if the advance could a kept up wid us. Godamighty, what's the good o' combat trainin' if the other people don't know the same tricks you do.

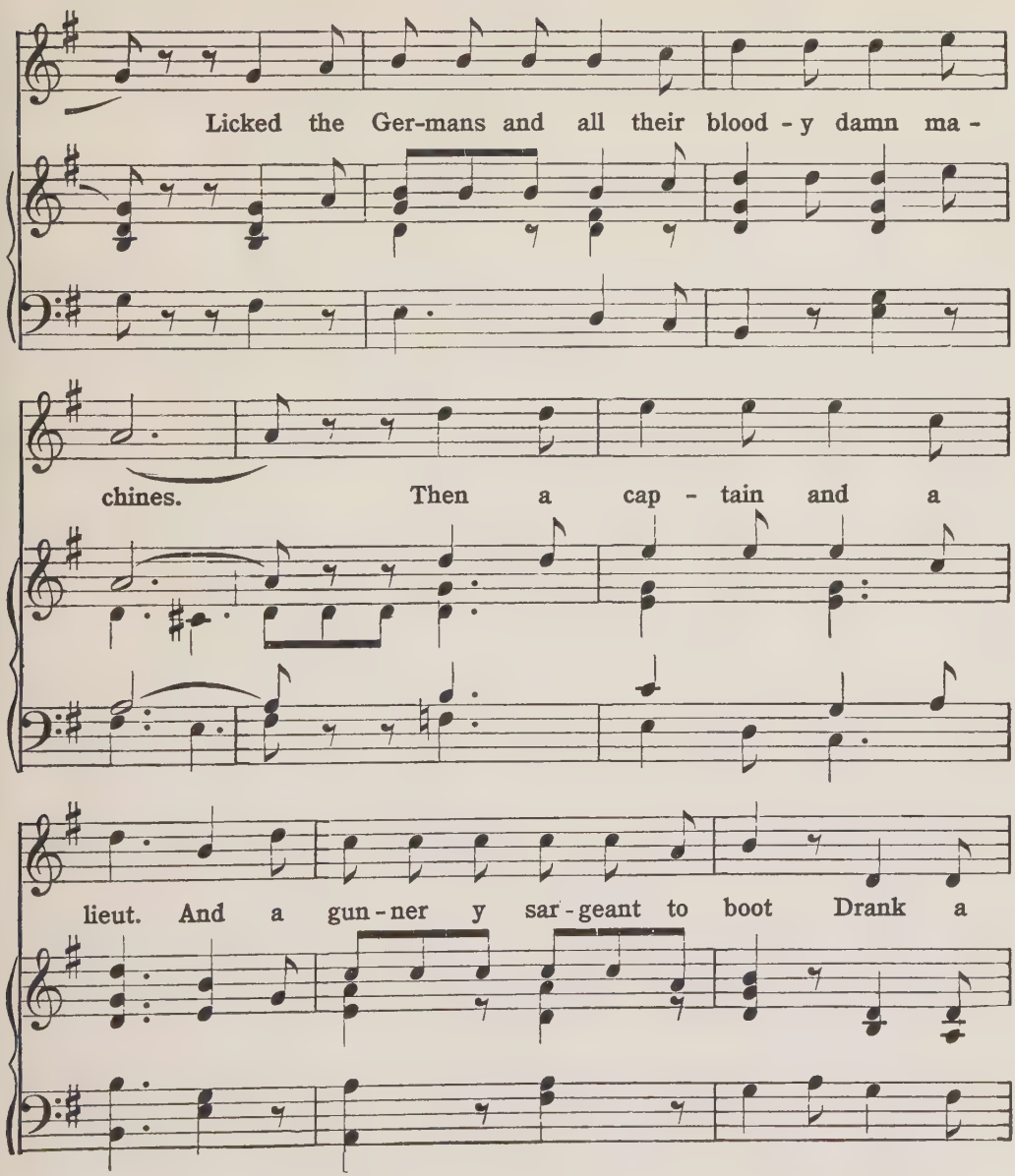
"Artillery—slow as the seven year itch! Horses always gettin' bounced off. Machine gunners—well, they're killed off to start with or their damned contraptions go galley west. That's how the Infantry gets left. We got a song about it. Only had one verse when I knew it, but some damned replacements rigged up a lot more. But I wouldn't a minded gettin' concked, if they hadn't took my tunic off me. It wasn't the ribbons—it was a lucky piece

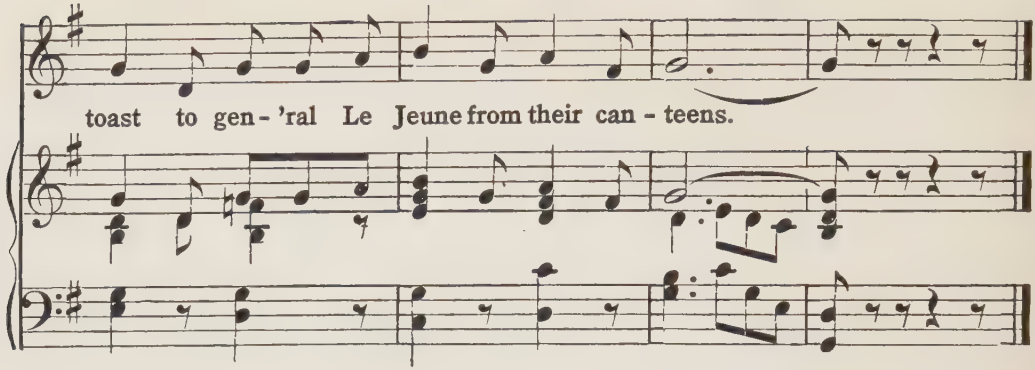
a little Frog girl give me one night after we give 'er and 'er old man some slum from our galley. She was a wearin' wooden shoes, but she had the sweet mama smile if I'm any judge. An'—well, her charm's gone—to some dirty hospital orderly—those bastards go through everything, just like we'd do now 'n then, if we'd see a flashy lookin' Heinie officer. Holy Hell, if I could only snatch that hunk o' macaroni."

Next morning, the Marine who had worried so much the night before, about his be-ribboned and be-hashmarked tunic, was carried off to the operating hut and it was several days before he was able to carry on again. As a matter of fact, the boys in his end of the barracks thought they'd have to sing, "Ten thousand dollars for the folks back home," to the tune of Chopin's Funeral March, for the poor Marine, but he pulled through and even got well enough to sing his song. Here it is reproduced just as he sang it in that smelly little Hospital Barracks now more than ten years ago.

MARINE SONG




Licked the Ger-mans and all their blood - y damn ma -
chines. Then a cap - tain and a
lieut. And a gun - ner y sar - geant to boot Drank a



We licked the Heinies 'till it was a shame,
In spite of all their gas and liquid flame,
We sent 'em home to glory,
With a sorry goddamned story,
Oh, we showed 'em we could play the fightin' game.

The Kaiserine's own Feldwebels they cursed,
Until they thought their goddamned guts would burst,
'Cause we drank up their best suds,
While we dodged their bloody duds,
Oh, of all the wars, this one was surely worst.

To live with any luck inside a trench,
Your nose must be accustomed to the stench,
Of the rotten Boche that lie
On the parapet and die,
'Cause they make a smell that Hell itself can't quench.

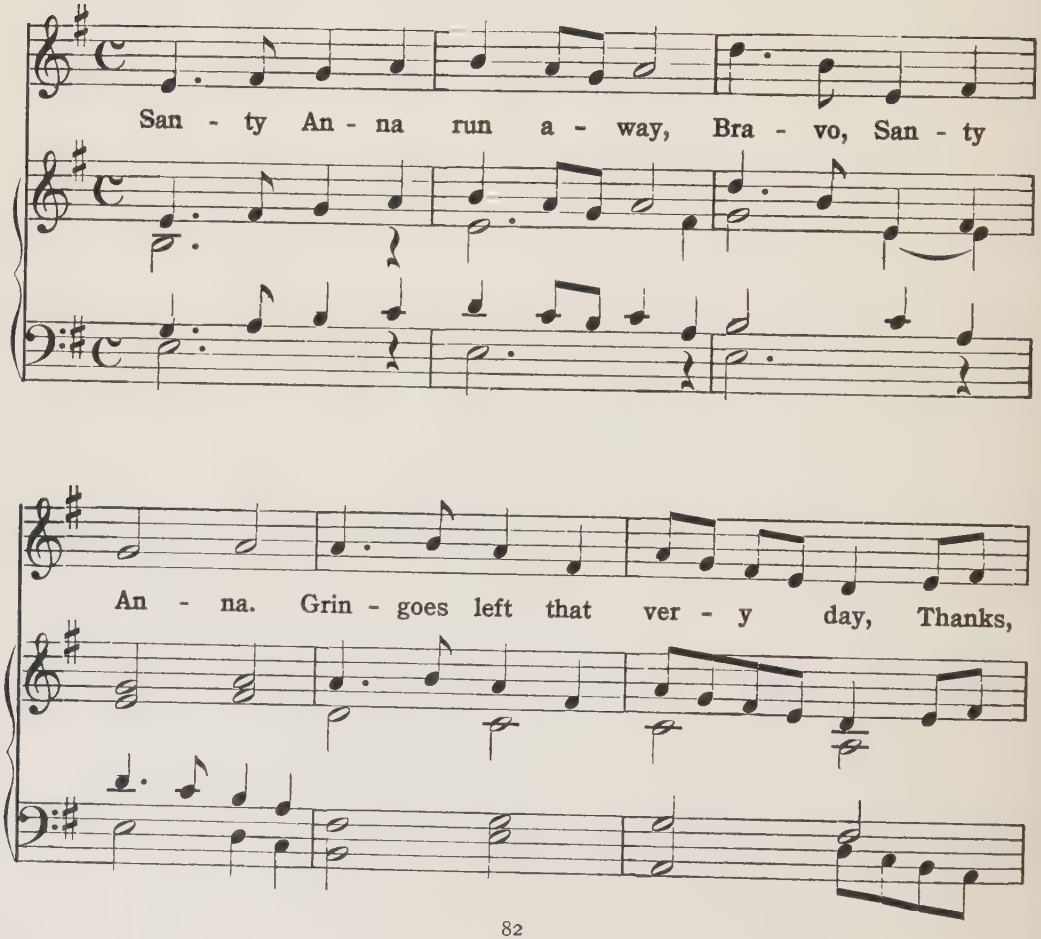
They brought us rations once or twice a week,
Is it any wonder we're not fat and sleek,
But the people in the rear,
Eat with plates and silver gear,
Oh, it's stay in the S O S if you're a Sheik.

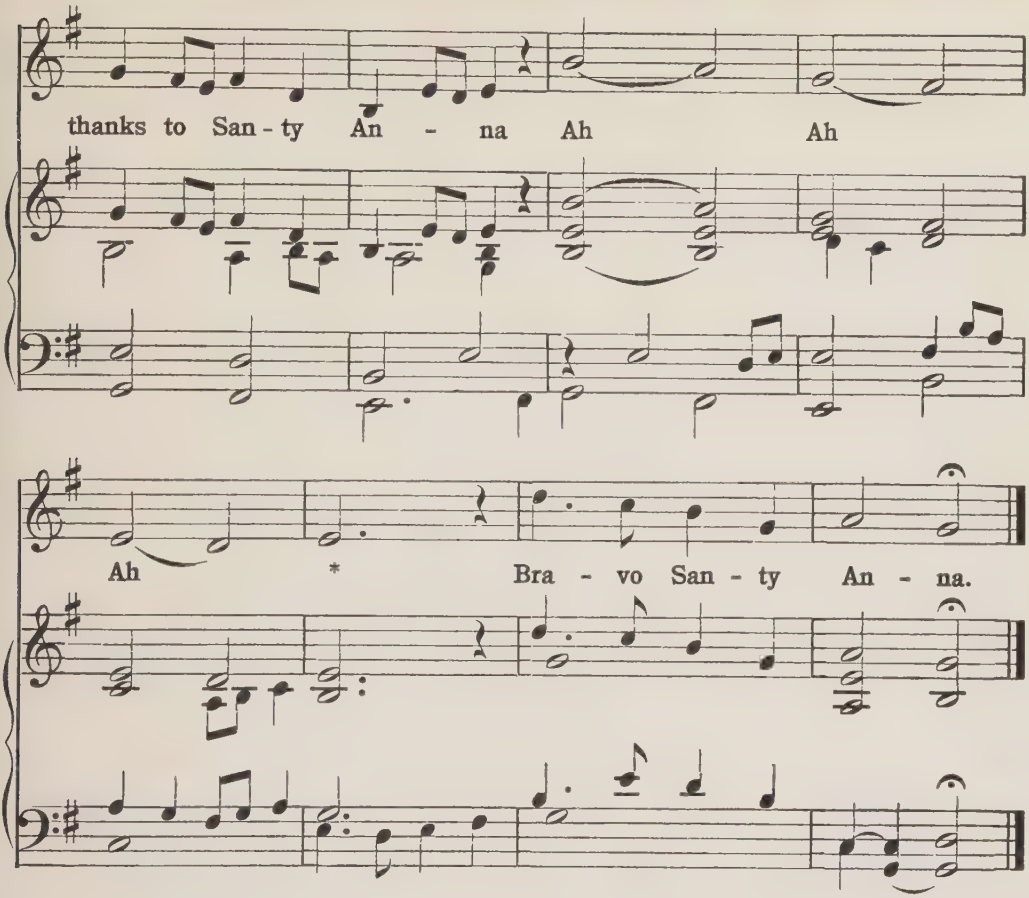
Our galleys cook the damdest kind of slum,
It puts our bloomin' gizzards on the bum,
But of it in spite,
We're always full of fight,
Though we'd rather have our bellies full of rum.

Oh, we've soldiered with the Chinks and with the Spics,
And we're up to all the dirtiest soldierin' tricks,
But the Prussian gets the prize,
For the way he fights and dies,
Thinkin' that he'll go to heaven if he sticks.

SANTY ANNA

(Discussing the Monroe Doctrine with the tongue in the cheek)





An American who went ashore with the Navy and the Marines, occupying Vera Cruz during the Border Wars, supplied us with the verse and music of "Santy Anna." A very clear version of the original "Santa Anna" song appears in a volume of folk songs and chanties by Farmsworth & Sharp, published in England by Novello and Company. According to the Vera Cruz version, the

Mexicans (we get this on good authority) were giving us a bit of a ha-ha on our Central American Diplomacy (otherwise known as shot-gun diplomacy). Not that we don't deserve it—ask any student of that rather embarrassing subject.

The tune starts out in the minor key and ends in the relative major. . . . It is a very effective song when sung by a quartette of voices. . . .

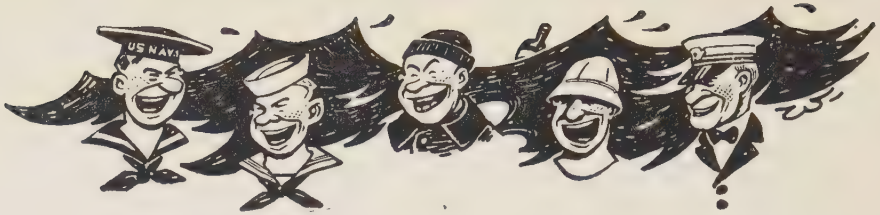
A NOTE ON THE MUSIC OF THE NAVY

As we said in the "Foreword," our sea-going gobs inherited a fine lot of jolly Hell roarin' music from their illustrious forerunners. Not that a considerable sheaf of new chantey-like devices didn't appear during this past war, but the fact remains, there was a past full of lime-juicers, clipper sailors, coast wisers and India men—brazen throated fellows who dodged marlin spikes, unfurled topsails, drank hard rum, ate salt horse, and sang songs.

In our war-time Navy of 1917, 1918, and 1919, however, one found only a sprinkling of old-timers. The newly recruited sailormen came from the far inland provinces where sea chanteys might have been looked upon as bawdy, improper outbursts, if indeed they had been known at all. Once enlisted, we find these men needing "Action songs," but having only the jingle jangle of the Broadway song plugger. Imagine trying to raise the enthusiasm of an old-time tar, who had grown up on the vigorous chanteys of the past, with the drab, colorless inventions of the 20th Century popular song writers. Imagine the feelings of such an old tar on hearing a group of newly recruited sailorboys—pink-cheeked sailorboys—bellowing forth one of the many dreadful flag-waving songs with which we were cursed during our most recent war years.

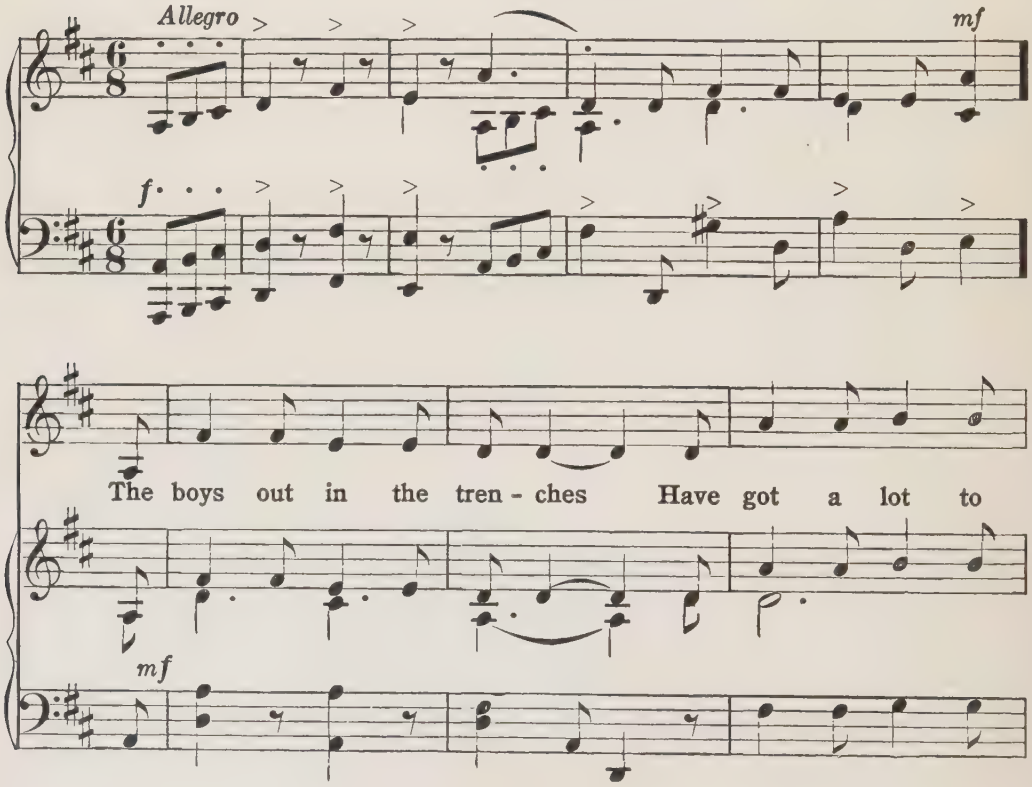
But our new crop of sailor boys (Welfare organizations, community song leaders and Tin Pan Alley notwithstanding) soon remedied matters. They made up new kinds of sea songs, vigorous ones too, because the American youth is perhaps the most inventive person alive, and not alone in the realm of engineering.

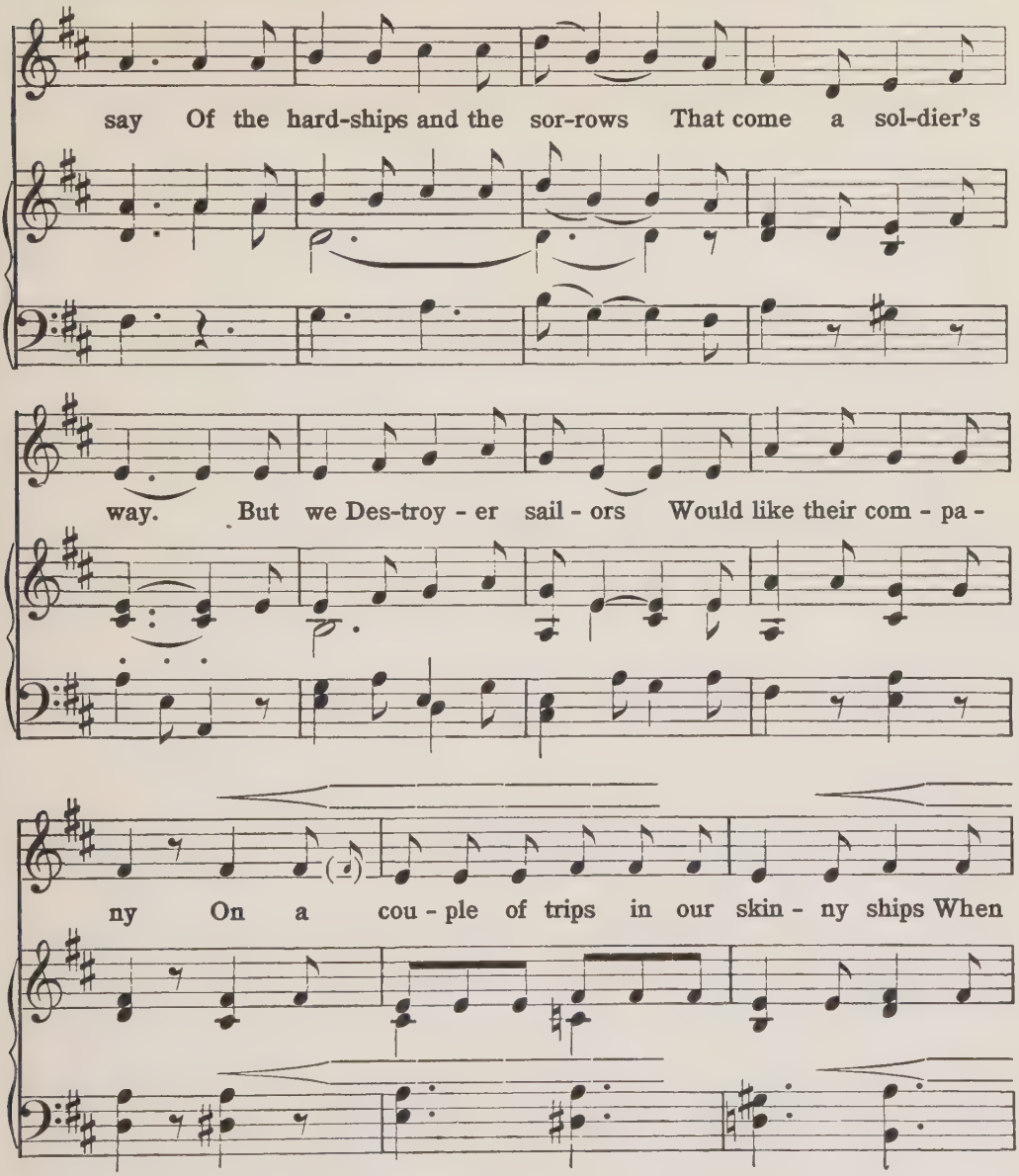
Many of the lyrics those destroyer, mine-sweeper and subchaser sailors made up are not pretty poems. They would not go so well with the ladies in the Wednesday afternoon coffee klotches, but they tell a heap of truth, and when they are a bit over-frank, they should be pardoned in lieu of the rather rough and ready environment from which they sprang.

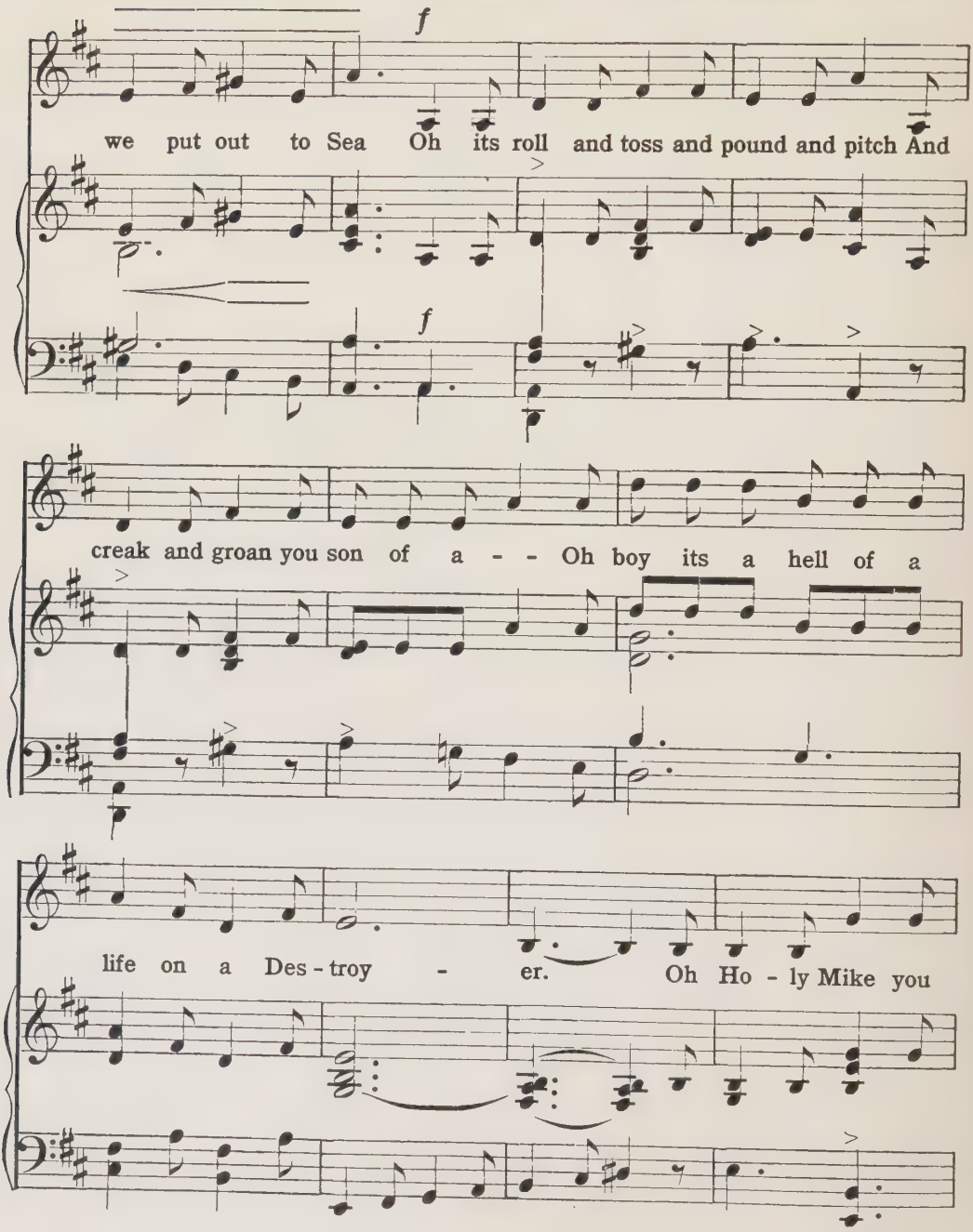


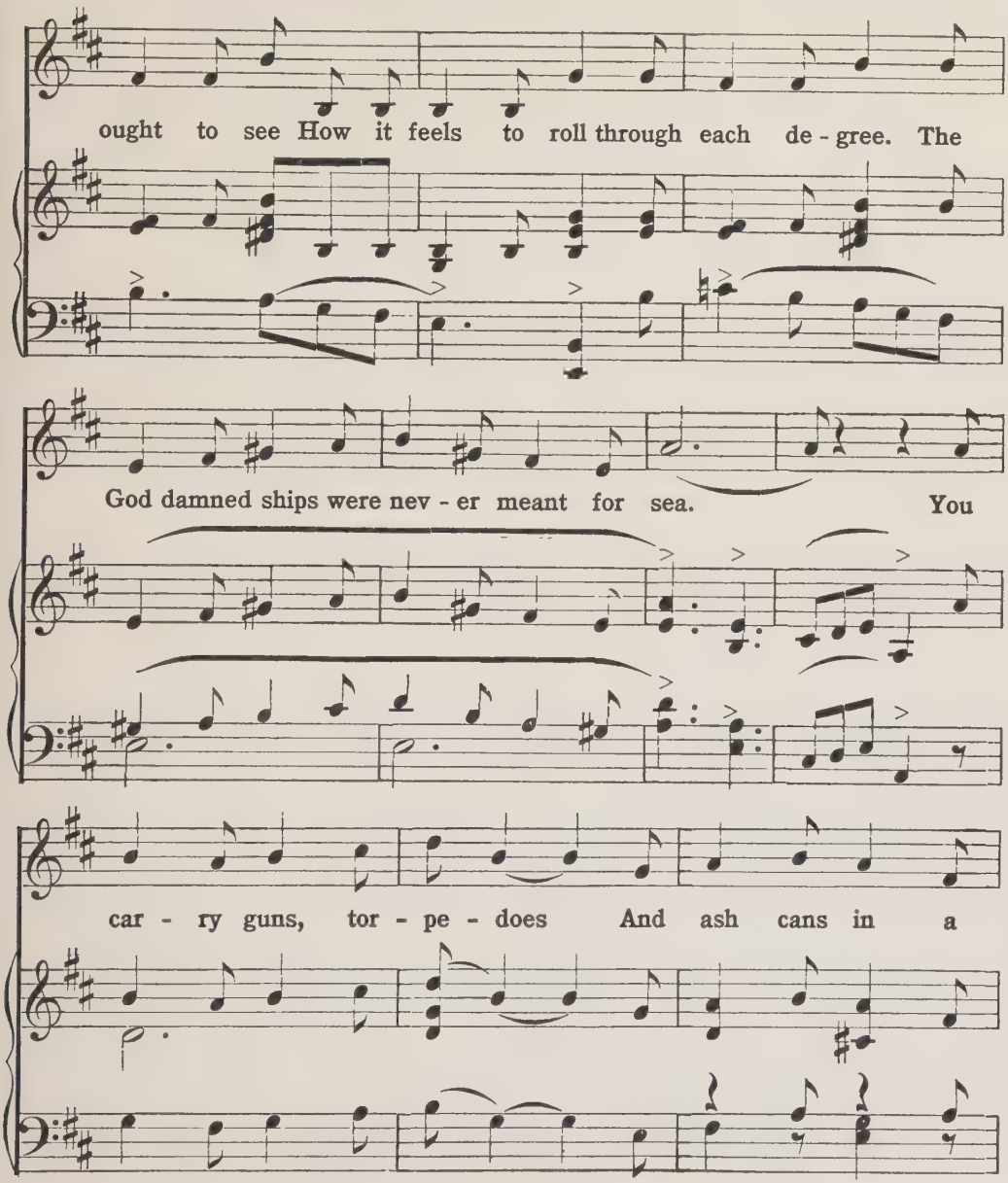
DESTROYER LIFE

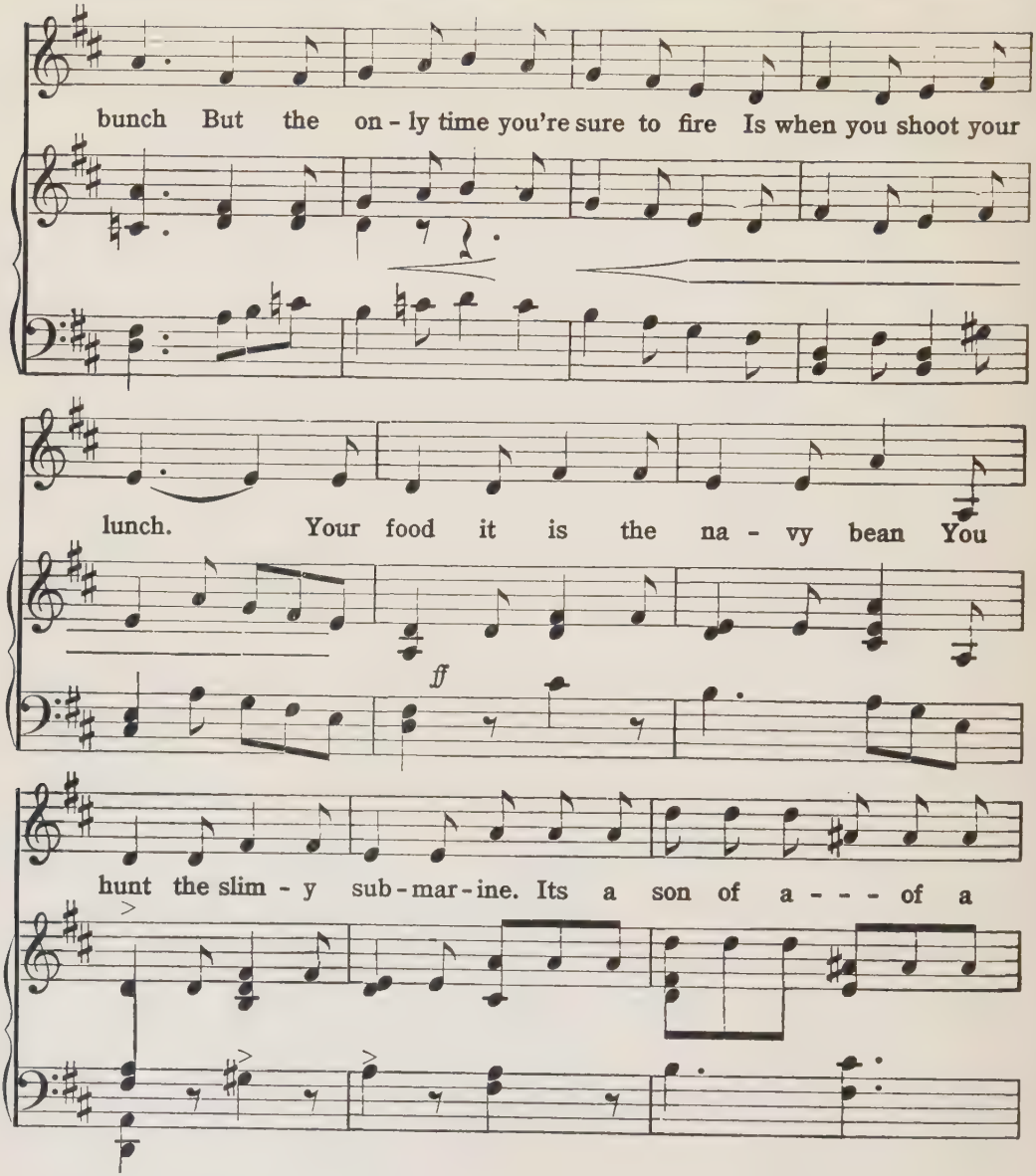
(As sung by officers and crew aboard the U. S. Destroyer Murray, on foreign service, 1917, 1918, and 1919)

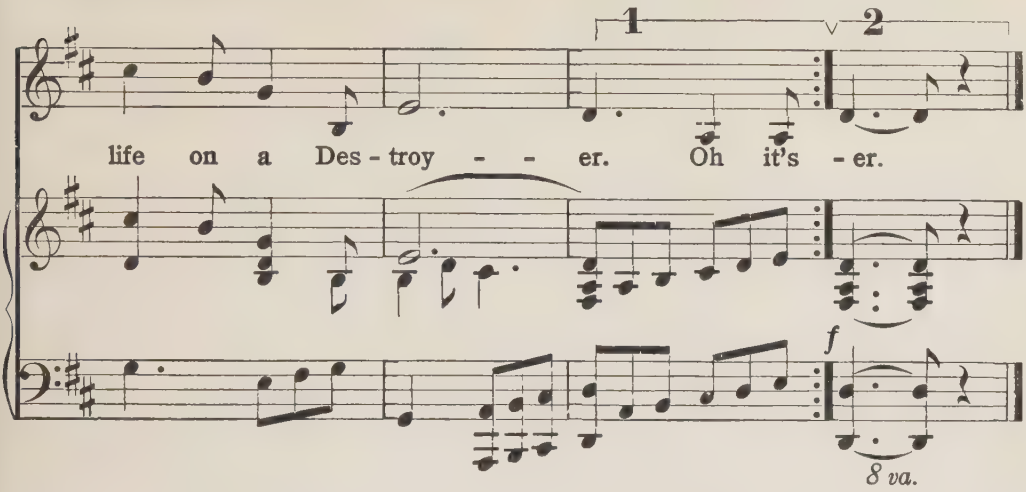



say Of the hard-ships and the sor-rows That come a sol-dier's
way. But we Des-troy - er sail - ors Would like their com - pa -
ny On a cou - ple of trips in our skin - ny ships When


f
we put out to Sea Oh its roll and toss and pound and pitch And
f
creak and groan you son of a - - Oh boy its a hell of a
life on a Des - troy - er. Oh Ho - ly Mike you


ought to see How it feels to roll through each de - gree. The
God damned ships were nev - er meant for sea. You
car - ry guns, tor - pe - does And ash cans in a


bunch But the on - ly time you're sure to fire Is when you shoot your
lunch. Your food it is the na - vy bean You
ff
hunt the slim - y sub - mar - ine. Its a son of a - - - of a



We've heard of muddy dugouts,
Of shell holes filled with slime,
Of cootie hunts and other things,
That fill a soldier's time.
But believe me, bo, that's nothing,
To what it's like at sea,
When the barometer drops,
The clinometer hops,
And the wind blows dismally.

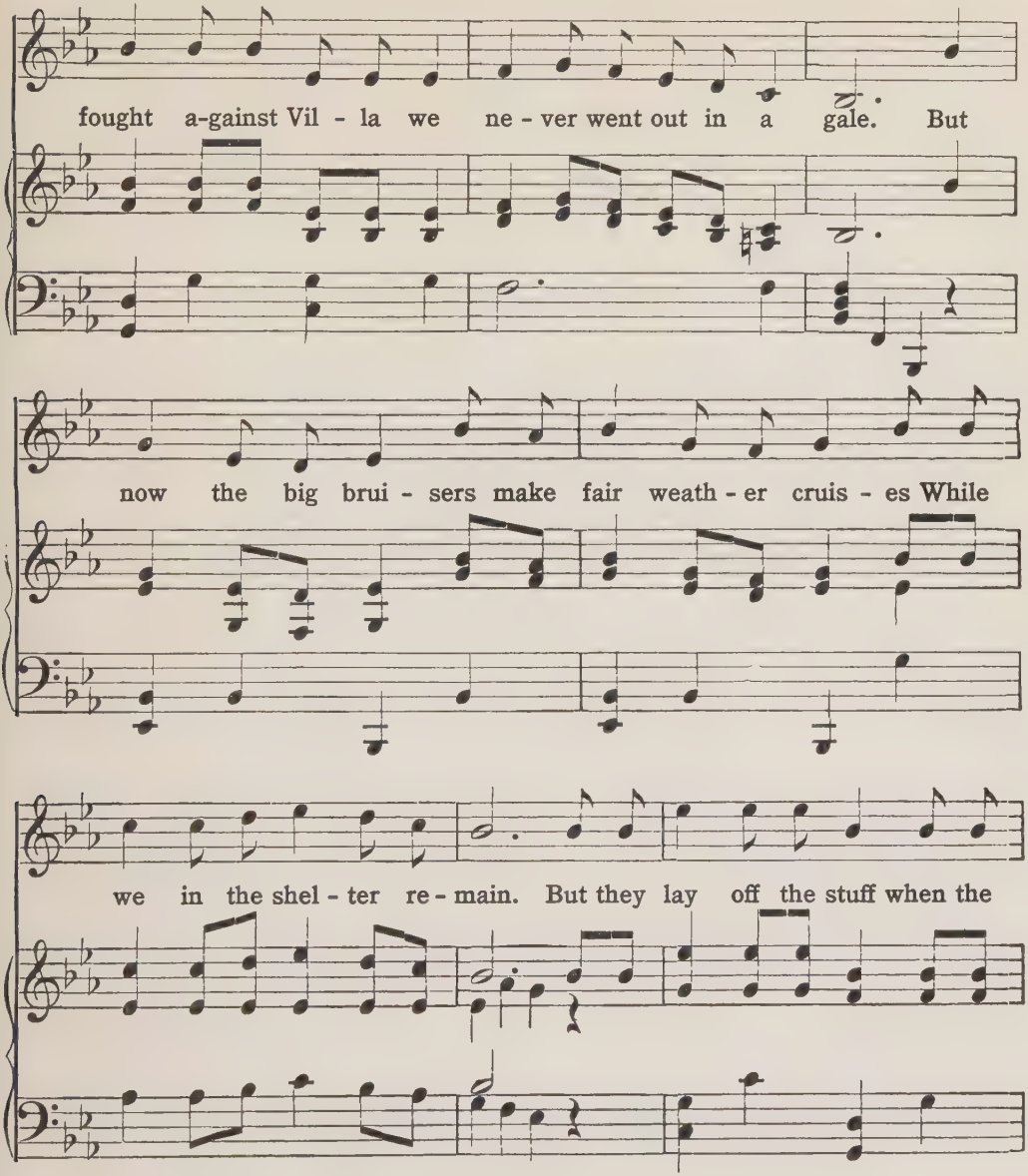
Chorus

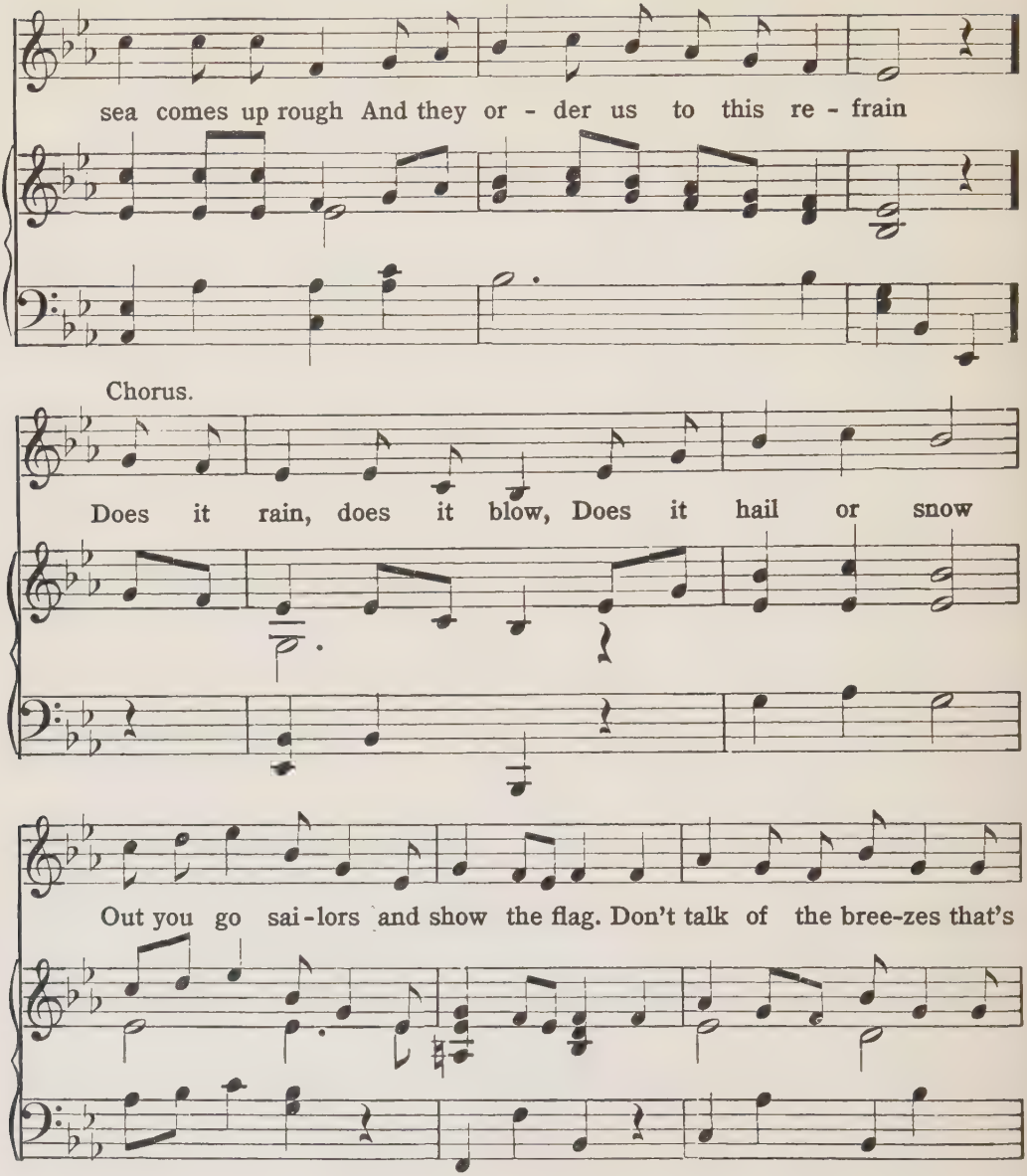
Here's something the chantey-maker of olden times could never have done, primarily because he had none of the mechanical equipment referred to in destroyer life.

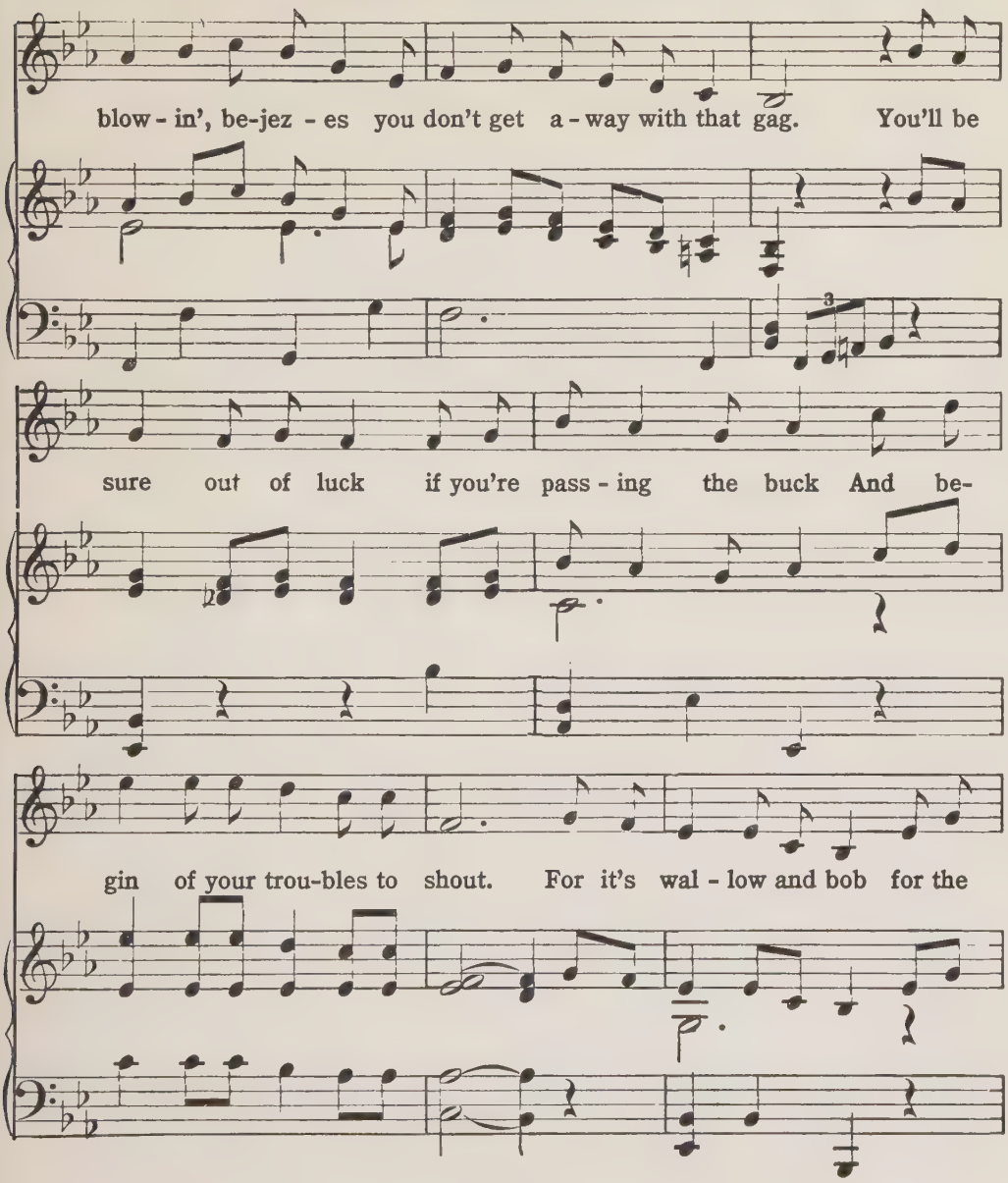
SHOWING THE FLAG

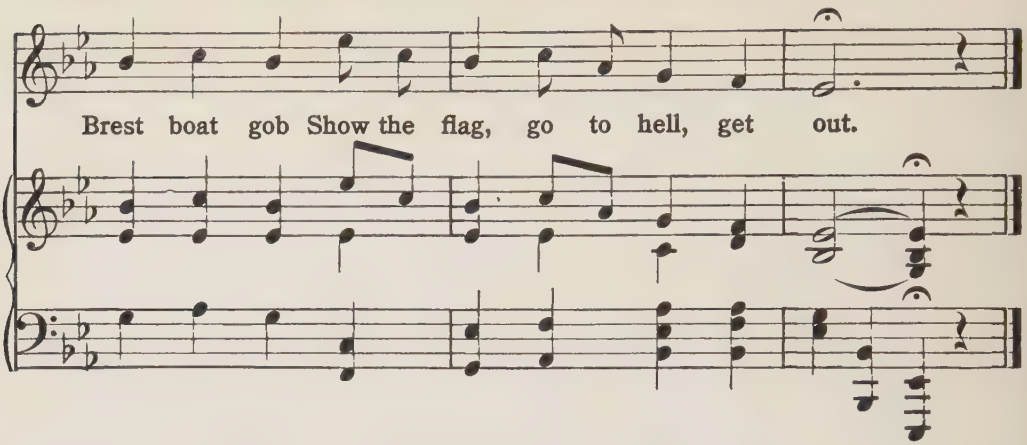
Allegro

Oh a tor - pe - do boat is the best thing a - float to take for a fair wea-ther sail. In the good old flo - till - a that


fought a-gainst Vil - la we ne - ver went out in a gale. But
now the big brui - sers make fair weath - er cruis - es While
we in the shel - ter re - main. But they lay off the stuff when the


sea comes up rough And they or - der us to this re - frain
Chorus.
Does it rain, does it blow, Does it hail or snow
Out you go sai-lors and show the flag. Don't talk of the bree-zes that's


blow - in', be-jez - es you don't get a - way with that gag. You'll be
sure out of luck if you're pass - ing the buck And be-
gin of your trou-bles to shout. For it's wal - low and bob for the



If you have any pride, just lay it aside,
When into our squadron you come.
Expect with good grace to be sent any place,
So long as the weather is bum.
You may have the joy of being sideboy,
To convoy the president's niece,
Or some stinkin' reporter wants to go down to Horta,
Or you tote the apostles of peace.

"Showing the Flag" represents a widely accepted idea in the Navy of 1917-1918, to wit—that destroyers were designed and originally intended to keep the flag floating on the high seas in spite of rain, wind, sleet, fog, etc. In the second verse, the reporter who wanted to go to the island of Horta really went, but after a few hours of head winds, mountainous waves and unbelievably unsteady deck, the unfortunate reporter might as well have been dead. He was, however, delivered at the island and allowed several days to recuperate. It took all of that. The song comes from a member of the Brest Torpedo Boat Division.

" Madelon - Madelon - Madelon "
rrr...and.....rrr...
She lives down in our "all"...lee"

THE SHORE NAVY

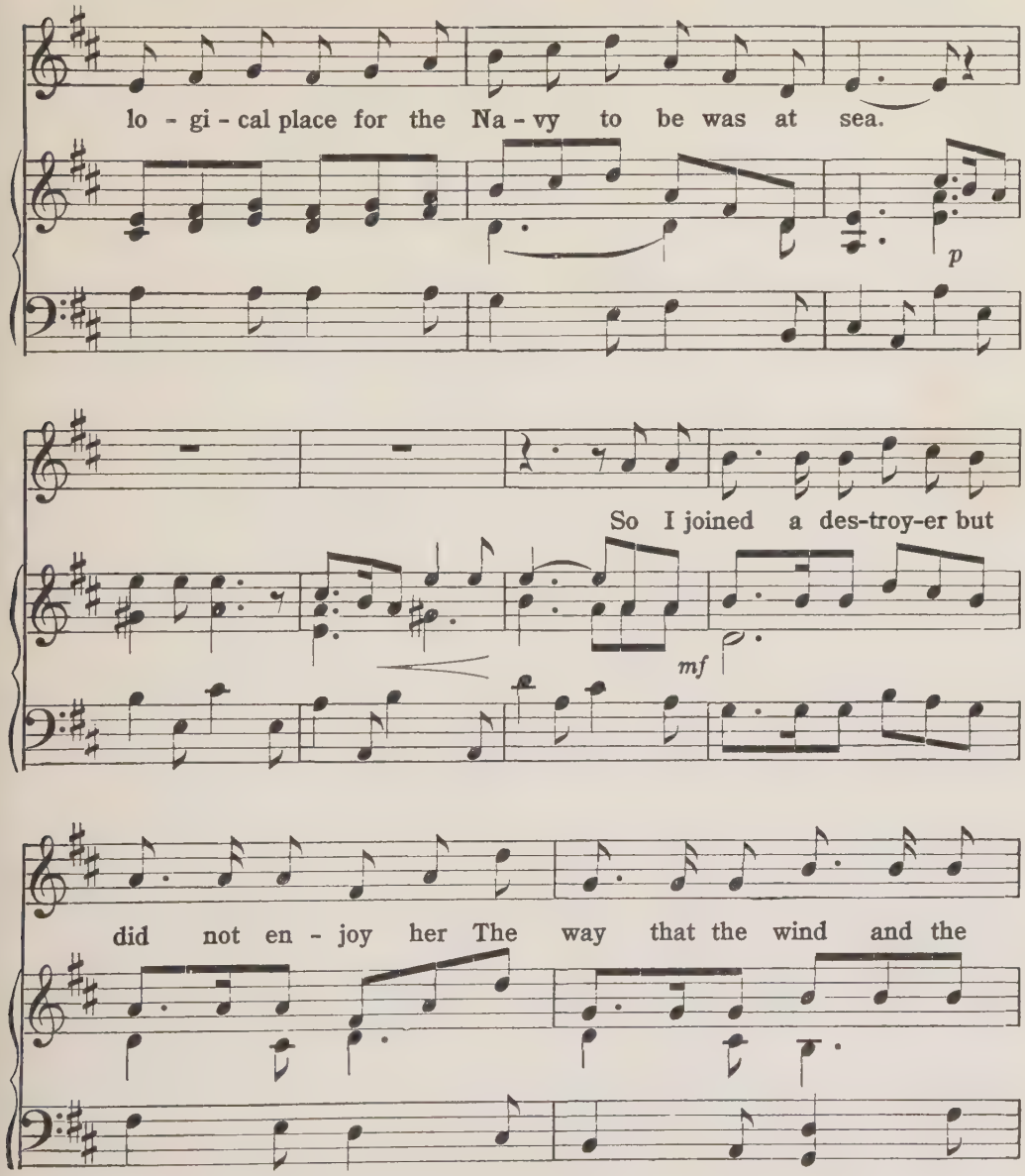
Swinging rhythm

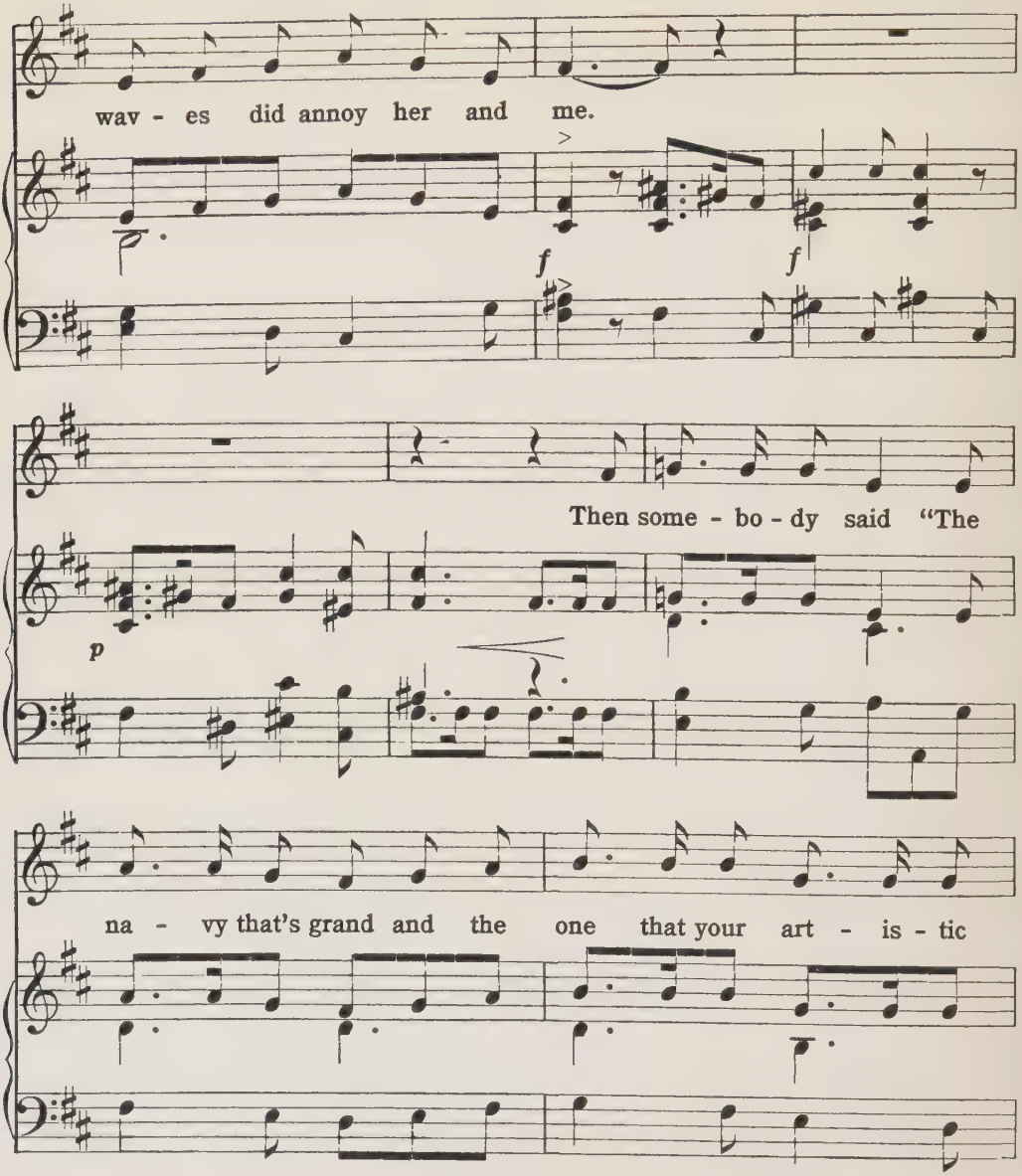
f

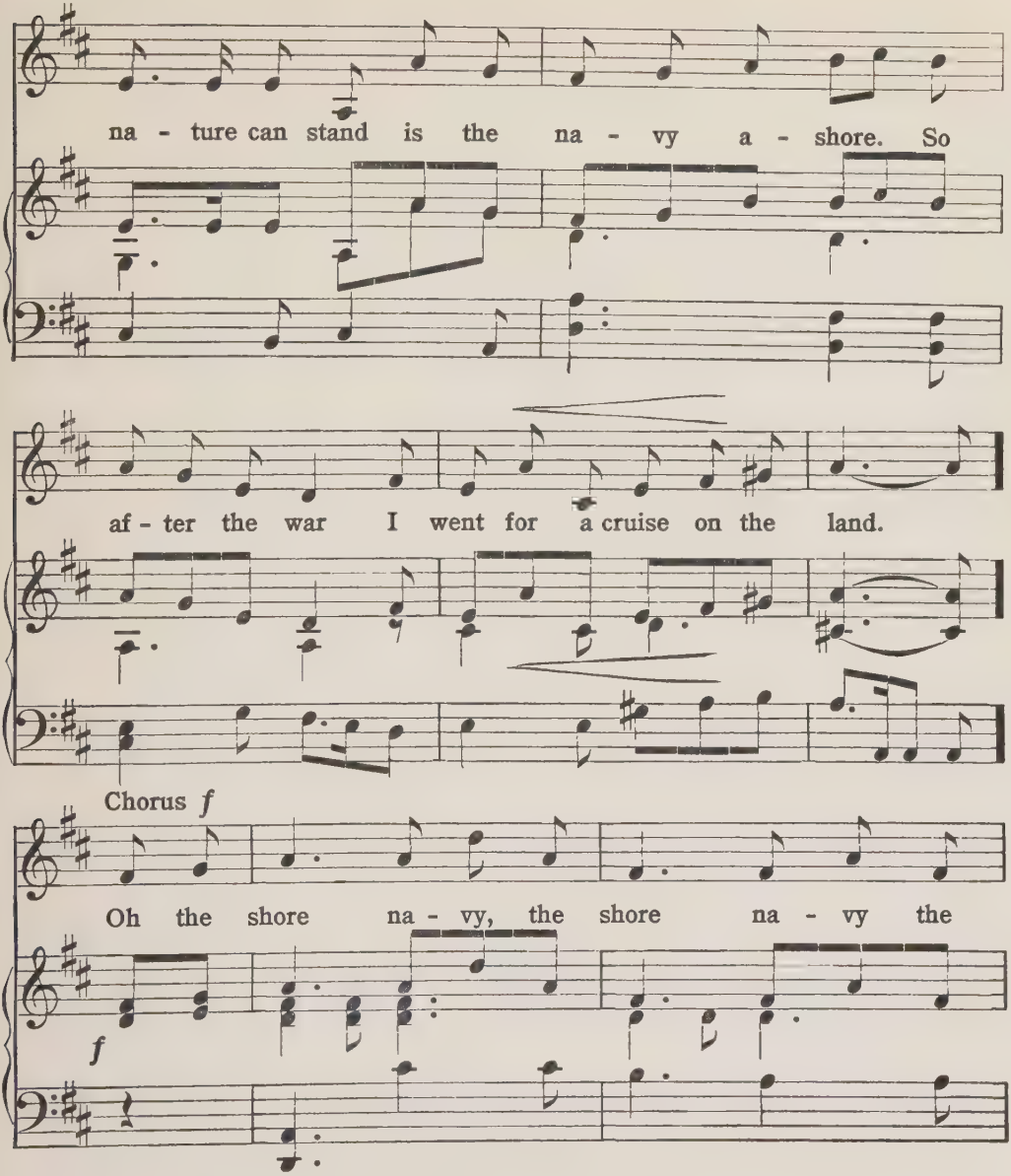
mf

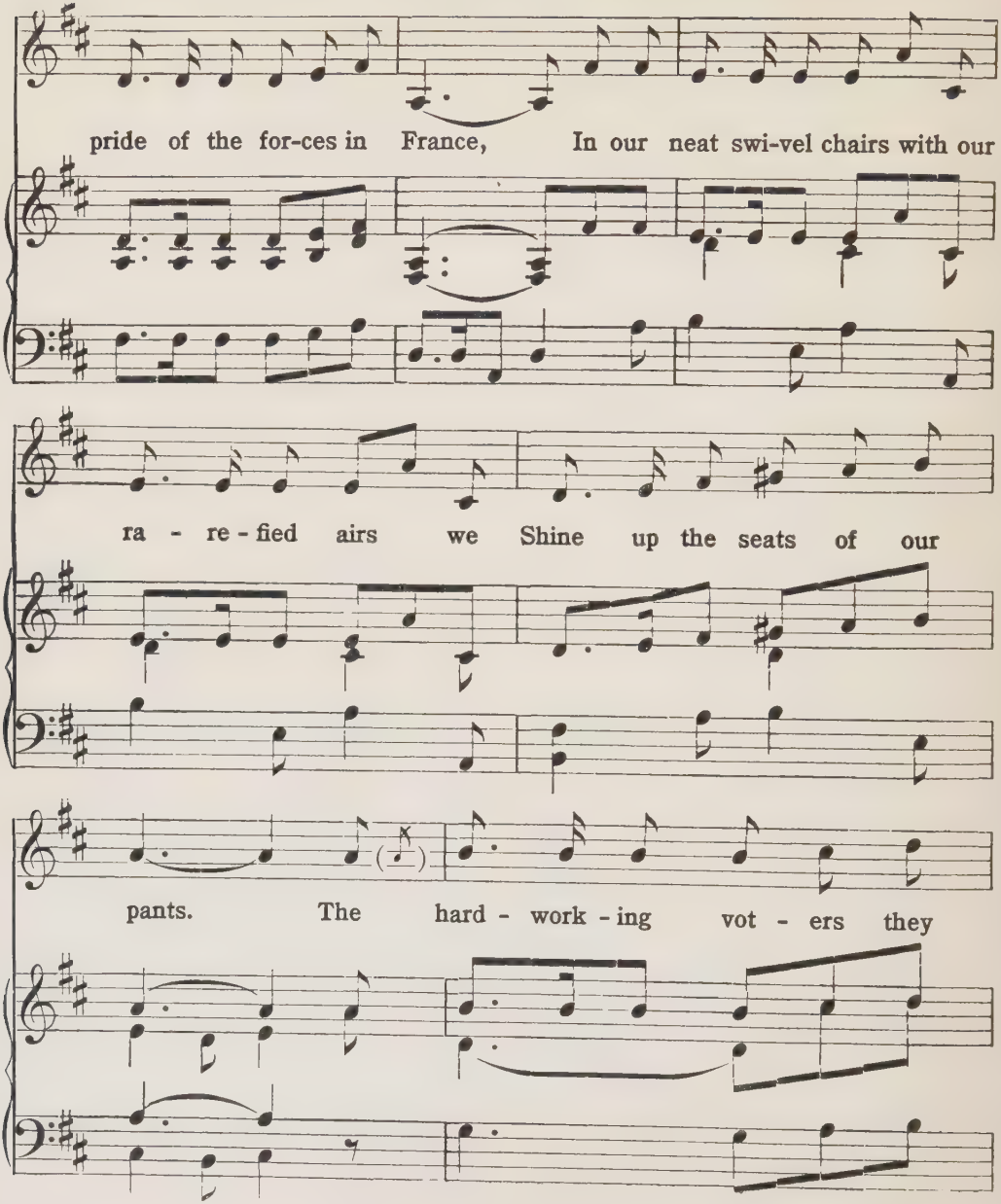
When I was a boy it seemed like - ly to me that the

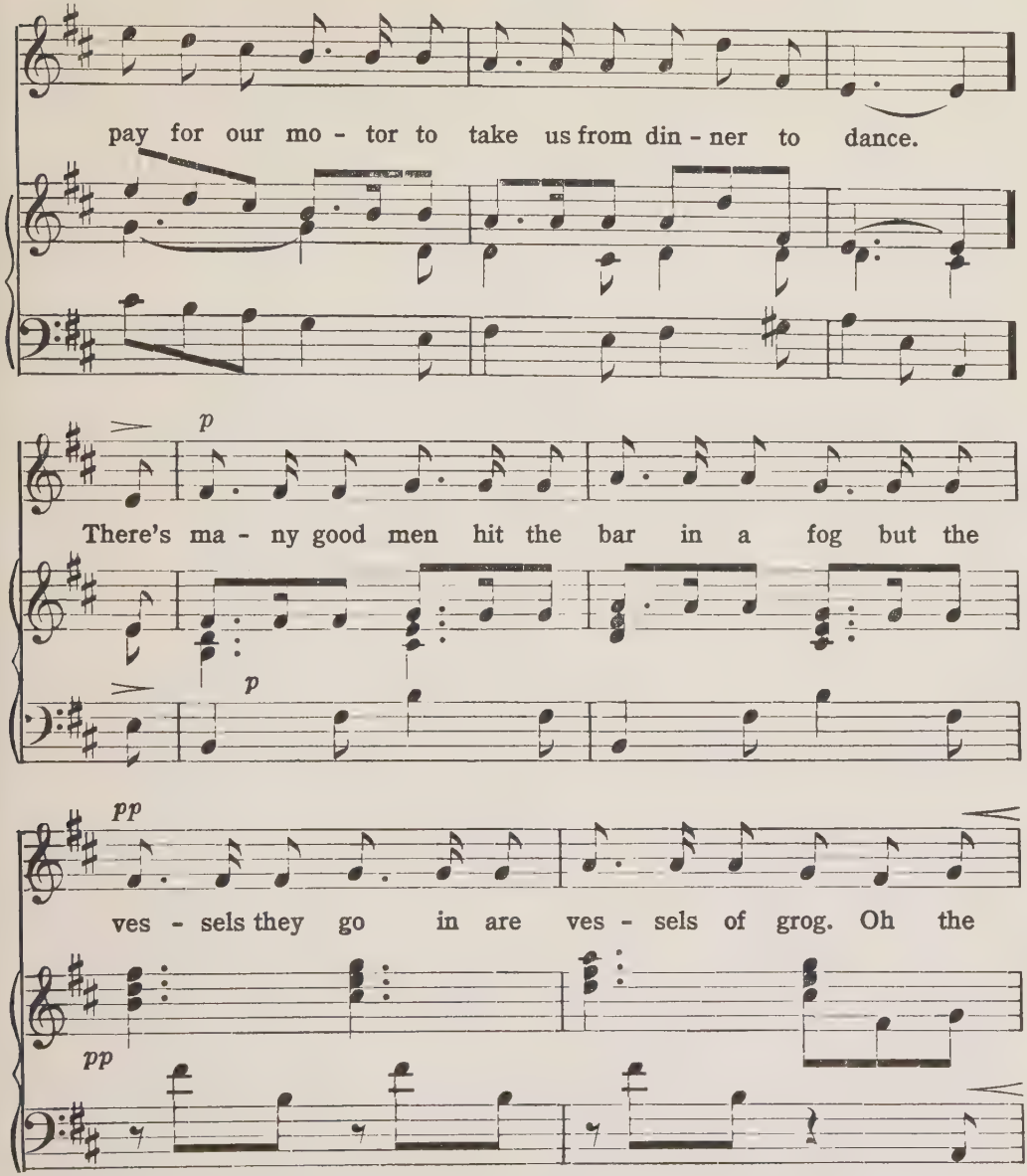
mf

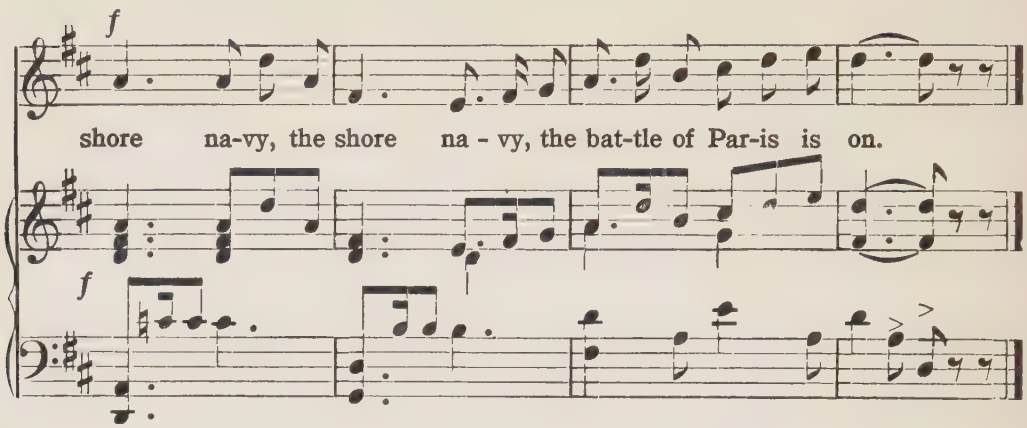

lo - gi - cal place for the Na - vy to be was at sea.
p
So I joined a des-troy-er but
mf
did not en - joy her The way that the wind and the


wav - es did annoy her and me.
f
f
Then some - bo - dy said "The
p
na - vy that's grand and the one that your art - is - tic


na - ture can stand is the na - vy a - shore. So
af - ter the war I went for a cruise on the land.
Chorus f
Oh the shore na - vy, the shore na - vy the
f


pride of the for-ces in France, In our neat swi-vel chairs with our
ra - re - fied airs we Shine up the seats of our
pants. The hard - work - ing vot - ers they


pay for our mo - tor to take us from din - ner to dance.
p
There's ma - ny good men hit the bar in a fog but the
p
pp
ves - sels they go in are ves - sels of grog. Oh the
pp



For efficiency's sake, we endeavor to train,
To build up the body and clear up the brain,
With champagne.
If you don't want to botch on the admiral's watch,
You must drink up considerable soda and scotch,
Or plain.
And it's quite, quite au fait if you've got enough rank,
Or a large private fortune laid up in the bank,
To take your own time to the office to climb,
To come before noon is not swank.

Chorus

Oh, the shore Navy, the shore Navy,
How tedious the work of the staff.
There's innumerable luncheons and similar functions
And oceans of tea to quaff.
There's a sweet yeomanette for each office to pet,
Conversational banter and chaff.

You must stand by the bridge by night and by day,
It's a game that you play, not a place that you stay,
Oh, the shore Navy, the shore Navy,
The battle of Paris is on.

Chorus

This song represents the experience and observations of a young Naval Attaché on Admiral Long's Staff at Naval Headquarters in Paris, France, during the Peace Conference.

COLUMBO

(Proving that a stout heart and a good line will work wonders with a fair lady—even a queen forsooth)

In fourteen hundred ninety-two a lad named Chris Columbo,
Put all geographies and maps up on the royal Bumbo.

He said the world was roundo, he said he'd find Chicago,
That Genoese with the bumpy knees, that bozo named Columbo.

At that time reigned a fair young queen of Spain named Isabella,
Who cast an amoroshus glance at Chris, the smart young fella.
He said the world, etc.

Columbus went to Isabelle to stock up his exchequer,
'Tis said he more than stocked it up—the dirty low home-wrecker.
He said the world, etc.

Now Isabelle, she pawned her jewels, and gave to Chris the ticket,
And said how glad she was to find scientific men were wicked.
He said the world, etc.

When Chris sailed out to sea at last, the queen was sad and tearful,
The King was laughing up his sleeve, 'twas his time to be cheerful.
He said the world, etc.

Columbus had a second mate he loved just like a brother,
They never went a single place, the one without the other.
He said the world, etc.

The trip was long, the boys arrived, they ripped off shirts and collars,
The Indian maid who welcomed them made twenty-thousand dollars.
He said the world, etc.

When Chris sailed back to Spain again, the queen was still a sinning,
But not with Chris this time, alas, another had his inning.
He said the world, etc.

According to this song, Christopher Columbus was an imaginative sort of lad and a lady-killer at the same time. One queen fell for him and heaven only knows how many lesser females. To get all there is out of "Columbo," as a song, one should remember that there is a story to be told,—not a lugubrious tale, but rather a pep-'em-up, success-in-early-life story. Chris was one of the up-and-coming go-getters back in the 15th Century. And boys, let's have a good, full, meaty tone on the chorus. Pound your glasses against the table, if you must, but refrain from the improper versions. They sometimes slip out at the wrong time.

Here is a little trumped up modernistic version of the Columbo idea; at least, it is sung to the tune of the verse of Columbo. It involves the Japanese and was passed on to us by a globe-trotting soldier of fortune.

Oh, the sailor looked and looked and looked,
For Geishas and for sake,
And almost gave up looking, when
He came to Nagasaki.

The sailor man, he paid five yen,
And picked himself a lady,
Her hair looked like a wild bees' hive,
And her name sounded like Sadie.

They ate their rice, they ate their fish,
And then they drank their sake,
And after fifteen bottoms up,
The sailor man got cocky.

The slant-eyed maid, she knew her trade,
And ordered lots of liquor,
The sailor man was sinking fast.
His tongue got thick and thicker.

He tried to sing, he tried to talk,
And then he tried to love her,
But all that he could ever do,
Was treat her like a brother.

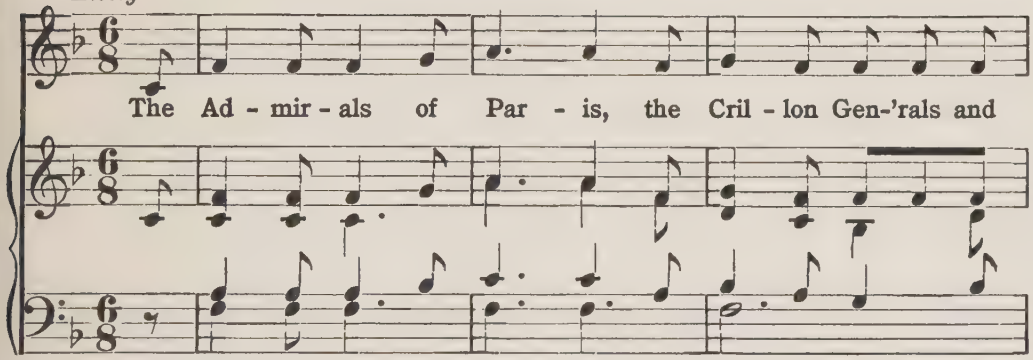
At this point, the song becomes promptly unprintable.

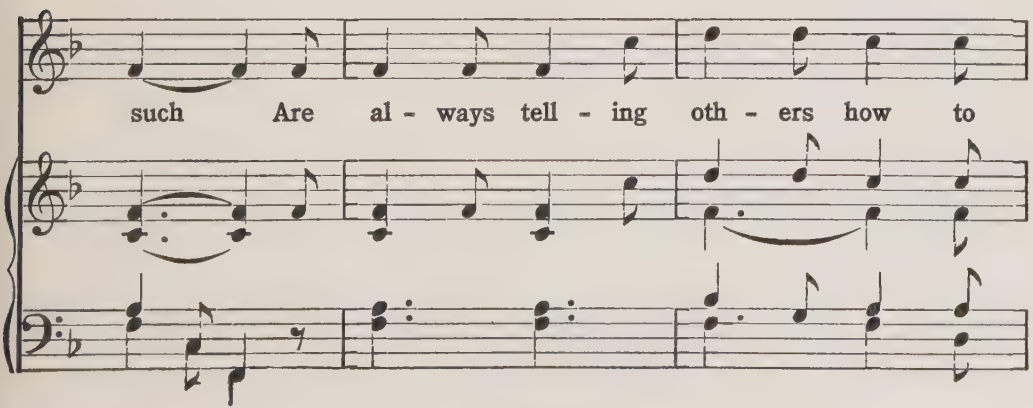
(There is a legend about a group of American aviators who went to Rome, Italy, in the early spring of 1918 and sang the Columbo song in a very unexpurgated version. The Italians fortunately could not understand enough English to get what was happening. Next morning the newspapers printed quite a spread about the aptness of the American Army—how they had responded to the toasts of Signore Chiesa with a song honoring Christopher Columbus. All of which proves that what you don't know doesn't hurt you.)

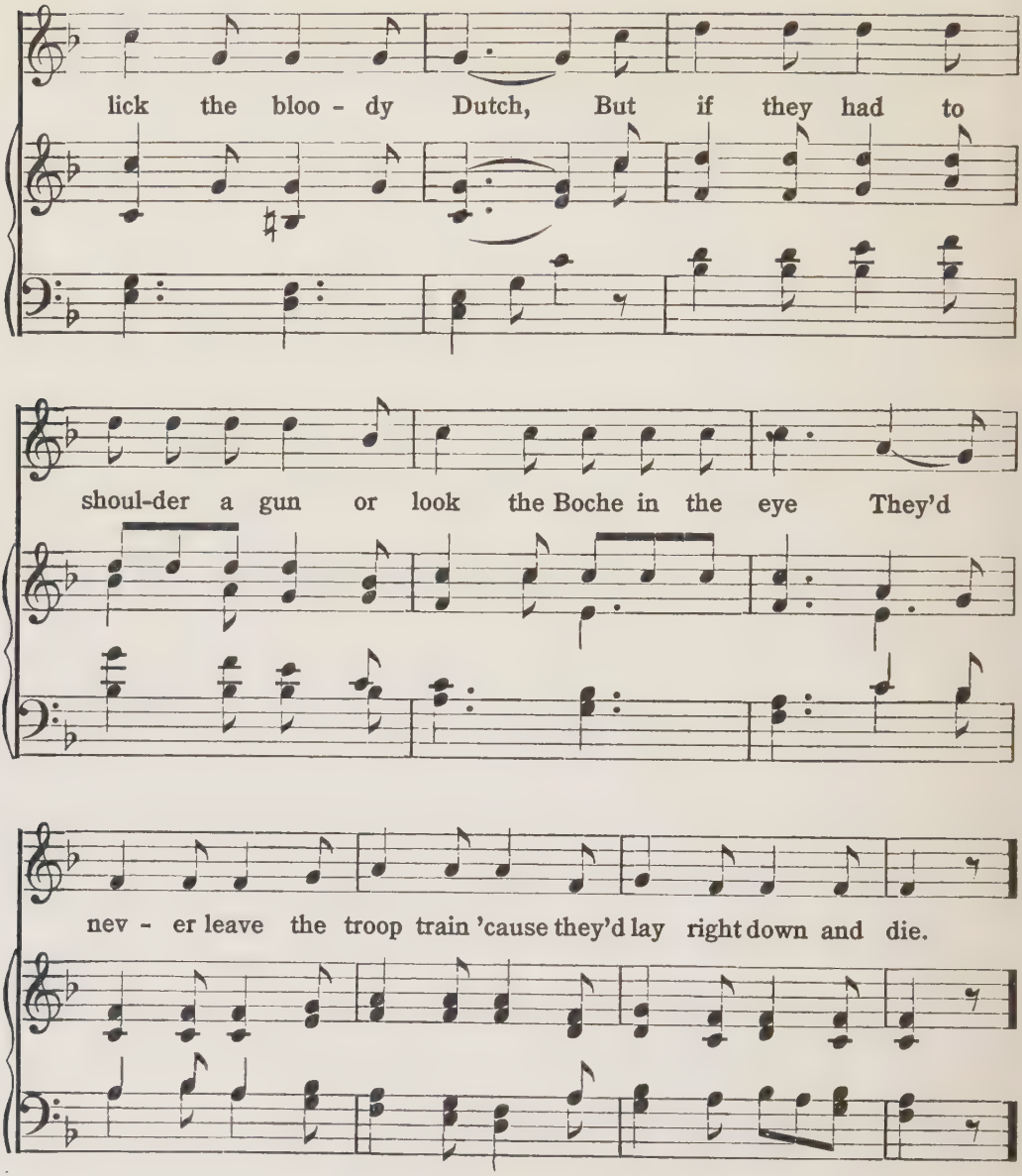
OH, IT'S DRIVE THE GENERAL'S CAR, MY BOY

(But Don't Mention It Ten Years Later)

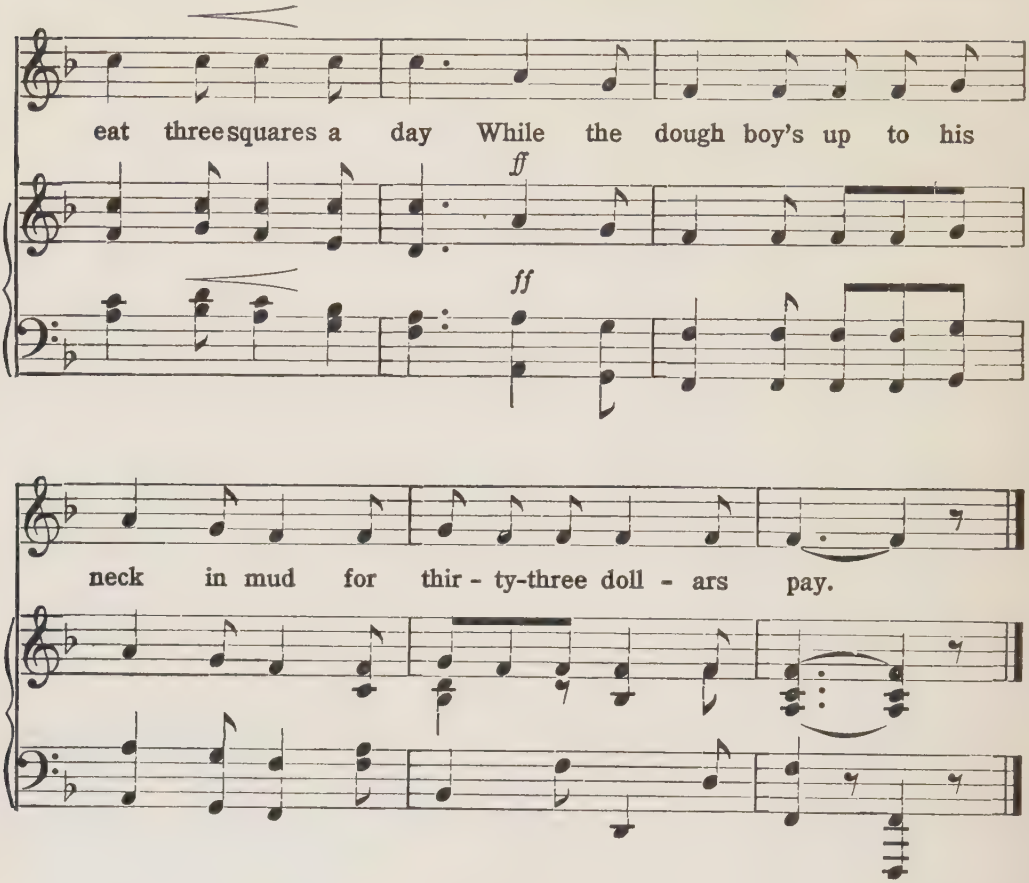
Lively






lick the bloo - dy Dutch, But if they had to
shoul-der a gun or look the Boche in the eye They'd
nev - er leave the troop train 'cause they'd lay right down and die.

Chorus
Oh it's drive the gen - 'ral's car my boy if you
f
f
want to come out whole For a tin - hat ne - ver takes a chance with
his im-mor - tal soul. They al - ways sleep be-tween the sheets and



Oh, they hang around the Crillon and 'tis there they do their stuff,
They click their heels together and they spread a mighty bluff,
But they've never seen the trenches nor the bloody enemy,
But they'll get more credit for the war than either you or me.

In the past war, there was a considerable S. O. S.—too large an S. O. S. to be understood by the average sailor or soldier. There were dry land sailors and back area tin-hat generals, who hung around the Paris headquarters and lived the life of Riley. This thing of being a Parisian Admiral or ensign didn't go on very long before it got into song.

Dry land sailoring might be safely compared to Parisian flying. Indeed, Paris was full of American aviators. Henry's Bar, the Folies Bergère, the Café de la Paix, the Opera, the Olympic—they (or should I say "we") were there. And to prove we had a sense of humor, we manufactured this bit of doggerel:

And when they ask us,
How dangerous it was,
Oh, we'll never tell them,
No, we'll never tell them.
We spent our pay in some cafe,
And fought wild women, night and day.
'Twas the goddamndest job we ever had.

And when they ask us,
And they're surely going to ask us,
Why we didn't win the croix de guerre,
We'll never tell them,
No, we'll never tell them.
There was a Front, but damned if we knew where.
'Twas the goddamndest job we ever had.

IN THE HARBOR AT BOULOGNE

It happened quite by chance. One murky night in October, 1918, a group of American aviators having a night out and seeing what sights there were to see in the little channel town of Boulogne, France, encountered the officers of a Venezuelan sailing vessel. The officers were white, but the crew was mostly black—Barbadoes—who spoke English much better than a lot of us whites, and sang bewitchingly.

Their cargoes had been safely stowed under the decks. They were waiting for weather. The summer of 1918 had transformed the harbor at Boulogne into a very busy place. The British had established an airport at Marquis, just a few kilometers away—an airport where pilots flying to and from England stopped for gas and oil. Then there were the hospital ships, beautiful white affairs, with awning-covered decks; and the transports and the quartermaster brigs; and the harbor patrol. But most interesting of all, the tramp ships and the fishing schooners.

The masts of these fishing boats were so numerous in some places as to almost look like a forest of leafless trees. And those fishermen! And their wives! Yes, the fishwives of Boulogne have long been known to legend and story. Some of them possessed a rare kind of savage beauty—as long as they didn't talk. But when a collection of them got together and began to scream at one another, they might be heard blocks away over the clattering

of their wooden shoes—over the tramp of the Tommies and the drone of the airplane motors.

The same weather that kept sailing ships in the Boulogne Harbor kept a collection of pilots on the ground at the Marquis airport. The pilots drove into Boulogne, and in a hotel bar, made friends with the officers of the Venezuelan wind-jammer. They drank healths! They extolled the bravery of men who sailed in wooden ships and the intrepidity of boys who defied Newton's law in Spads and Camels. They brayed forth songs. Through the natural pessimism of the Air Service, their songs were all about deaths in crashes—hard-boiled songs, indeed, and glum ones.

The sailors sang of love. And later, aboard the Alcadel (that was the name of their ship), when the crew sang, the aviators were strangely quiet, and, my friend, it's something to quiet a crowd of American aviators. If we had been more sober and less enthusiastic we might have remembered or written off quantities of material to enrich the archives of sailor lore. But only three of their songs were saved from a chaos of Jamaica rum, tobacco smoke and harbor fog.

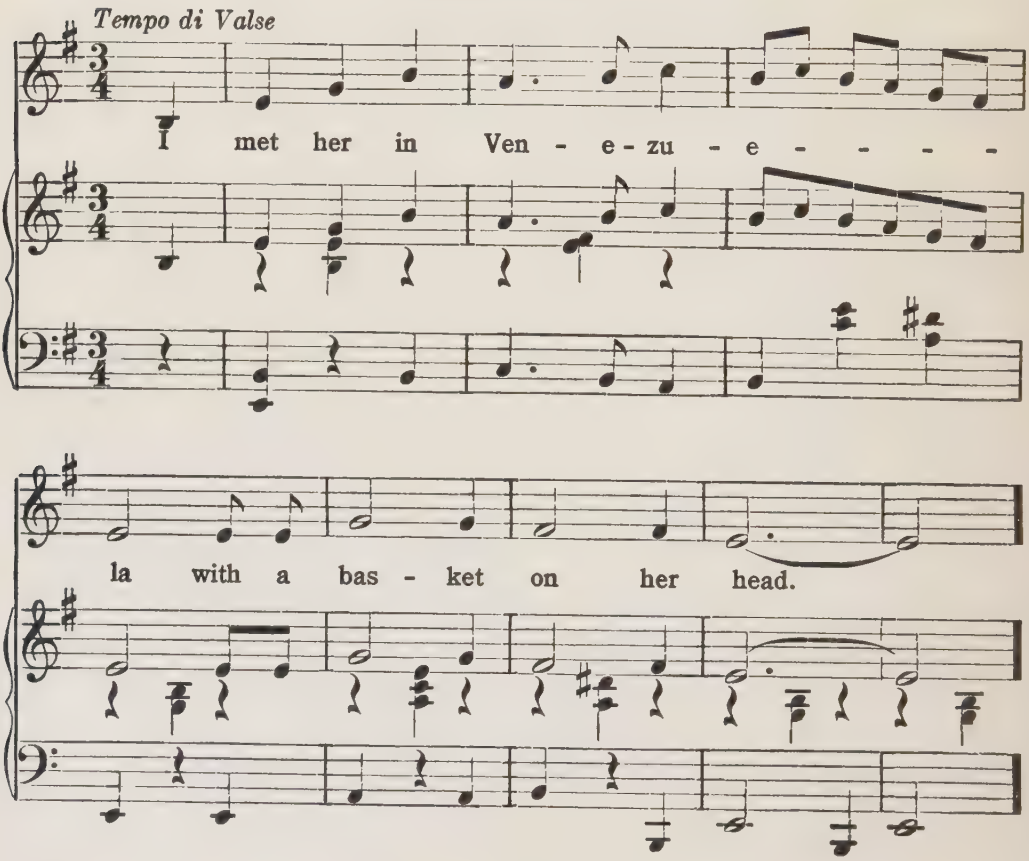
And they sang of love, hark ye! A thing the soldiermen did much too seldom. Good old irregular love—the kind that's been getting into print under various illusive titles ever since print has been fortunate enough to recount the affairs of the heart.

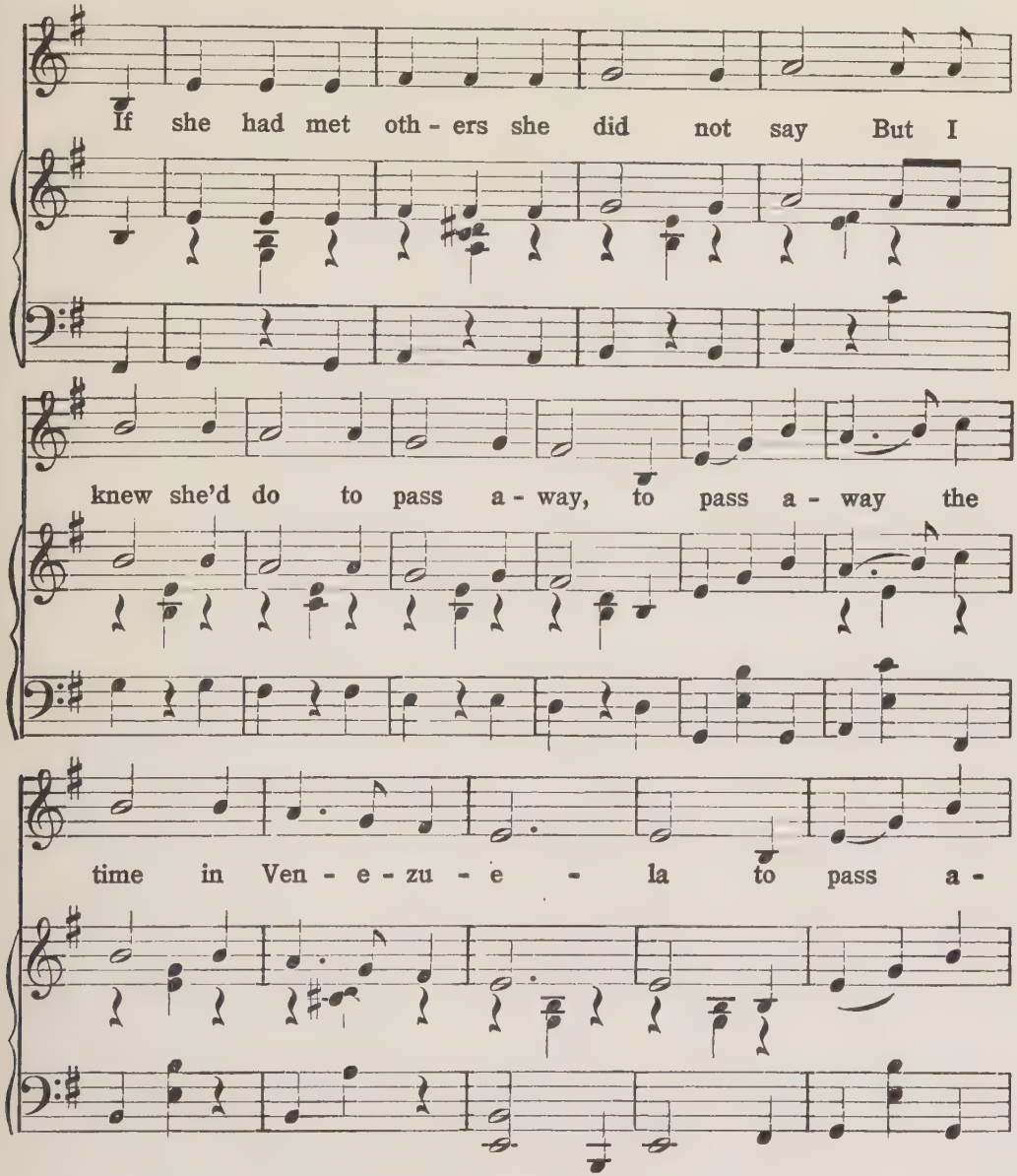
Mr. Kipling may have listened in on this story of sailorman's love and from it gained the idea of "Mandalay." Or perhaps the Barbadoes, reading Kipling's poem, decided to work out their own version. The music is an enchanting minor tune and there were

(as well as can be remembered) many, many verses. Only four were recorded.

Read the entire poem over before singing the song. The proper dreamy sense of yearning for something that can never be again, will surely get into the performance.

VENEZUELA




If she had met oth - ers she did not say But I
knew she'd do to pass a - way, to pass a - way the
time in Ven - e - zu - e - la to pass a -

I give her a silken sash of blue,
A silken sash of blue,
Because I thought that she would do,
With all the tricks I knew she knew,
To pass away the time in Venezuela.
To pass away the time in Venezuela.

And when the wind was out to sea,
The wind was out to sea,
And she was a takin' leave of me,
I said, "Cheer up, there'll always be,
Sailors ashore with leave in Venezuela."
Sailors to pass the time in Venezuela.

Her lingo was strange, but the thot of her smile,
The thought of her smile,
Will taunt me and haunt me for many a mile,
For she was my gal and she helped the while,
To pass away the time in Venezuela,
To pass away the time in Venezuela.

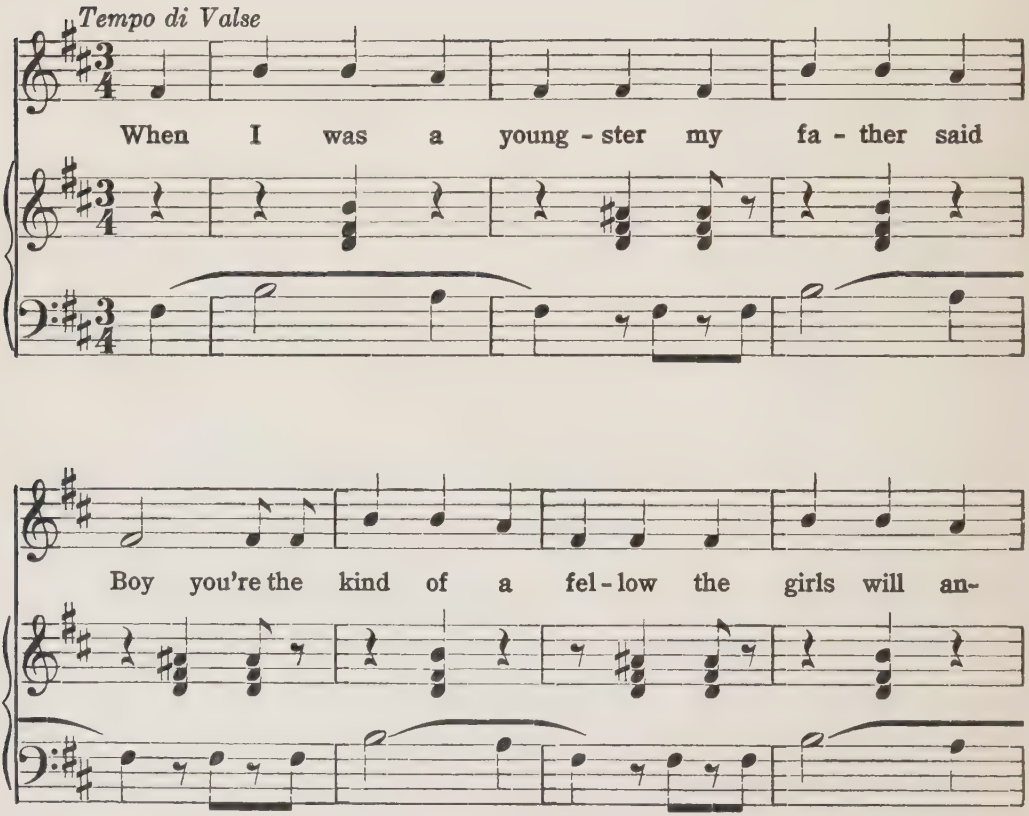
The Mate of the Alcadel (a well educated fellow from Boston, who never went back to Massachusetts for some very good reason) gave us the words of a chantey the crew seemed to look upon as a favorite. He said that according to chantey lore, it was known as a Capstan chantey. The crew naturally wouldn't sing it when they weren't working, as a chantey is a working-song only. We have since discovered that it existed in a slightly different form in the wind-jamming days of the British Merchant Marine.

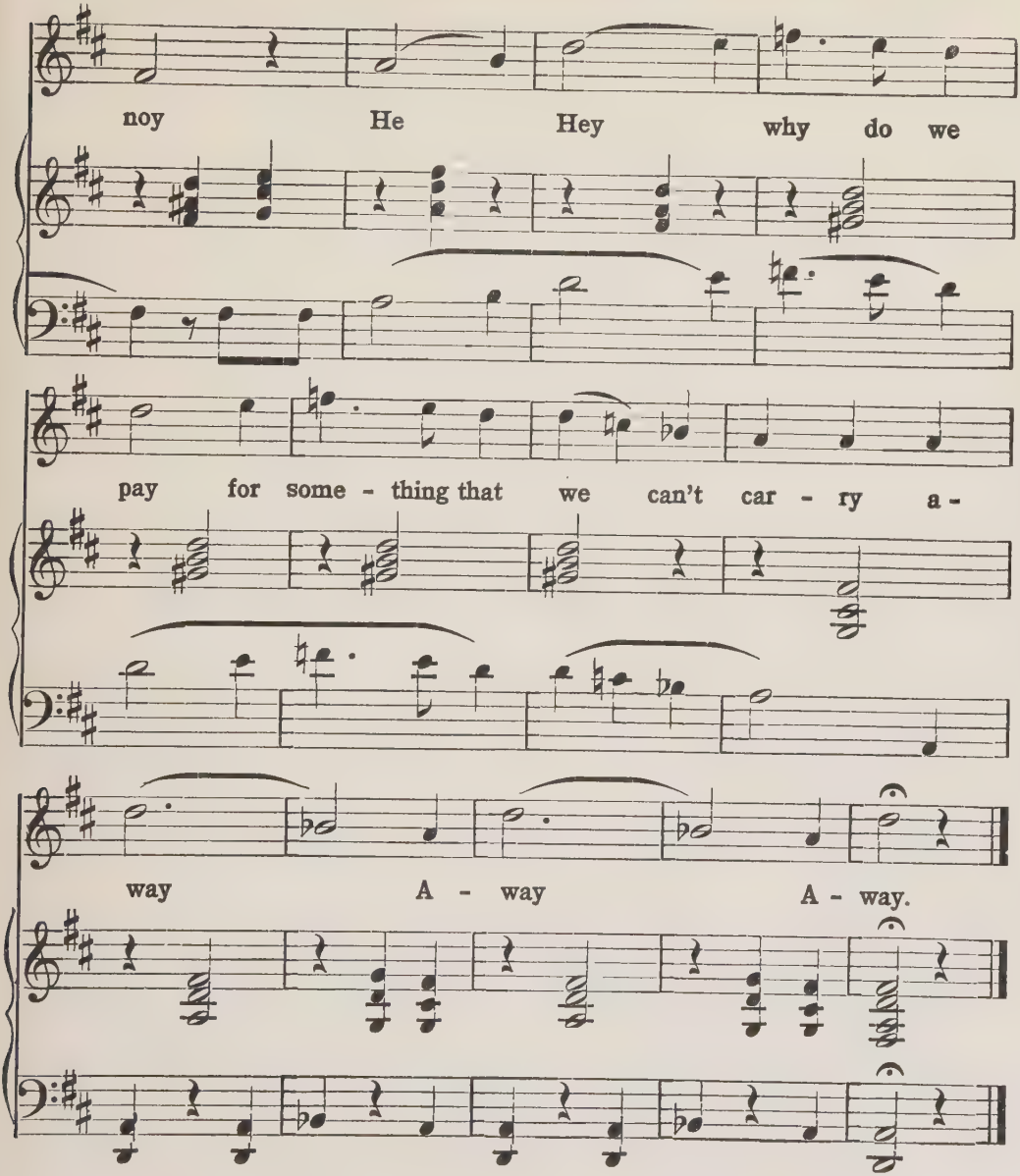
We love Mrs. Jones—we love her daughter,
We love her in a way we hadn't oughter—
Oh, it's home, boys, home, the place we ought to be—
Oh, it's home, boys, home, and to Hell with the life on the sea.

You see how naively they hurdle the less important, but rather boring preliminaries and dive waist deep into an embrace with poor Mrs. Jones's daughter. Lucky daughter, after all.

With a rather fine sense of dramatic effect, the Barbadoes saved the most interesting of their songs until last. One American present suggested that it took them all the early part of the evening to get warmed up, but analysis had no place against the sheer beauty of the thing they ultimately did. The records show six couplets—there may have been as many as twenty, or perhaps even more. Before the song was ended, everyone was singing, officers, crew, American aviators, everyone joined in a mighty ensemble—chanting a requiem to the jolly lady-killing sailorman who took his love when and where he found it and then said, "Oh, why do we pay for something we can't carry away." Alas, what philosophy!

One of the Barbadoes said he believed that the song had its origin in the old time British navy. The reference in the text to a barmaid and later, to the keeper of the Sailors' Rest, might tend to prove this statement. No one seemed to know where Tasmerki is. It's probably a hatched-up name to rhyme with "me." These are the six verses of "He Hey, Why Do We Pay."




noy He Hey why do we
pay for some - thing that we can't car - ry a -
way A - way A - way.

When I sailed over the briny sea,
I left three hundred bar maids a weepin' for me.
He, hey, why do we pay,
For something that we can't carry away, away, away.

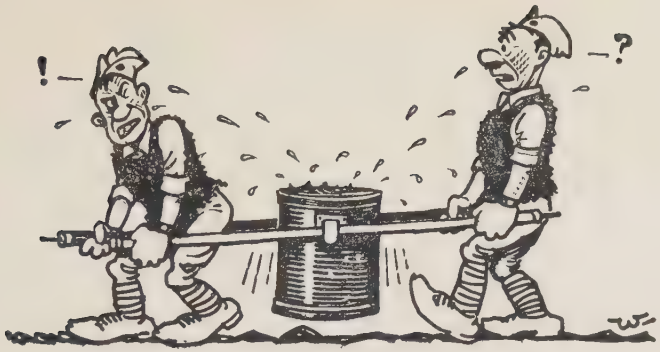
When the anchor came up, the girls of the town,
Said the money I left would sure go around.
He, hey, why do we pay,
For something that we can't carry away, away, away.

The keeper of the Sailors' Rest,
Locked up his daughter 'cause he knew best.
He, hey, why do we pay,
For something that we can't carry away, away, away.

Sailor men love where love is found,
And often tread over a landlubber's ground,
He, hey, why do we pay,
For something that we can't carry away, away, away.

When I sailed into Tasmerki,
The king locked the queen up to keep her from me.
He, hey, why do we pay,
For something that we can't carry away, away, away.

Notice how the melody starts out in a rather melancholy manner and continues in the minor key until at the beginning of the "aways," it crashes into the relative major. "He, hey, why do we pay" should be sung with abandon, with energy and anything else that may emphasize the philosophy of the refrain. Unsophisticated persons will not understand what the song is all about; the others will be wise enough to laugh in private (if the company be contaminated with an excess of virtue) and sing it often in the bath or with congenial spirits.



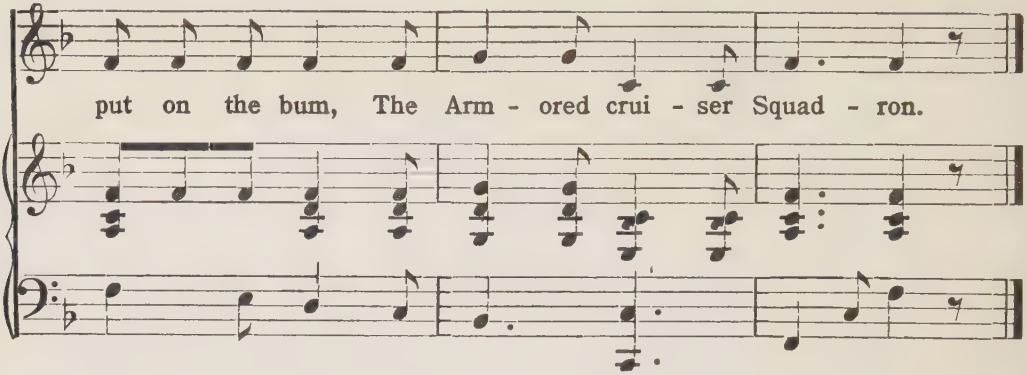
THE ARMORED CRUISER SQUADRON

(And how they did love their destruction!)

With martial effect

A - way a - way with sword and drum Here we come,

full of rum Look - ing for some one to



"The Armored Cruiser Squadron" speaks for itself. It was sung very often by the old-timers in the U. S. Navy.

A gray-haired veteran at the Brooklyn Navy Yard told us not long ago that the "Armored Cruiser Squadron" song was most possibly written to commemorate the glorious days when "battle-ship diplomacy" was the style when dealing with South American countries. He told us rather a startling yarn with direct reference to "battle-ship diplomacy," about the time the American Cruiser shot up the wrong South American town. It would be worth while to get the old fellow's story, but it would take a mighty long while—he is a slow talker and devious as Hell itself.

THE F 2 A AND THE H S ONE . . .

(Sung to the tune of the Armored Cruiser Squadron)

Oh, the F 2 A and the H S one
The finest ships you ever did see,
Flew across the sea to be,
In the Northern Bombing Squadron.

Away, away with sword and drum,
Here we come, full of rum,
Looking for something to put on the bum,
The Naval Aviation.

Lieut. Beauregard Sweeney, U. S. N., gave us the above version of the F-2-A song. The idea that the F-2-A and the H-S-one flew across the ocean to join the Northern Bombing Squadron is just another one of those purely fictionized yarns trumped up by veterans of the United States Navy. The fact that some of the crews were occasionally full of rum and at times put things on the bum, is perhaps true. One can easily understand that this latter accomplishment was much more within the reach of possibility.

Unfortunately, very little has been said about the Northern Bombing Squadron. All we know is that (from some very dry official reports) there was a North Sea Mine Barrage and a collection of sea planes on duty in the North Sea. Be it hereby officially reported—the War in the North Sea was nobody's holiday, and the Northern Bombing Squadron functioned. If you all think this is good-will propaganda, just ask some of the few surviving U-Boat Commanders. They know—and tremble to remember their colossal losses.

MONTEZUMA

There was an Aviation Gunnery School at St. Jean de Monts, which is geographically a few odd kilometers below Nantes. It was an interesting flight, if you didn't fall in the swamps or get lost out over the ocean. What we enjoyed most was the trip back to wherever we came from. Sometimes it was Tours, or perhaps Romorantin, or Orly (Seine). No matter, one had to go through Nantes, and that was a signal for a nice twenty-four hour stop-over.

Nantes is an interesting city, and a very old one, too. On the watersides of that town, one might find unbelievable grog-shops and dinges. Among them is one operated by a Portuguese and his hunch-backed wife—a dinge that harbors men from every kind of craft known to the seven seas; and gamblers; and smugglers; and spies; and hard cases in general. The police clean it out now and then, but it goes on again populated with a colorful, lawless, romantic kind of "scum-of-the-earth," who eat and drink and sing and fight, and then sleep when there's nothing else interesting going on.

Among the customers at the Portuguese hang-out, one night in the early fall of 1918, was the boatswain of a little English sailing vessel, plying (according to rumor) between Plymouth and a port on the upper Loire. Excepting the peg leg, he looked for all

the world like John Silver. Everything he did was done with a dash. He drank his liquor at a gulp. He swung his arms in wide circles. He bawled out violent oaths and brayed forth songs in an unhuman voice. He was a symbol. He was the swaggering, swash-buckling seaman of the old school.—Too bad so few of them remain!

Of his musical efforts three examples are recorded. The first was a kind of work song about a well-known English institution, namely, the Waxworks,—perhaps the very famous one owned by Mme. Tussaud. Here it is in part—possibly not the better part, but the practical part.

Chorus

We'll all go over to the waxworks, the waxworks, the waxworks,
We'll all go over to the waxworks, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

We'll see Napoleon Bonaparte and Robespierre with 'is bleedin' 'eart,
We'll all go over to the waxworks, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

We'll plan to pass a pleasant spell with Oliver Twist and little Nell,
We'll all go over to the waxworks, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

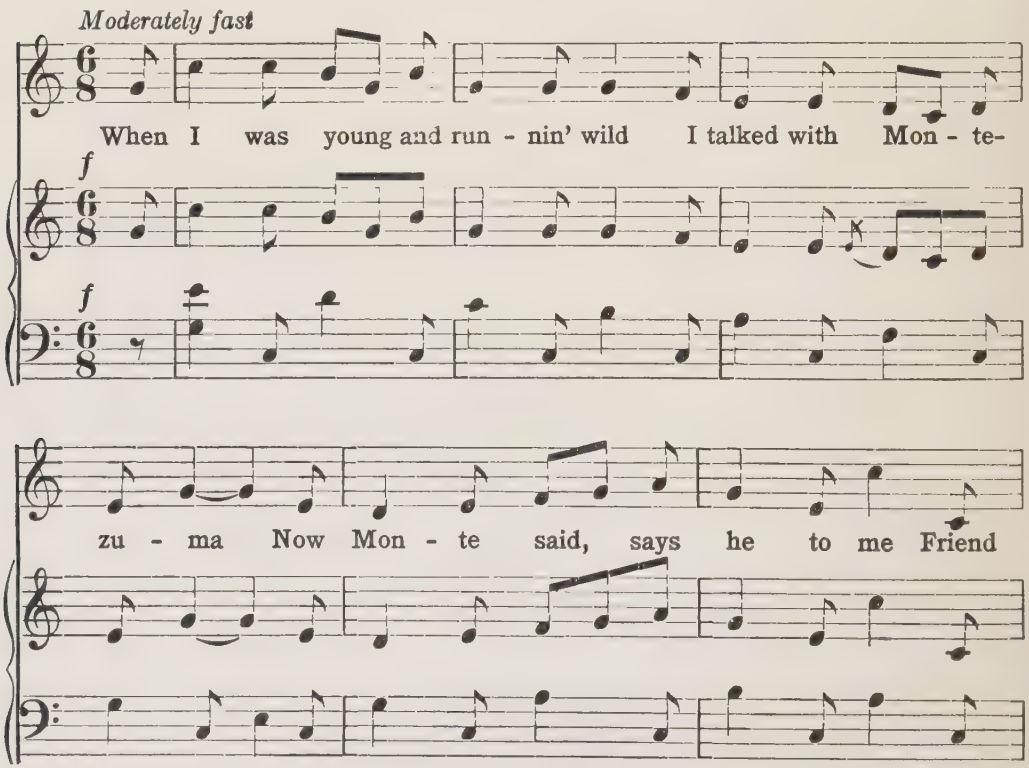
We'll see roysterers, murderers, highwaymen and knaves,
Quartered and gibbetted and set upon with staves,
We'll all go over to the waxworks, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

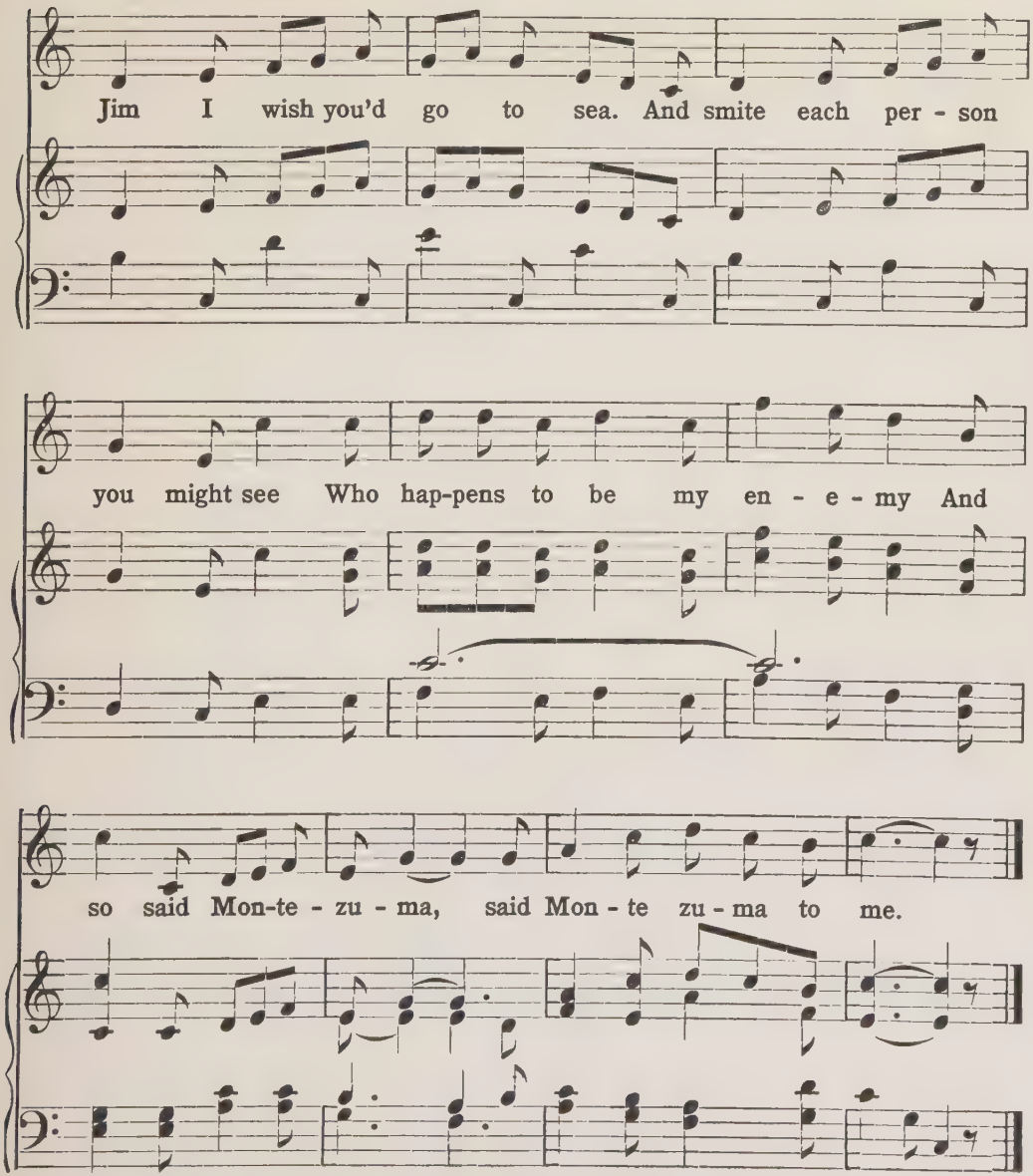
We'll see the bastard king of France, in a coat of mail and satin pants,
We'll all go over to the waxworks, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

The labor party's leader and the mayor of Lunnon town will be
doin' what they can to o'erthrow the crown,
We'll all go over to the waxworks, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

(The tune was not only variable but otherwise unimportant)

But best of all, was the song he bellowed forth in defense of his youth—a song that smacks of Gilbert and Sullivan, without having the freedom of the professional touch. We give it with all its swagger and braggadocio.




Jim I wish you'd go to sea. And smite each per - son
you might see Who hap-pens to be my en - e - my And
so said Mon-te - zu - ma, said Mon - te zu - ma to me.

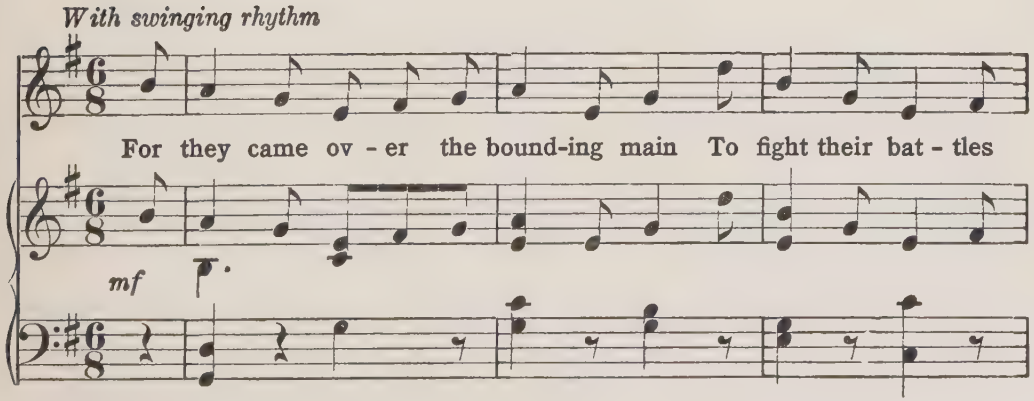
When I was young and runnin' wild,
I shipped in an India Man.
With cargoes made up of princes and kings,
And turbaned nabobs in slippers and rings,
Who smoked glass hookas and spouted out rings,
What cargoes of princes and nabobs and kings
We carried round the golden horn
To sea in an India man.

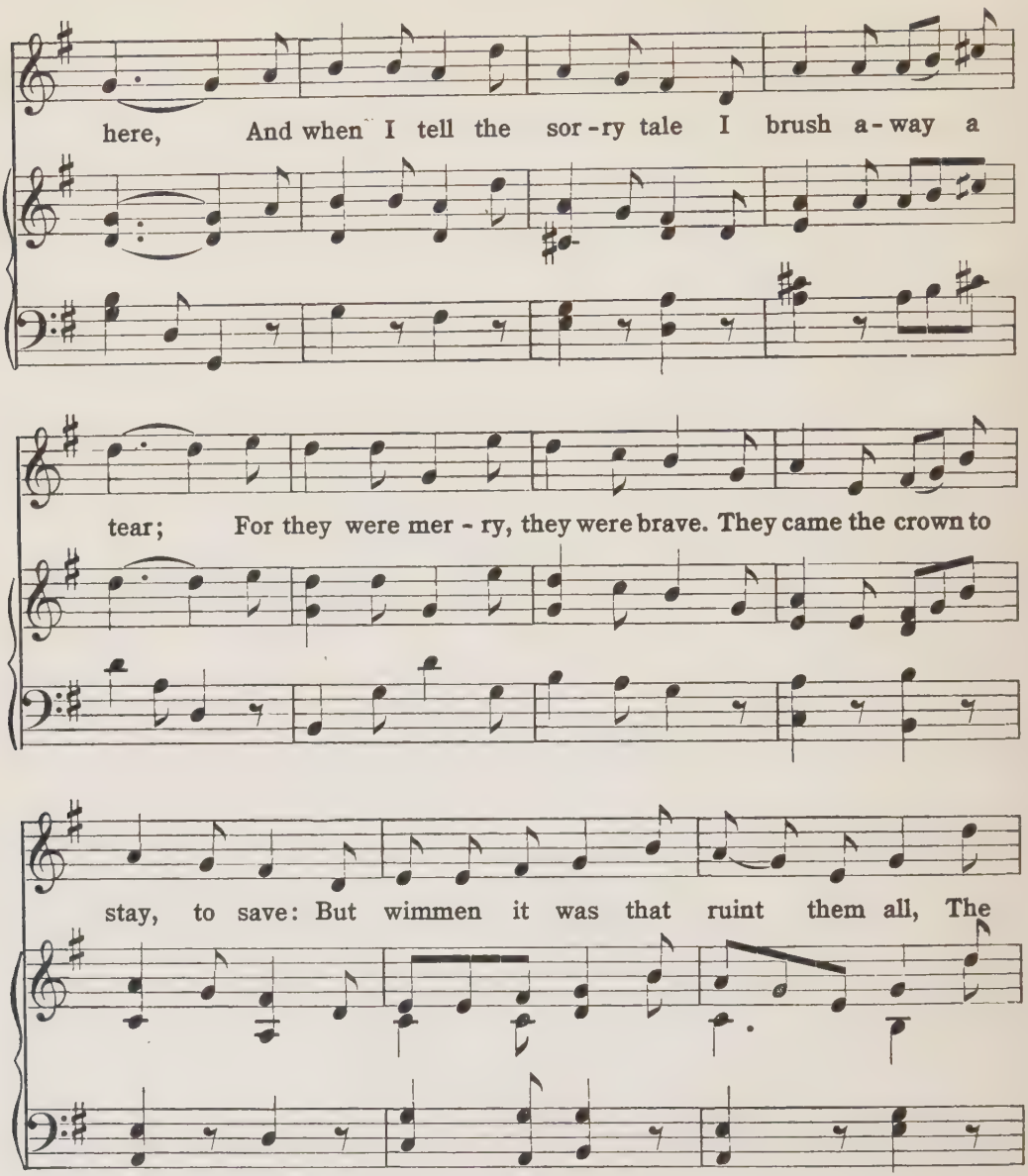
When I was young and runnin' wild,
A many a woman had I.
Light and dark and brown and fair,
With divers kinds of colored hair,
I dragged them home and then and there,
Loved as a sailorman loves in his lair,
I loved full many a woman,
Many a woman loved I.

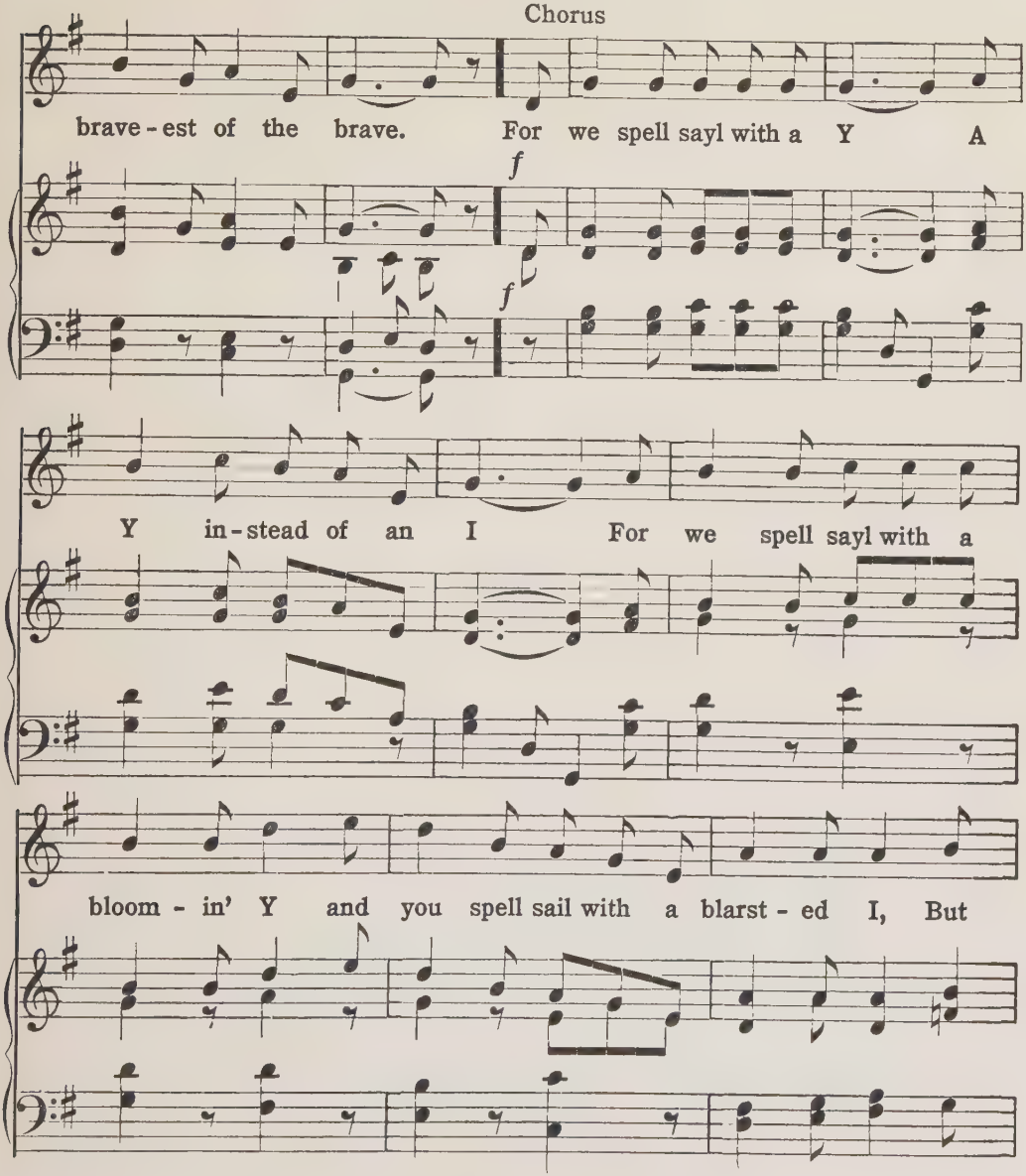
Before that night was over, another song came out of the Never-Never land, where songs grow and here it is, just as the old Boatswain sang it, or as near as is safe to tell, recording in its lyrics what seems to be a version of the British defeat in the Revolutionary War. Who knows! Perhaps the Colonial Dames did help in no small measure at winning our freedom from England.

LIMEY SAILOR SONG

(Don't try to sing this song in a state of cold sobriety . . . It won't go that way . . . The time of night has something to do with it too . . . The ideas in the Limey Sailor Song go best after midnight, the neighbors notwithstanding.)




here, And when I tell the sor-ry tale I brush a-way a
tear; For they were mer-ry, they were brave. They came the crown to
stay, to save: But wimmen it was that ruint them all, The


Chorus
brave - est of the brave. For we spell sayl with a Y A
f
f
Y in - stead of an I For we spell sayl with a
bloom - in' Y and you spell sail with a blarst - ed I, But

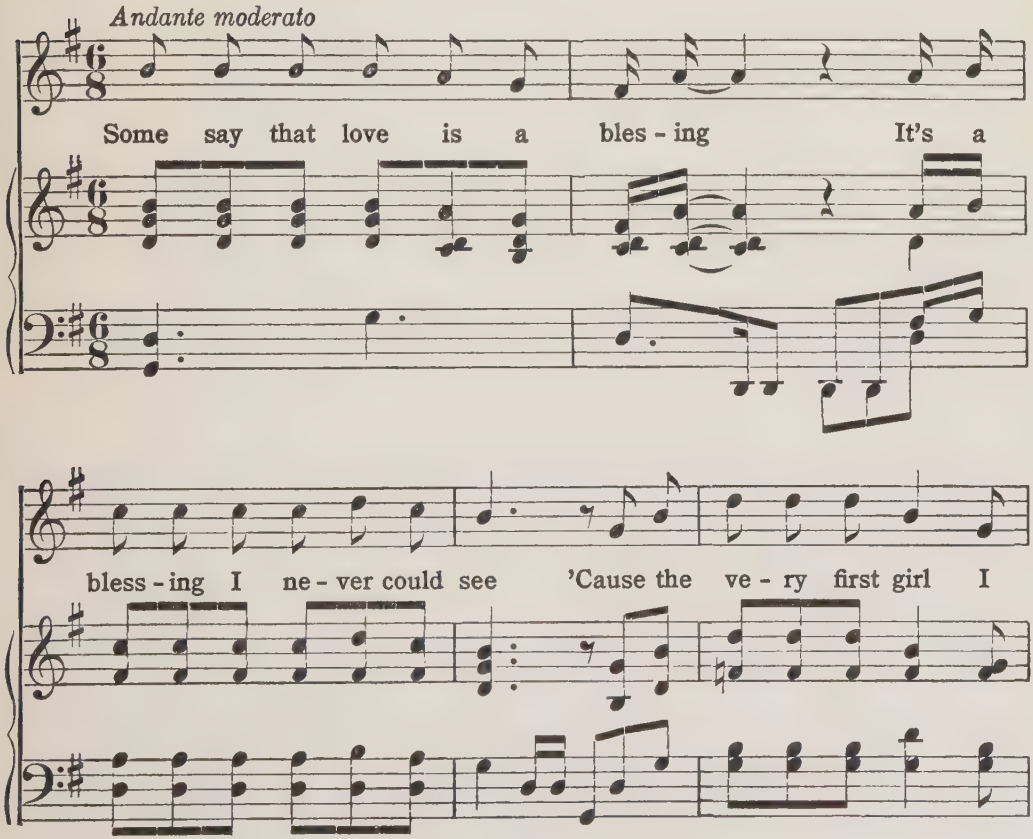
that's no rea-son we should die for the want of a lit - tle li - quor

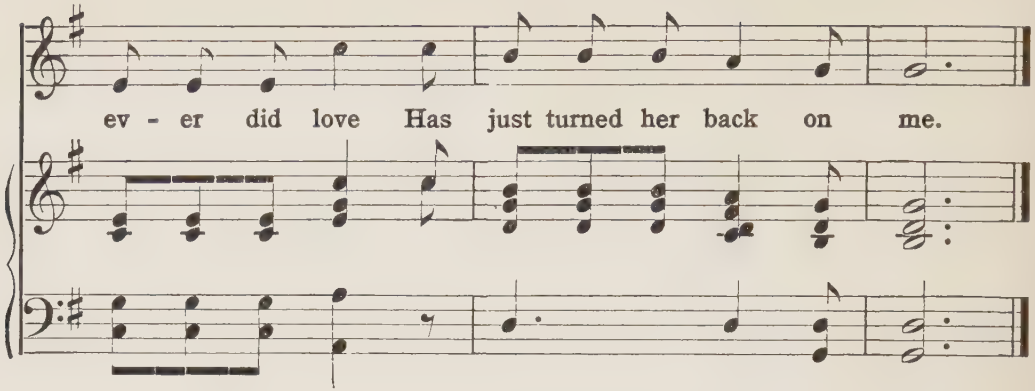
Oh - ti - I - ti - ti - ti - ti For the want of a lit - tle li - quor.

SOME SAY THAT LOVE IS A BLESSING

(How Old Fashioned of Them After All)

There are more unprintable verses to this song than to any other on record. It was the favorite of favorites among the more grown-up soldiers, men, for example, above twenty-five years of age, who have lived enough of life to have been turned down by several young ladies.





Oh, there may be a change in the weather,
There may be a change in the sea,
There may be a change altogether,
But there'll never be a change in me.

Oh, when I had money a plenty,
Then she thought the world of me,
But now that my pockets are empty,
She's done turned her back on me.

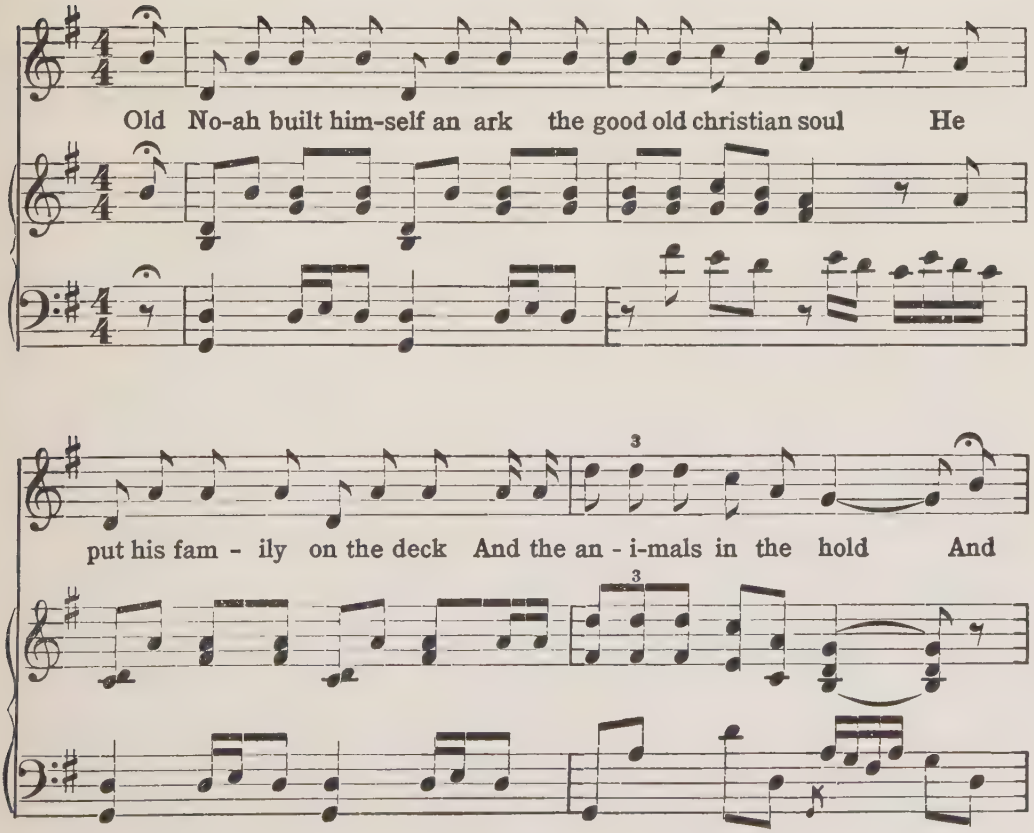
She is gone, let 'er go, goddam 'er,
But I'll love 'er where'er she may be.
For though she may travel the whole world over,
She'll ne'er find a lover like me.

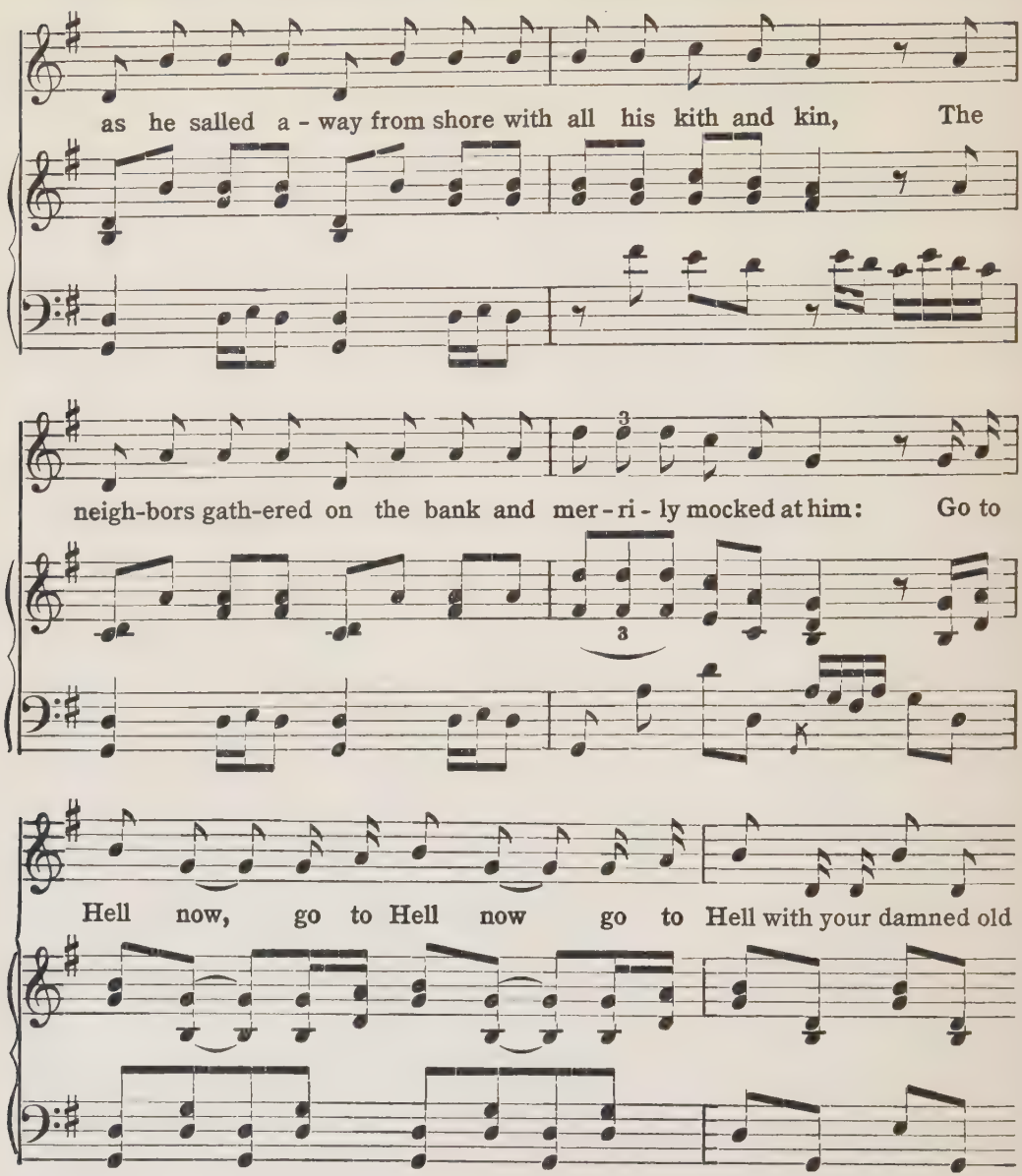
Miss Cecilia (Cissie) Loftus (who thru her many years of playing in European and American theaters has grown to be a great authority in such matters) advises us that this tune has long been used as a musical setting for a ribald, cockney song about an English housemaid. Miss Loftus sings the song very well and will oblige with an endless lot of very interesting verses with a little begging. Miss Loftus says she sang the song as a youngster when she was attending a convent school in London. It was then looked upon as an antique.

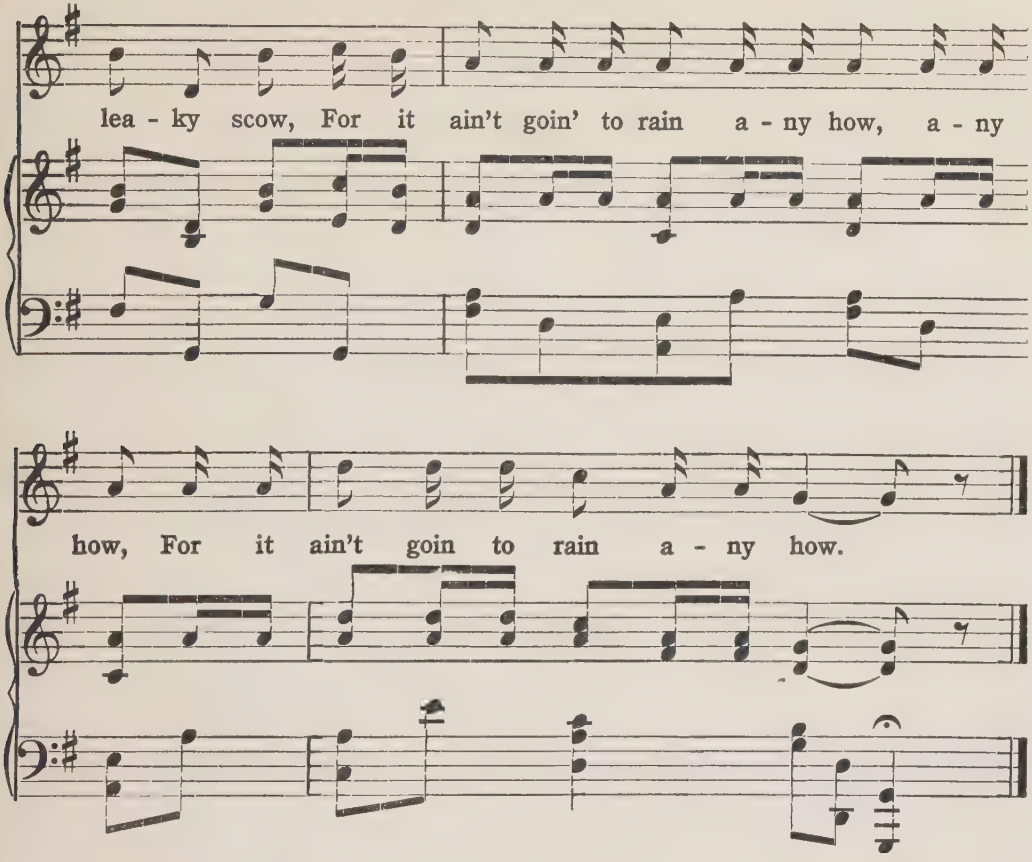
OLD NOAH

As sung by the crew of the U.S.S. Newton, cargo ship between New York and le Havre, 1918 and 1919

(Explaining the sex complexes of the animal kingdom)




as he salled a - way from shore with all his kith and kin, The
neigh-bors gath-ered on the bank and mer - ri - ly mocked at him: Go to
Hell now, go to Hell now go to Hell with your damned old



For forty days and forty nights the rain came down like Hell,
It covered everything about including hill and dale.
Old Noah walked upon the deck and looked through the window pane;
And said, "Where are those poor damned fools who said it wouldn't rain."

Chorus

Now Noah had his troubles with the animals forsooth,
For the females they did roll their eyes and the males they felt
their youth.
The lions and tigers all took holts, 'twas as natural as could be,
But in due time old Noah knew each couple would be three.

Chorus

The ark was small and crowded too, old Noah tore his hair,
He tried to find some place to land, for sail he didn't dare.
And when, alas, the pigeon came with news of land ahoy,
Old Noah signaled hard by port and shouted "Attaboy."

Chorus

When all the animals came off old Noah swelled with pride,
For they had multiplied by ten while taking the boat ride.
Now gather round me, sailor men, and listen to my tale,
If you should ship two animals, be sure that they are male.

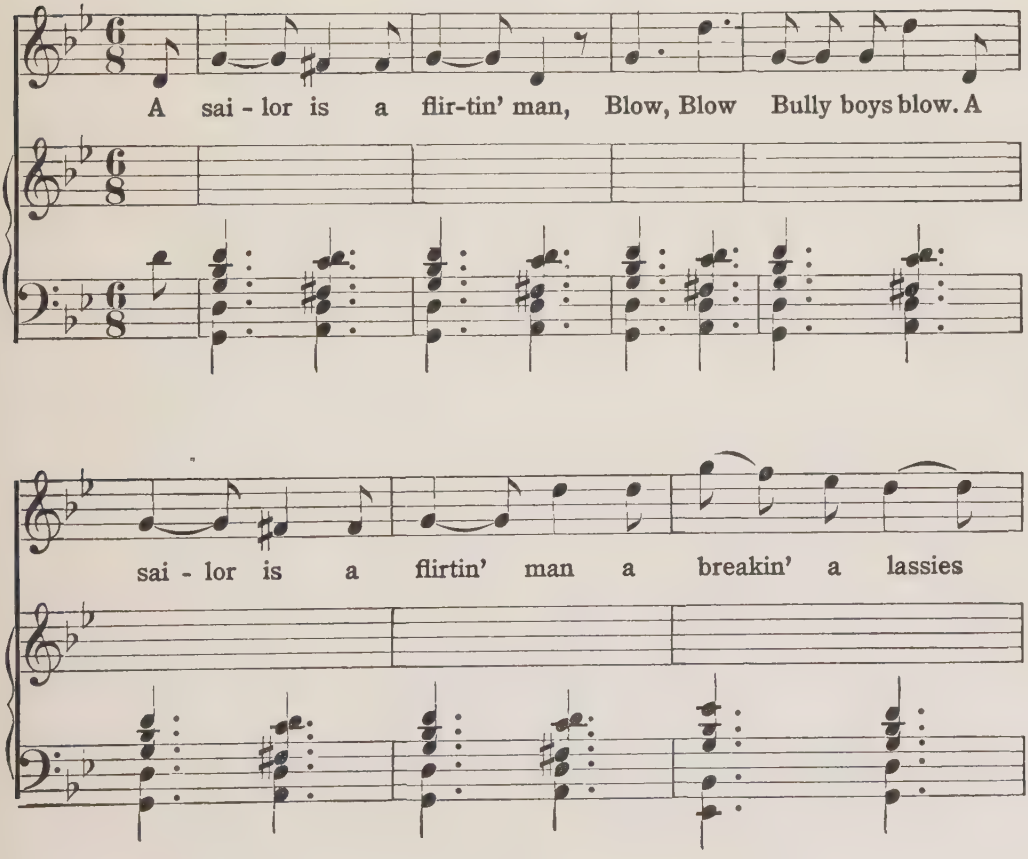
Chorus

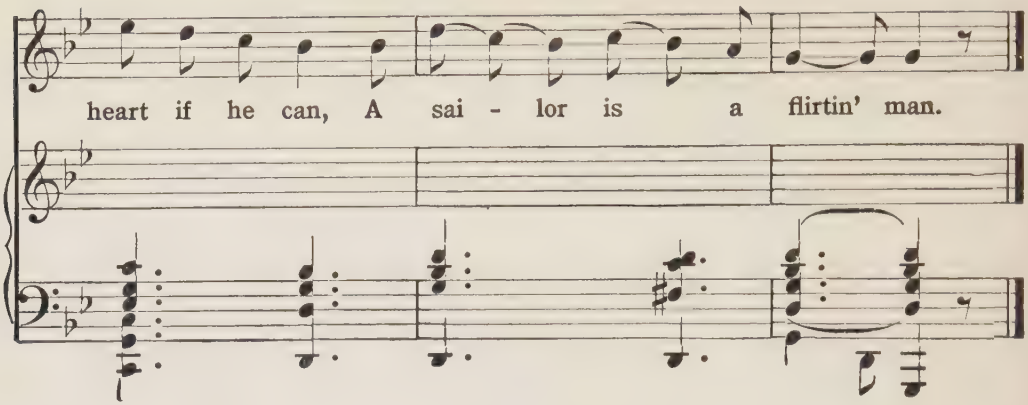
Instructions to singers: Come in strong on the "Go to Hell nows." The rest will take care of itself.

"The Bull dog on the bank and the bull frog in the pool" was sung to this tune, more than 50 years ago, by young college men. We have this information from one who did it. It was then said to be an old song. More recently it has become identified with the singing of a very bawdy ditty titled "That'll do now." Mr. Frank Shay, in his Pious Friends and Drunken Companions, records a song he calls "Brother Noah." It is sung to the chorus of "Old Noah."

BLOW, BLOW, BULLY BOYS BLOW

(Exposing the sailor man at his worst)





A sailor is a drinkin' man,
Blow, blow, bully boys, blow,
A sailor is a drinkin' man,
A drinkin' himself to the snakes if he can,
A sailor is a drinkin' man.

As I was walkin' down Glasgow Street,
Blow, blow, bully boys, blow,
A friend o' mine I did chance for to meet,
As I was walkin' down Glasgow Street,
A yellin' and roarin' came Burma Pete.

Now Burma Pete he run up his sign,
Blow, blow, bully boys, blow,
Now Burma Pete he run up his sign,
And said, "Come, me lad, help drink up me wine,"
Now Burma Pete he run up his sign.

But I know Burma Pete too well,
Blow, blow, bully boys, blow,
But I know Burma Pete too well,
So I said, "Now, Burma, you go to Hell,"
'Cause I know Burma Pete too well.

A codfish has a chuckle head,
Blow, blow, bully boys, blow,
A codfish has a chuckle head,
And smells like the devil when he's dead,
A codfish has a chuckle head.

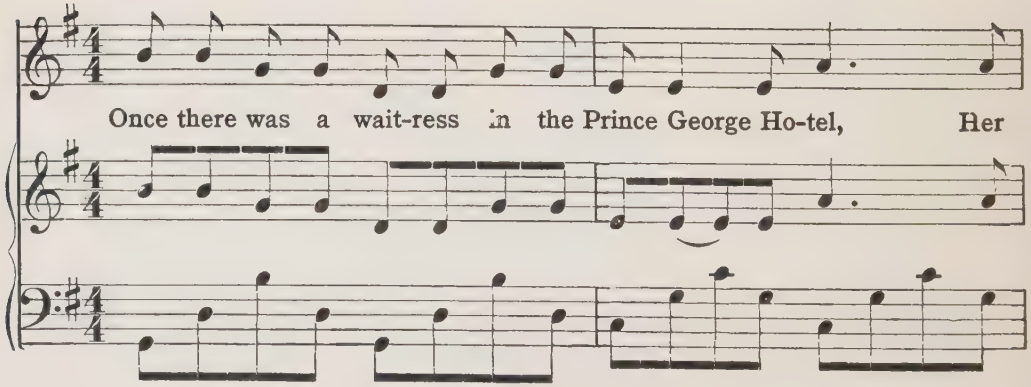
A pretty lassie hain't got a chance,
Blow, blow, bully boys, blow,
A pretty lassie hain't got a chance,
With a sailor man and his wide bottomed pants,
A pretty lassie hain't got a chance.

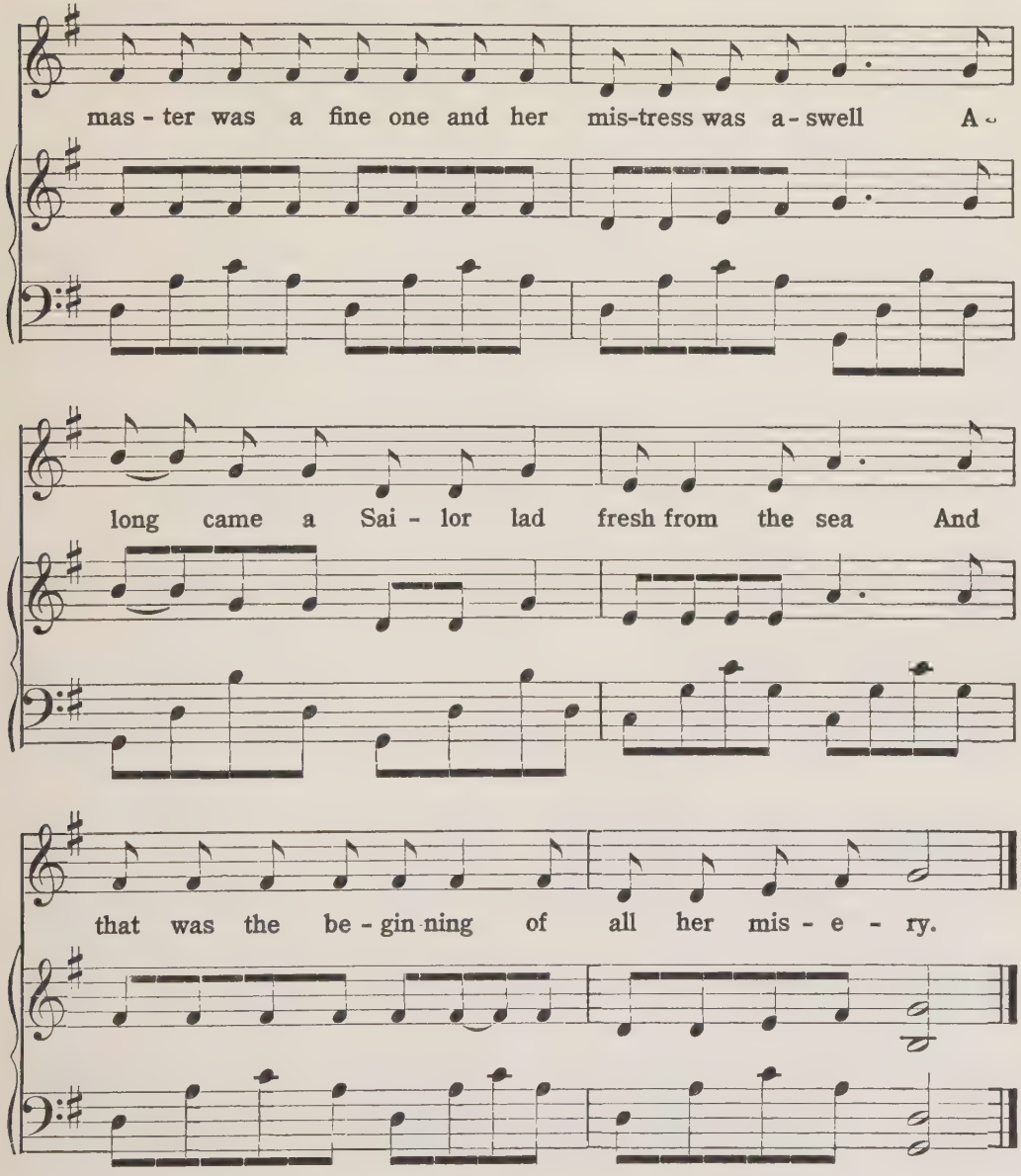
This ditty comes from one of the most reliable sources in the U. S. Navy. The admiral asked us not to use his name.

THE WAITRESS AND THE SAILOR

(A solemn warning to working girls)

During war-time, this song was sung with great gusto, making the sailor a kind of hero and the waitress a rather unfortunate victim of unusual and unforeseen circumstances. The fact that the sailor shelled out his pay and even offered sympathy in advance of any impending misfortune, puts him in a class all by himself. In singing the song, one should remember the magnanimity of the seafaring lover, who, although he took his love where love was most easily found and thereupon tread over a landlubber's ground, was not a shyster nor a fly-by-night, but offered fatherly advice and counsel and even left a bit of dole against the day. Needless to say, the song had a great vogue wherever soldiers or sailors were quartered.




mas - ter was a fine one and her mis-tress was a - swell A -
long came a Sai - lor lad fresh from the sea And
that was the be - gin ning of all her mis - e - ry.

She gave him a candle to light his way to bed,
She gave him a pillow to rest his weary head.
Then she, like a foolish one, seeing no harm,
Jumped right into bed with him to keep the sailor warm.

Early next morning, when he arose,
Hands in his pockets, shelling out the dough.
"Take this, my fair one, for the harm that I have done,
If it be a daughter or if it be a son.

"And if it be a daughter, just bounce her on your knee,
And if it be a son, send the blighter out to sea,
With bell-bottom trousers and a coat of navy blue,
And let him fool the Navy the way that I fooled you."

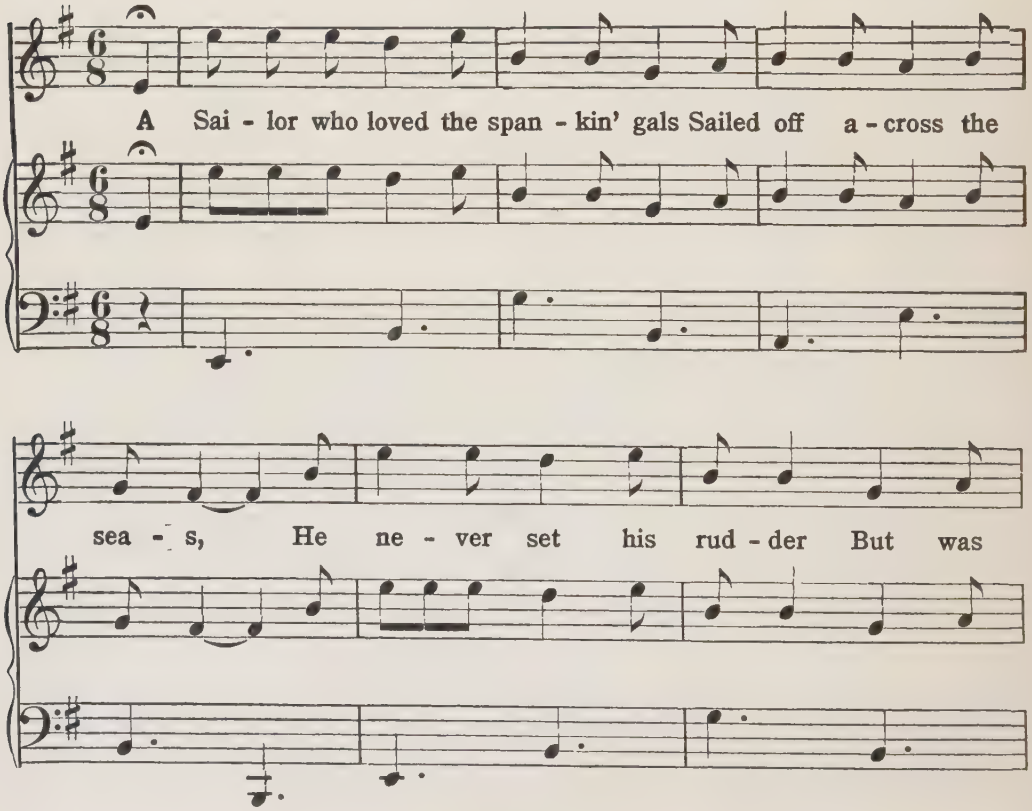
So gather round, my fair ones, and listen to my plea,
Never trust a sailor man an inch above your knee.
For I trusted one once and he put out to sea,
And left me sitting here with this broken family tree.

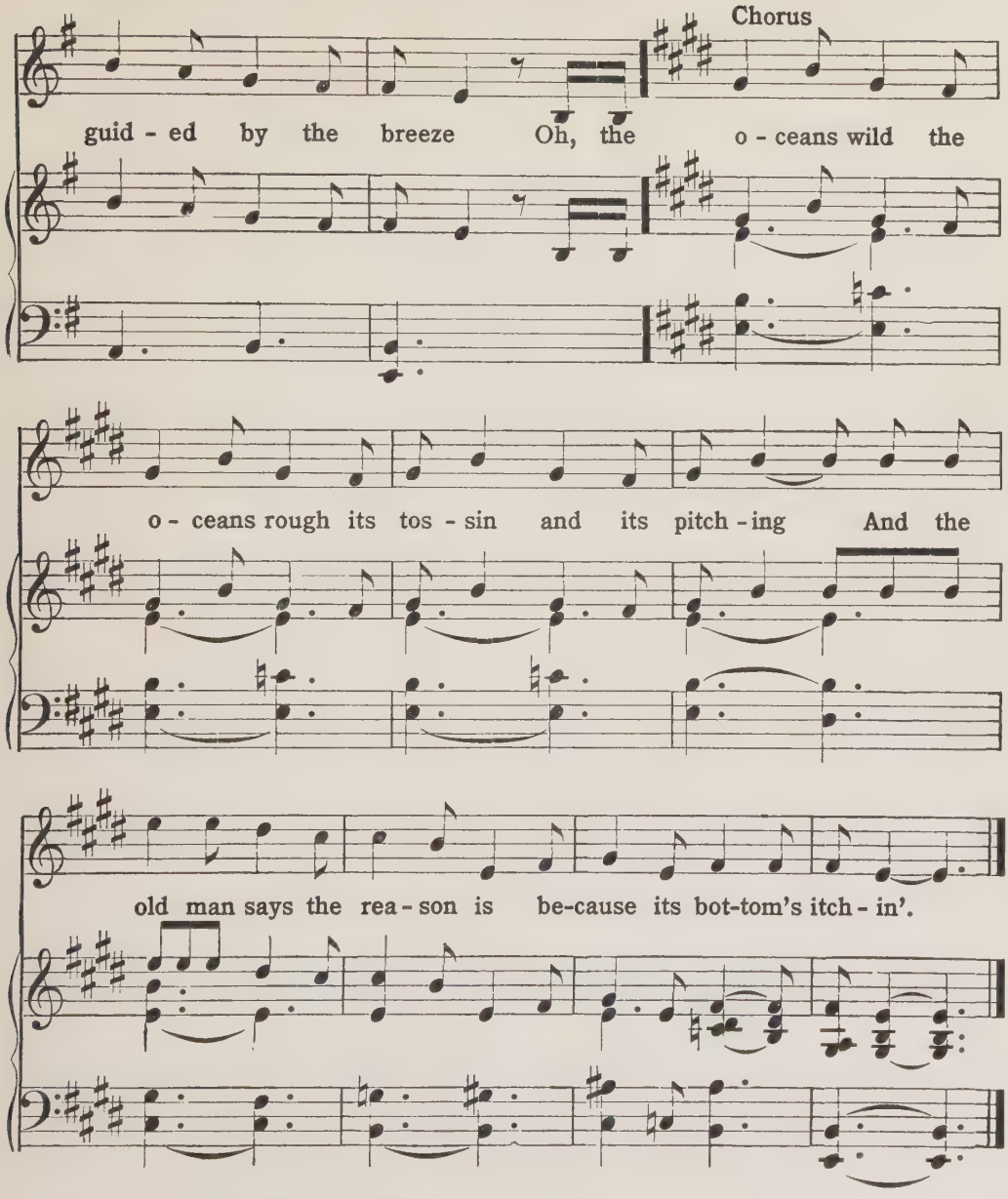
Mr. John Thomas Niles (father of Lieut. Jack Niles) used to sing two songs to this tune. One was the well known "And she gets there just the same." The other was "Abe Lincoln was a Farmer's lad; he lived in Illinois." It was used in the campaign between Lincoln and Douglas in 1860. In 1930 it will be in use 70 years that we know of. "Oh, do take care of the bee, boys" is also sung to this tune. Mr. John Brewster tells us that this tune was used as much as 45 years ago as a musical setting to a set of lyrics about "One-eyed Riley."

"Oh, the ocean's wild, the
ocean's rough -
It's tossin' and it's pitchin'-"

THE SAILOR WHO LOVED THE SPANKIN' GALS

(From notes taken in the Bung and Spigot Bar explaining a long discussed subject)




Chorus
guid - ed by the breeze Oh, the o - ceans wild the
o - ceans rough its tos - sin and its pitch - ing And the
old man says the rea - son is be-cause its bot-tom's itch - in'.

He sailed through many a wild typhoon,
And touched in many a port,
And everywhere the sailor man went
The lassies did cavort.

Chorus

Now in the Polynesian group
This sailor man did stop,
And on a Sunday mornin'
The natives did a hop.

Chorus

The sailor man he felt his oats,
He felt that he was frisky,
He drank a lot of cocoa wine,
And topped it off with whisky.

Chorus

So when the gals began to dance,
The sailor man went crazy,
He never thought they'd do it,
'Cause they looked so bloomin' lazy.

Chorus

Now of them all there was a queen,
Who had a devilish motion,
Her hips they wobbled up and down,
Just like the tossin' ocean.

Chorus

And then at last the sailor man,
With eyes so wild and bleary,
Took holts upon this dusky queen,
And said she was his dearie.

Chorus

But when he asked her why her hips
Had done such awful pitchin',
She hung her dusky head and said,
"Because me bottom's itchin'."

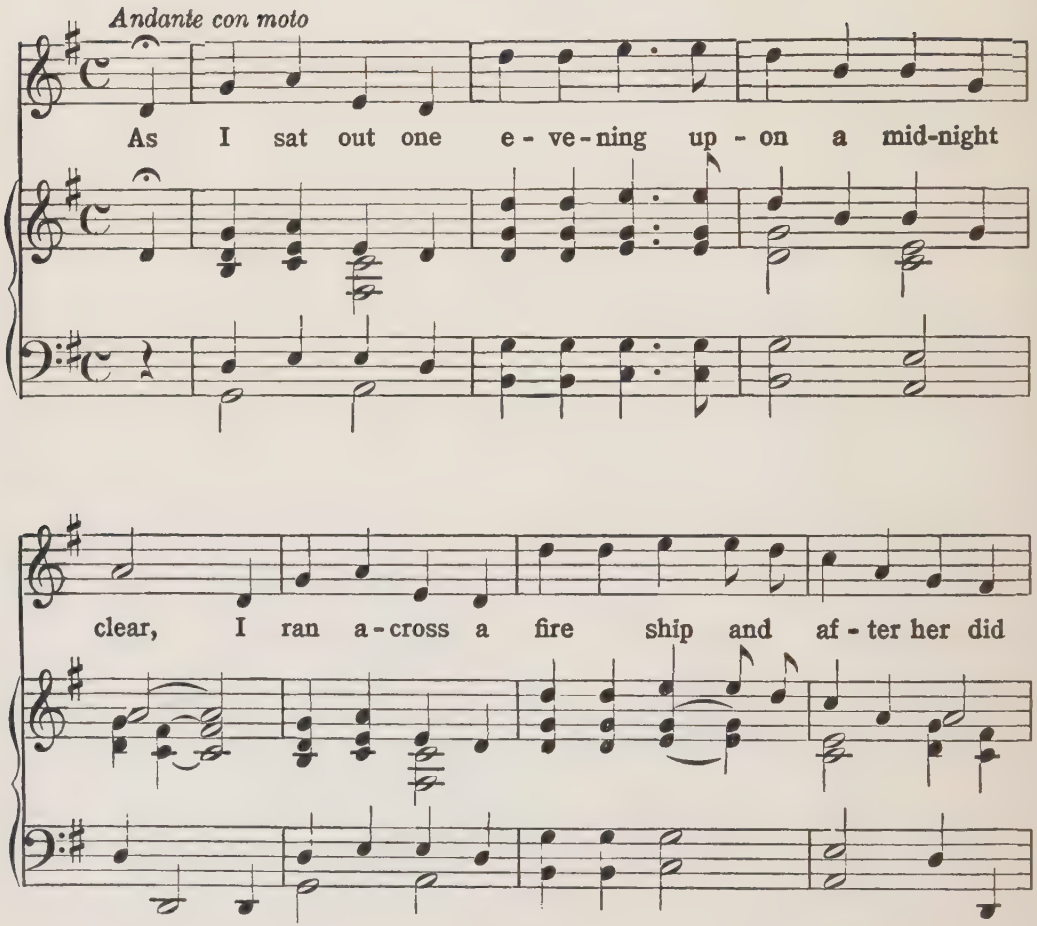
Chorus

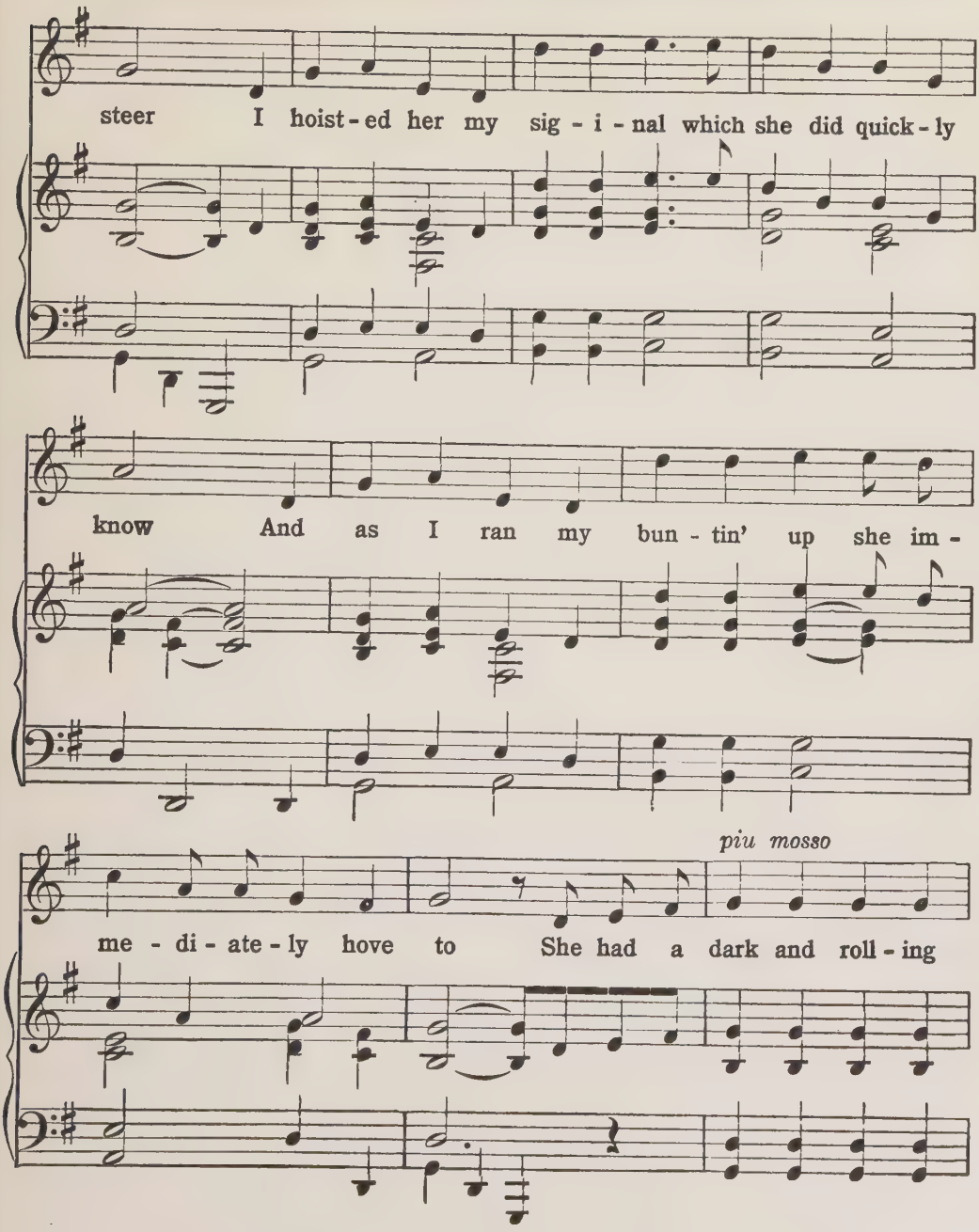
Sing the chorus after each verse or after every two verses, or what will you.

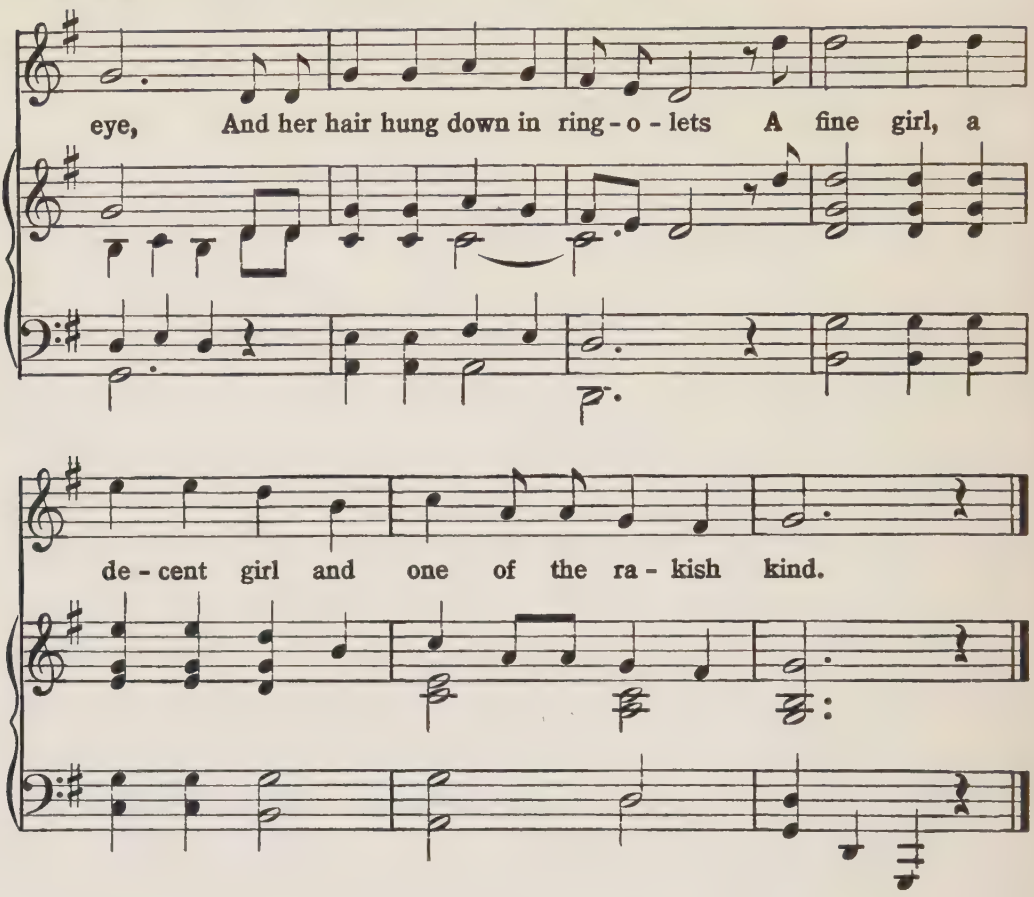
Imagine this song sung by Alf in the Bung and Spigot Sailors' Bar, London. It happened during the war and the performance was always attended by shouts and cries of joy and the beating of tables and bar with beer mugs. The secret of restlessness of the ocean might hereupon be explained. The old man referred to is, of course, the captain of the ship.

FIRESHIP

(Sailor men and prentice boys take care!)




steer I hoist-ed her my sig-i-nal which she did quick-ly
know And as I ran my bun-tin' up she im-
piu mosso
me-di-ate-ly hove to She had a dark and roll-ing



(Falsetto) "Oh, sir, you must excuse me for being out so late,
For if my parents knew of it, Oh, sad would be my fate.
My father is a minister; a good and righteous man,
My mother is a Methodist, so I do the best I can."

Chorus

I took her to a tavern and treated her to wine,
Ah! then I did not know that she was of the rakish kind.
I handled her and dandled her, 'til I found to my surprise,
She was nothing but a fireship rigged up in a disguise.

Chorus

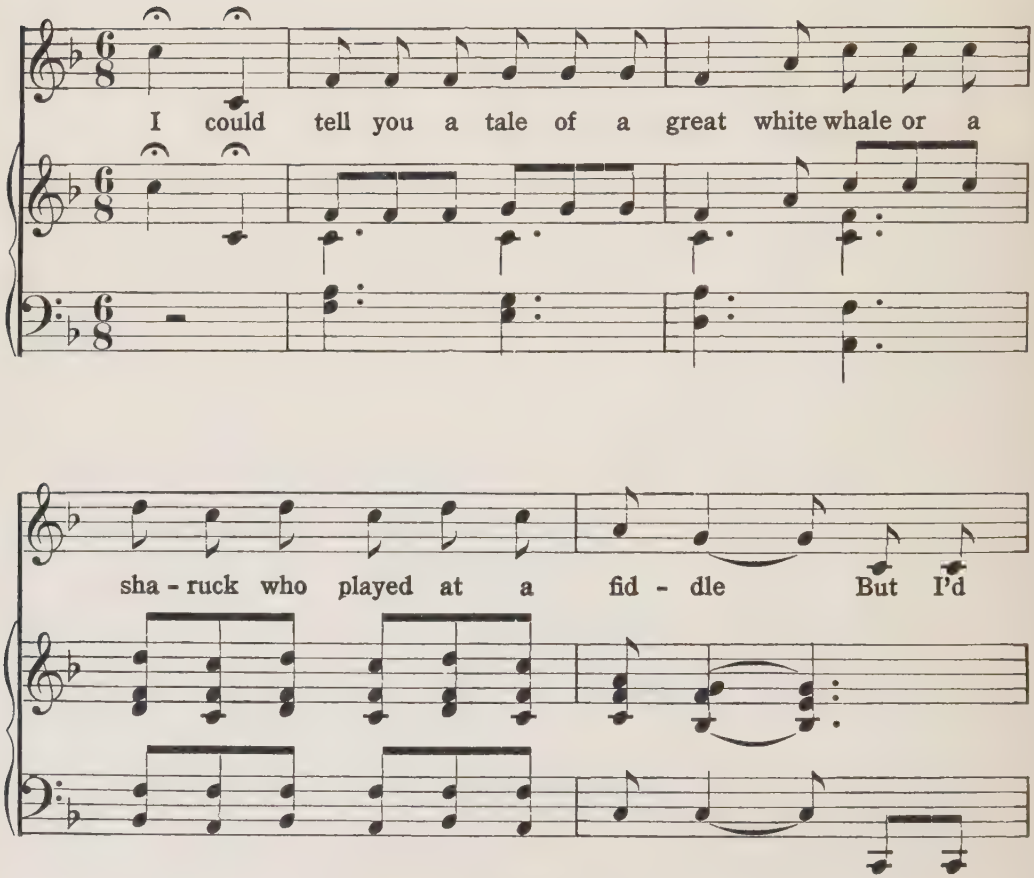
So all ye jolly sailormen that sail the wintry sea,
And all ye merry prentice boys, a warnin' take from me.
Beware of floatin' fireships; they'll be the ruin of you,
For 'twas there I had me mainyard sprung and me jewel block stove through.

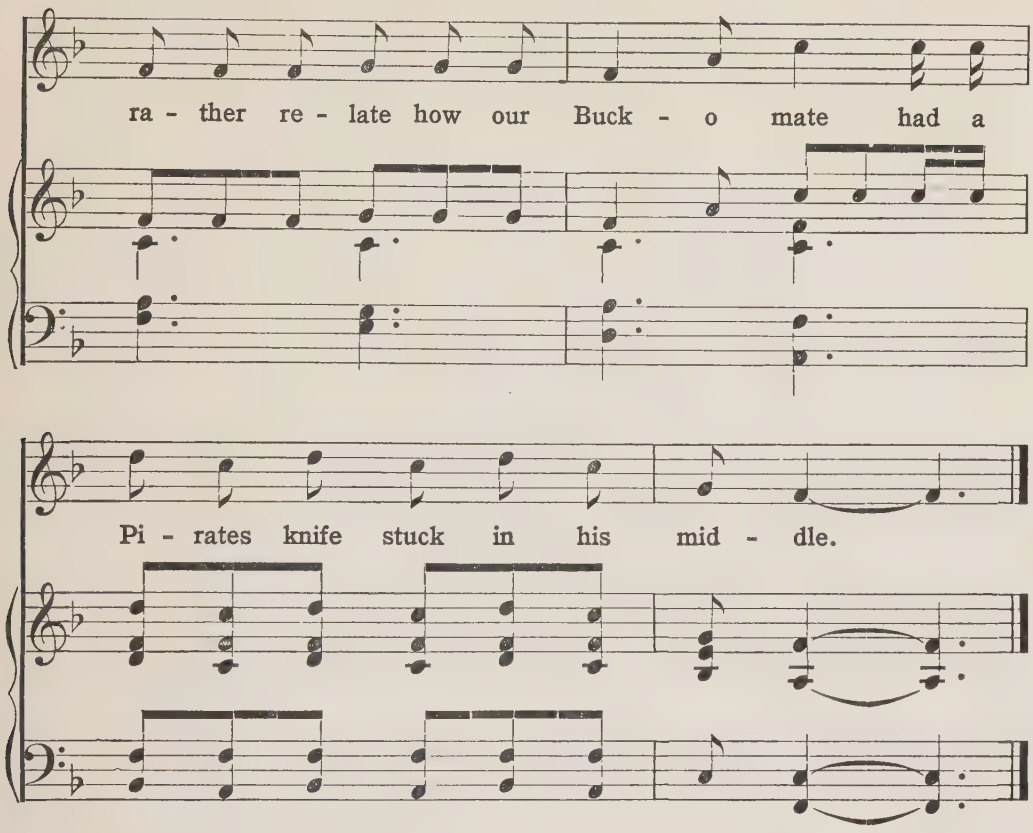
Chorus

The "Fireship" explains itself. It is hereby recorded from the singing of Tom Davin—Literary Racketeer and Irishman extraordinaire.

THE BALLAD OF THE PIRATE WENCH

(Placing a premium on unrighteousness among flapper pirates)





For a female pirate once did sail,
The ocean, so they say,
She boarded stately merchantmen,
In the good old pirate's way.

She had a loaded pistol,
Two daggers and a dirk,
She wore men's gear and drank strong beer,
And did a sailor's work.

She over-hauled the Northern Star,
And boarded her at dawn.
But when she spied the bucko mate,
She said, "Lads, here is a raw 'un."

She took her pistol in her hand,
But then she changed her mind,
And plunged her dagger in his middle,
And said "here's the end of his kind."

She made the women walk the plank,
But the men who pleased her eye,
She never harmed the slightest bit,
'Though the others they did die.

Now off across the rolling sea,
An island she did know,
Where with her cargo and her men,
She oftentimes did go.

Some say that Madagascar's Isle,
Is where she stopped and stayed,
Some say that Madagascar's Isle
Is where her bones is laid.

For when she died, the men whom she
Had captured on the sea,
Said they had never known a fairer wench,
In any countree.

So up upon her grave they built,
A stately monument,
And in her bloody pirate ship
A sailin' home they went.

But when they came to England,
The trouble it was right,
For of the babies they brought home,
Not half of them were white.

Now all you sailor men, take heed,
And listen well to me,
Don't charm the eye of no pirate wench,
A sailin' on the sea.

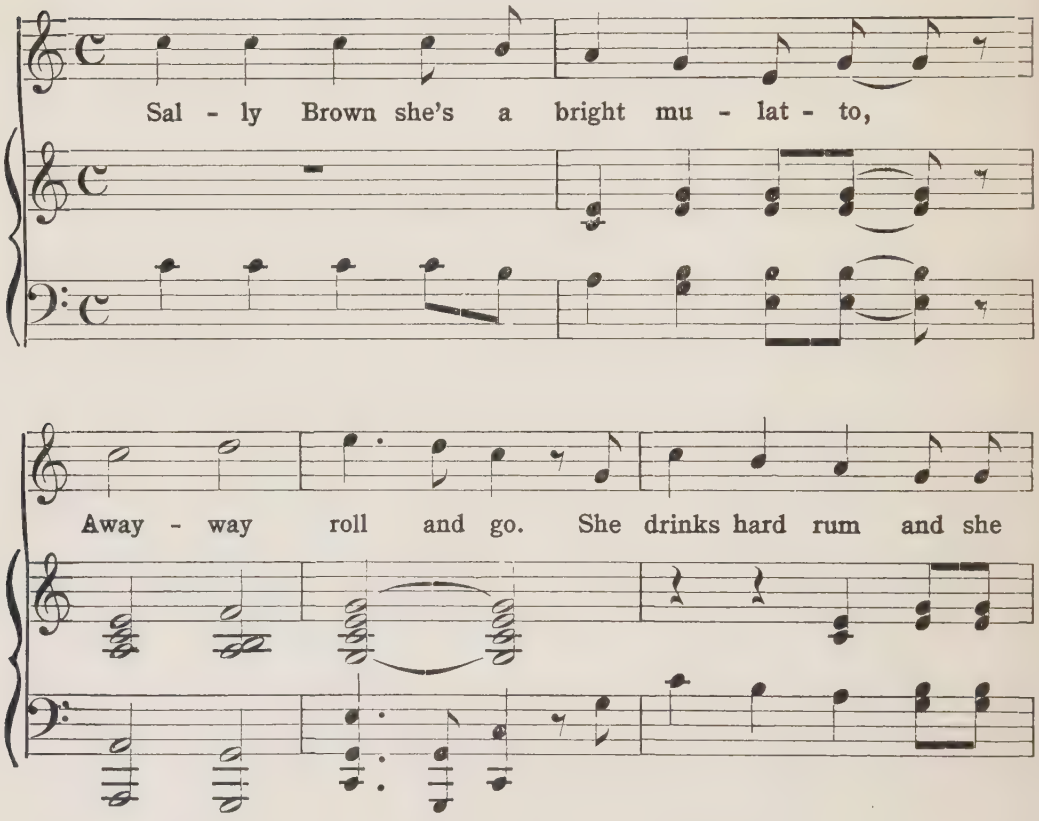
Mr. Charles J. Finger tells us of a female smuggler who up and married a Commodore, but here is a pirate wench who demanded beauty in her male prisoners to such an extent that she killed off the ugly ones.

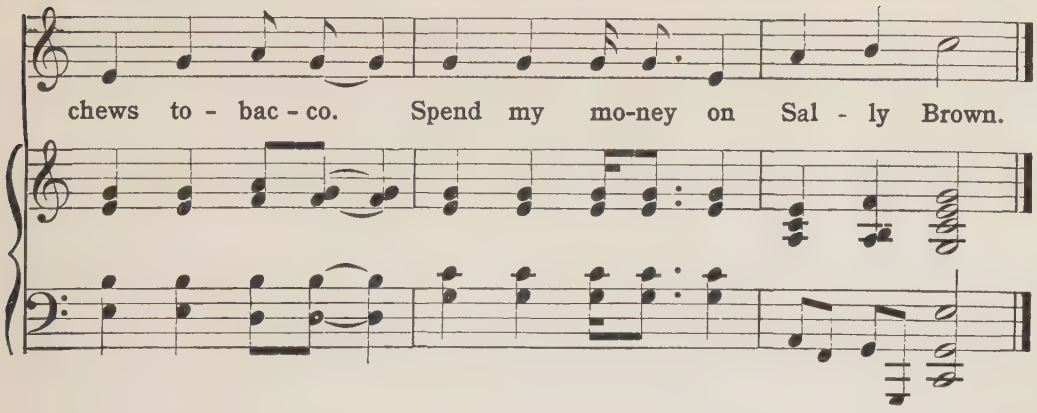
Can you imagine a sailorman turning down the overtures of a pirate queen? No! Neither can I. But they do sing about it. And do pose as paragons of virtue who wouldn't bring home a half-black baby even if it were their own. One would say that the "bucko mate" referred to in the first verse did not please the eye of the pirate wench, and thereupon died out of sin.

The exact origin of "The Pirate Wench" is not known, but assuming her to be white, one would be shocked at the number, among captured sailormen in the olden days, who "went native." In singing this song, hold onto the first two notes indefinitely, and after the first measure, let freedom be your guide. The words are more important anyhow.

SALLY BROWN

(A chantey from the days of sail)





Sally Brown, she's a Creole lady,
Away, away, roll and go,
She's got a spankin' nigger baby,
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

Sally lived in the sailors' quarter,
Away, away, roll and go.
She spent her time a watchin' her daughter,
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

For many years I courted Sally,
Away, away, roll and go.
She said I might as well not dally,
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

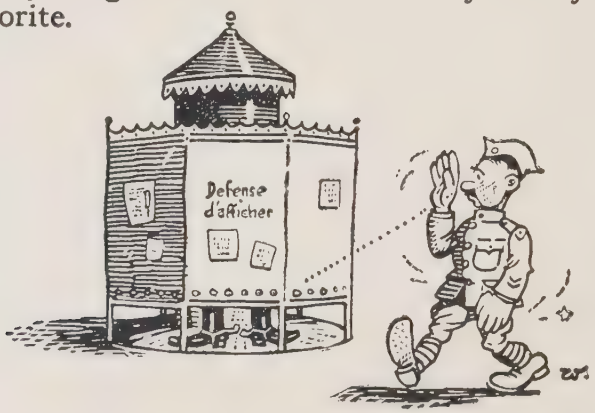
For seven years she would not marry,
Away, away, roll and go.
I said, "I will no longer tarry,"
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

So I sailed off across the water,
Away, away, roll and go.
And now I'm courtin' Sally's daughter,
Spend my money on Sally Brown.

Here's one the boys can harmonize, and if there are four voices handy the results will be worth while. Let one voice, preferably a baritone, sing the first line and then have the quartette come in strong on the "Away, away, roll and go." The soloist may do the third line with the entire group, with any non-singing lookers-on proclaiming the last line with everything they have. The musical arrangement across the page is in an easy key and the parts will be detected with very little study.

An expert in sailor chanties tells us that "Sally Brown" is a Capstan Chantey, and that the first three notes in the first line of the music are sometimes sung an octave lower than is indicated in our arrangement. However, this is the way it came to us and we stick to our story.

Get the boys together sometime and try "Sally Brown." It will be a favorite.



THE KI-WI SONG

(Making merry with the ground hogs)

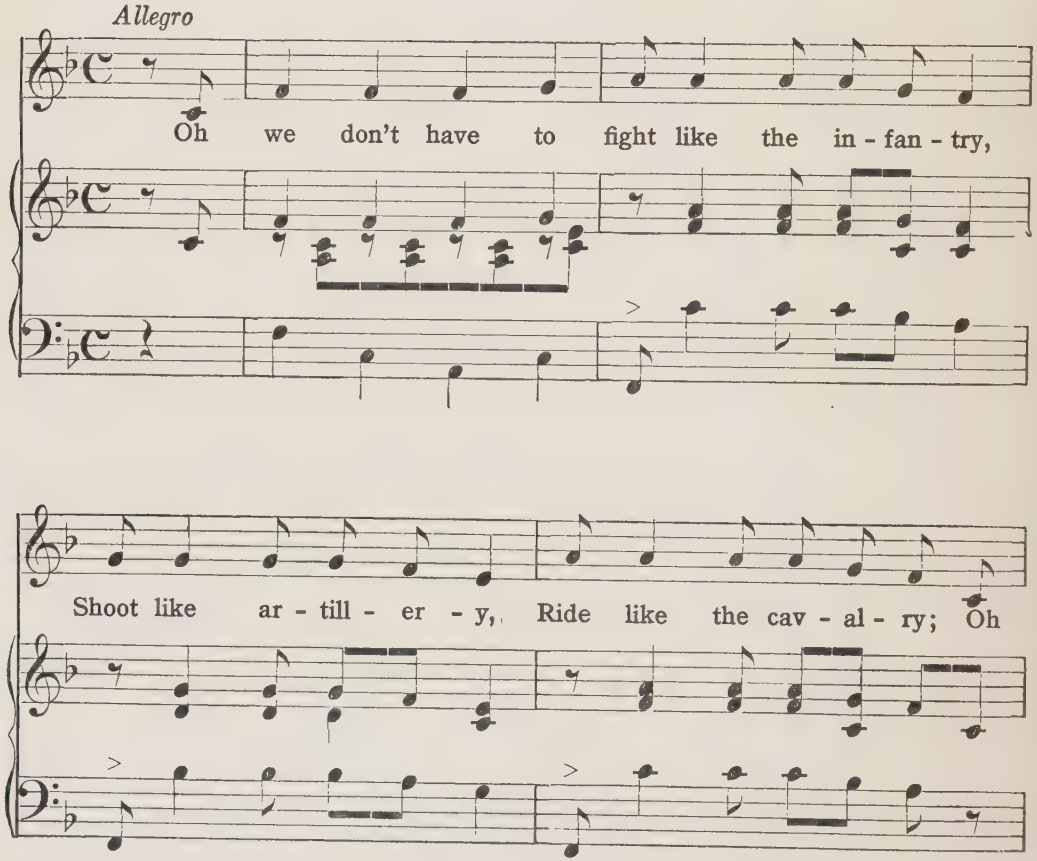
The other branches of the service never understood why the aviators took such long leaves of absence and so many of them. They wondered why the aviators didn't "get on with the war," perform their mysteries in the upper air, earn their rations. True, we got more leaves than we deserved, but it wasn't always our fault. It was the way of the bloomin' thing. You see, an aviator makes his war in short, highly concentrated spurts and then stands abaft, waiting for weather, spare parts, and other necessary flying paraphernalia.

Many of the pilots who made the war with the A.E.F., started their aeronautical careers as flying cadets. And that was an awful background to live down. As cadets we learned almost everything well-disciplined aviators should not know. One un-military thing the cadets did was to look upon their officers as "Ki-wis." * (Particularly in the beginning was this true of the Air Service. As time passed and officers of high rank were taught to fly, the Ki-wi situation solved itself.) They made up this song about them, discrediting them, to say the least.

This song should be sung in a raspberrying manner—snootily, as 'twere, with a mincing tread and as much of a lisp as possible.

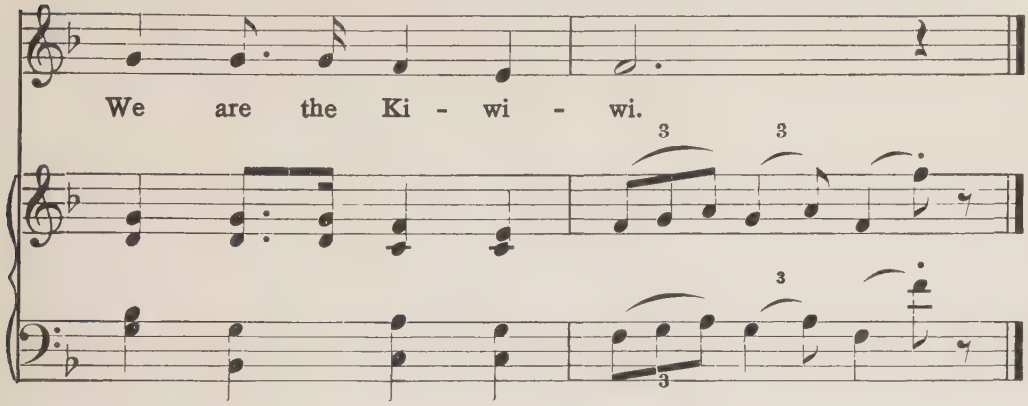
* (The Ki-wi is said to be an African bird possessing large, serviceable wings, but with neither ability nor willingness to fly. One may easily see the application to non-flying officers in the Air Service.)

(We have recently been advised by Mr. Charles H. Baker, Jr., that the Ki-wi is an Australian bird, something like the legendary wahoo bird. We might suggest to Mr. Baker that this, after all, is not a bird book.)



we don't have to fly ov - er Ger - ma - ny.
We are the Ki - wi - wi.
We are the Ki - wi-
wi.
We are the Ki - wi - wi.
Oh

we don't have to fight like the in - fan - try,
shoot like ar - till - er - y, Ride like the cav - al - ry, Oh
we don't have to fly ov - er Ger - ma - ny.



Here's another set of terrorizing ideas one might sing to the same tune. It is the YMCA version and was never sung by soldiers who knew better.

Uncle Sammy, he's got the artillery,
He's got the cavalry,
He's got the infantry,
But when, by God, we all get to Germany,
God help Kaiser Bill.

God help Kaiser Bill,
God help Kaiser Bill,
Oh, Uncle Sammy, he's got the artillery,
He's got the cavalry,
He's got the infantry,
But when, by God, we all get to Germany,
God help Kaiser Bill.

Irate General to members of U.S. Air Service :- "What army do you belong to?"
Informative Second Lieutenant :- "United States Army sir."
Irate General :- "Well, I'll be dammed if anyone could tell by looking at your uniforms!"

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

(Love, pistol shots, courtrooms, graveyards, jailhouses, etc.....)

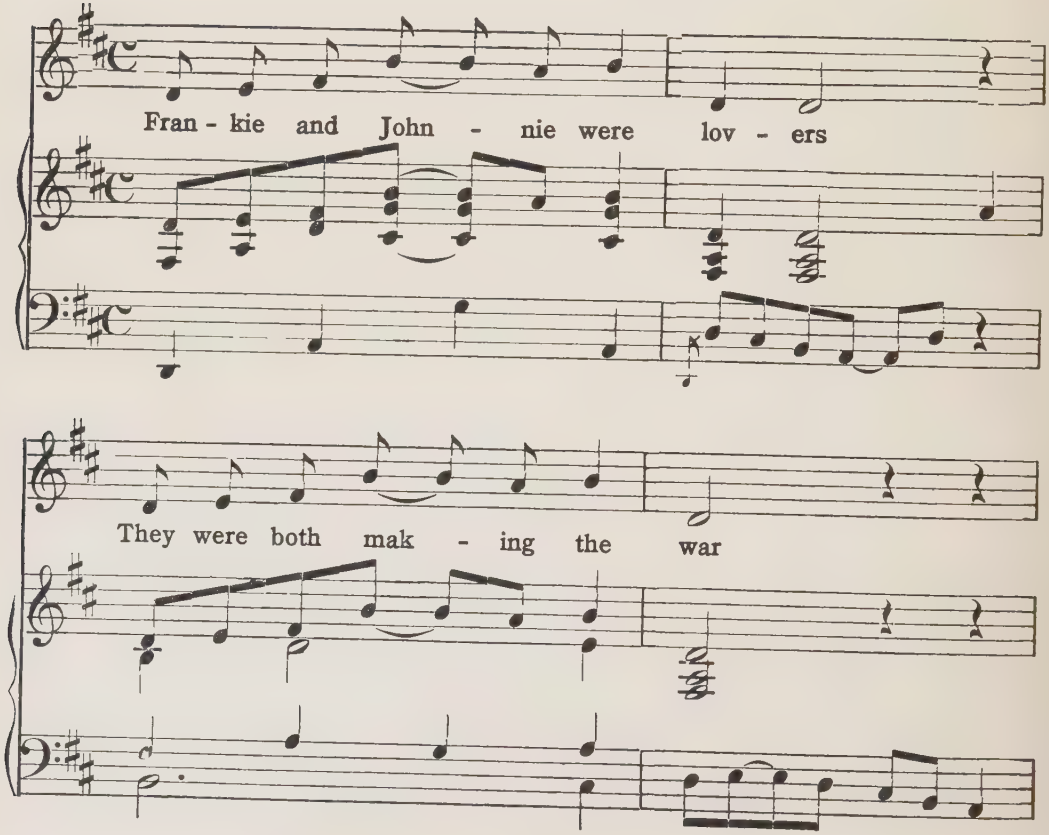
It is a well-known fact that the Air Service (flying personnel, ki-wis and others) made a considerable hit with whatever ladies were present. Infantrymen will say, "No wonder, the aviators weren't bothered by the war particularly. They had to spend their time doing something. With the trick uniforms they wore, vamping became an easy matter." The latter part of this statement is based on fact. We did wear trick uniforms. Once in front of the Air Service Headquarters at 445 Avenue Montaigne, Paris, France, a group of American aviators found themselves saluting a General. The General was a very well-known American and famous for

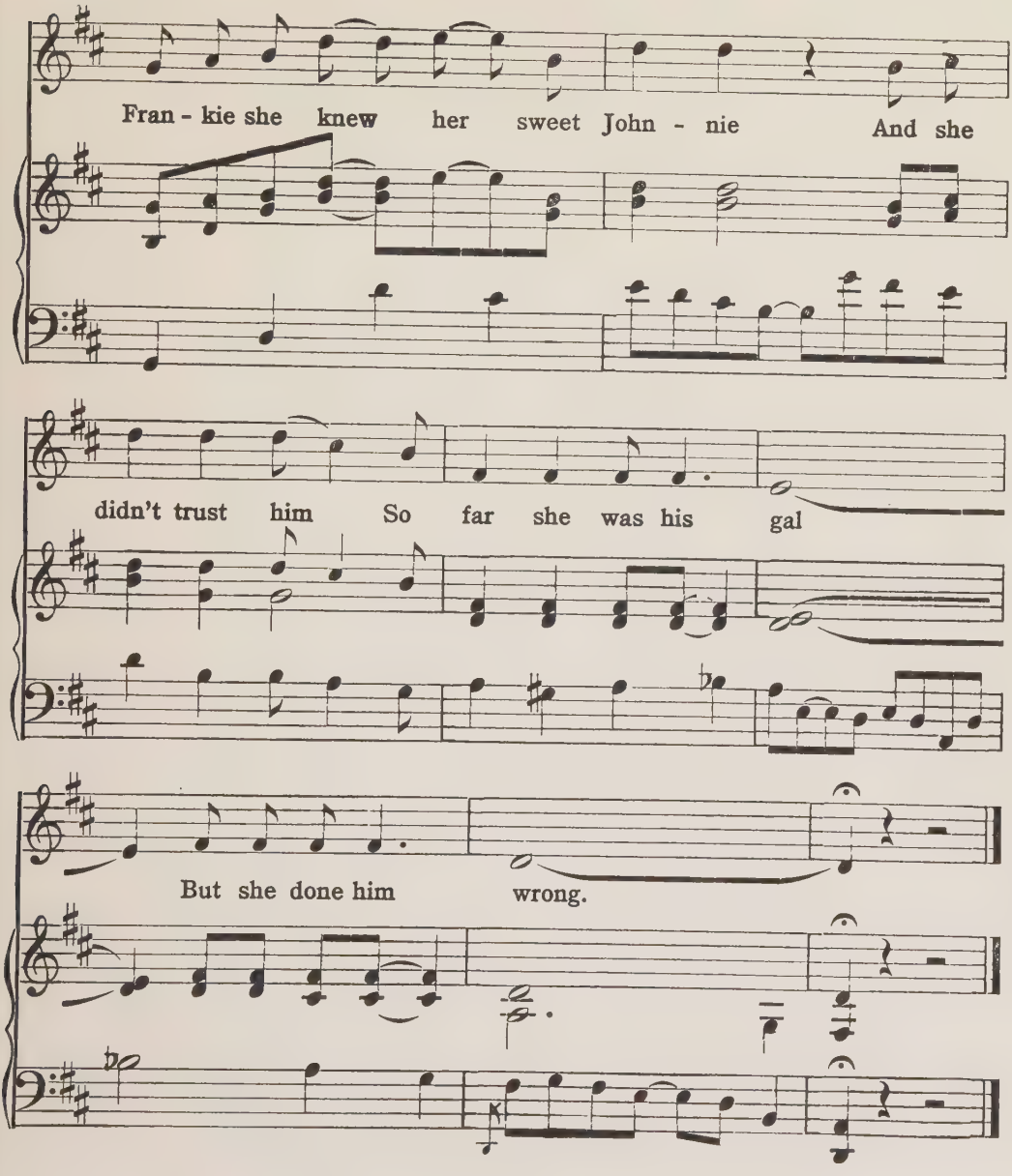
his hard-boiled manner. He gave the pilots one look. Their uniforms nearly caused him heart failure.

"What army do you belong to?" he roared.

"The United States Army, Sir," answered one informative young second lieutenant.

"Well," continued the General, "I'll be goddamned if you'd ever know it from the uniforms you're wearin'."




Fran - kie she knew her sweet John - nie And she
didn't trust him So far she was his gal
But she done him wrong.

Frankie she worked for the Red Cross,
Johnnie he flew in the air,
When Frankie and Johnnie went walkin',
Soldiers said, "Man, what a pair!"
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Orders said Frankie and Johnnie
Should not be together no more,
Then Frankie was 'fraid her sweet Johnnie
Would go out and hunt up a whore,
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

There was a Colonel who wanted Frankie,
Wanted her for his own girl,
And when he popped her the question,
He gave her a necklace of pearl.
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Johnnie knew then why the order,
Kept him and Frankie apart,
So with his hard shootin' sidearm,
The Colonel was shot through the heart.
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Now Frankie was plump as a partridge,
She was as sweet as a peach,
And she was most powerful lonesome,
When they locked Johnnie out of her reach,
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

So Frankie she got a new pilot,
A pilot who knew how to love,
They swore they'd be true to each other,
As true as the stars up above,
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Poor Johnnie went off to the prison,
And carried a ball and a chain,
Because he had bumped off the Colonel,
For tryin' to pick up his Jane.
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

There was another "Frankie and Johnnie" dirge, known to us as the "day bomber's lament." It was about two fine young American aviators who were caught in a D. H. 4, known to the great common people of the U. S. as a Liberty Plane.

Frankie and Johnnie were bombers,
Oh, my God, how they could bomb.
Frankie he had a croix de guerre,
And Johnnie he had the Palm.
Those poor damned fools—they done 'em wrong.

Frankie he flew in a D. H.,
'Twas just a flamin' damned hearse,
Sent 'em over to the A. E. F.,
'Cause they didn't have nothin' worse.
Those poor damned fools—they done 'em wrong.

Heinie sat up in his Fokker,
Fokker was built to fly.
Heinie pulled back on the joy-stick,
And she roared right up in the sky.
Those poor damned fools—they done 'em wrong.

Heinie slid south over Conflans,
Some nice easy meat to spy,
'Till way down below he saw the D. H.,
A slowly flop-floppin' by.
Those poor damned fools—they done 'em wrong.

Heinie nosed down on the D. H.,
His guns they went tick, tick, tack,
And the second burst of his Spandau,
Caught Johnnie square in the back,
Those poor damned fools—they done 'em wrong.

Frankie he turned to Johnnie,
And he said, "For God's sweet sake, shoot!"
But Johnnie was up at the pearly gates,
A hearin' the angels toot.
Those poor damned fools—they done 'em wrong.

Heinie dove straight on the D. H.,
And he held the trigger back,
'Till the D. H. vrilled in a cloud of smoke,
And the smoke was gol-darned black,
Those poor damned fools—they done 'em wrong.

Forty-seven flea-bitten Heinies,
And one burlap sack,
Carried Frankie and Johnnie to the boneyard,
And they ain't a comin' back.
Those poor damned fools—they done 'em wrong.

In every community, there are a few folks who know the "only authentic version of 'Frankie and Johnnie.'" Avoid them! Under certain conditions (particularly when crossed in an argument) they become violent. The army versions noted above lack quite a lot of the Rabelaisian verve found in the original. For, according to the "authentic" St. Louis ballad, Frankie was a simple lady of the streets, living in a "crib house with only two doors," who gave all she earned to Johnnie, who in turn spent it on some of his other sweethearts, thereupon two-timing Frankie. "He was her man and he done her wrong," etc.

As in the case of most songs of the olden days, Frankie and Johnnie (we are told) dates back to 1850; the lyrics are of necessity quite sad. Folks, it seems (in the olden days), wanted to know about the poor little dead baby, or the murdered lover, or the husbandless wife, or about the wrongs men do women, etc. In practically every version of "Frankie and Johnnie," someone gets bounced off and in the 45th verse, the moral is brought out, namely, "There ain't no good in men," 'cause "he was her man and he done her wrong."

CADET LAMENT

(And this is not all imagination either)

I cannot do the old things now
That I've been used to do.
I'm all smashed up from doing stunts,
And so must keep from view.
In doing tail-spins near the ground,
I lost my nerve for sport,

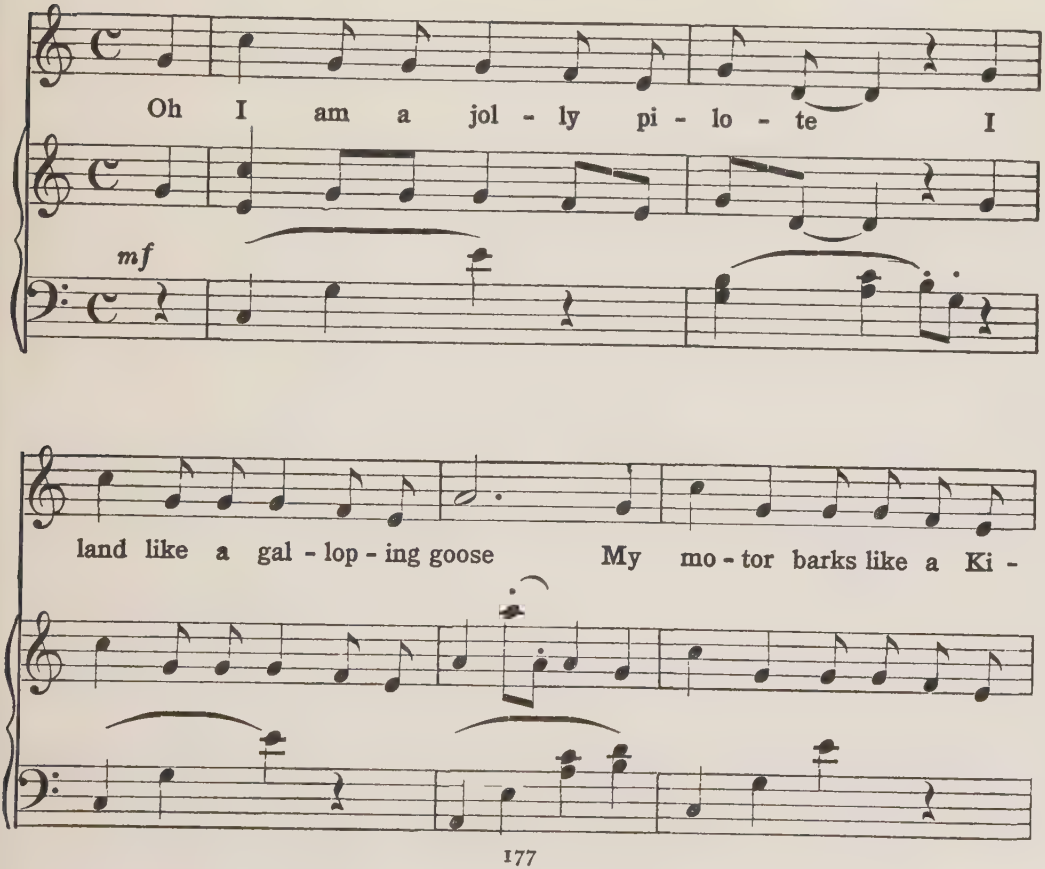
I am not good for anything
One leg's a trifle short.
In flying upside down one day
I turned the wrong direction,
So to the hospital I was sent,
For rest and for correction.
For flying at high altitude,
My life is quite undone;
My pressure gauge is smashed and bent,
And I have lost a lung.
Up in a tree there hangs a wing,
And on the ground a wheel,
While on the struts there rests an arm,
That has no power to feel.
I left a wish-bone in the grass,
And broke my collar-bone;
The major saw the ship and swore,
In purple rage he said,
"We cannot have these ships smashed up!"
While on the ground I bled.
In kindness, keep my girl away,
Nor even send a rose,
I haven't any sense of smell,
I've lost my only nose.
Please tell the folks at home I'm dead,
And send to them my pension;
And you cadets take heed to this,
And from me learn prevention.

So far as we can tell, this poem was not set to music (thank Heaven). It had a considerable vogue among the American pilots who flew with the British.

THE JOLLY PILOTE

(Use the Italian pronunciation)

(To be sung very solemnly and to be remembered every time some wild flying idea is advanced by a non-flying enthusiast)



yo - ti My wings and my wir - es are loose
Chorus
Oh you can't fool the sol - dier with the sho-vel and the spade for per -
poco rit.
poco rit.
cen - ta - ges will get you by and bye Then

I know I ain't got a chance,
When the Fokkers start to dive,
And when the Archies make me dance,
I know I'll not come out alive.

Chorus

Now if I was a Ki-wi,
With flyin' pay to boot,
I wouldn't give a pewee,
Who those son-of-a—— shoot.

Chorus

Now when I joined up for the air,
Mama said, "if you must go,
Save me the worry and care,
By flying low and slow."

Chorus

In the first line the word "pilote" is pronounced as it would be in Italian—pea-lo-te—the song having been first sung by a group of aviators who flew some time with the Italian Air Service, first at Foggia and later, on the Piave.

In the second verse, the reference made to the dive of the Fokkers brings to mind the inability of the Nieuports and other early ships used by the Allied Air Forces to out-dive the German planes. The Nieuports often stripped the canvas off the entering edges of their top wings in a vertical dive and thus, we lost many good pilots.

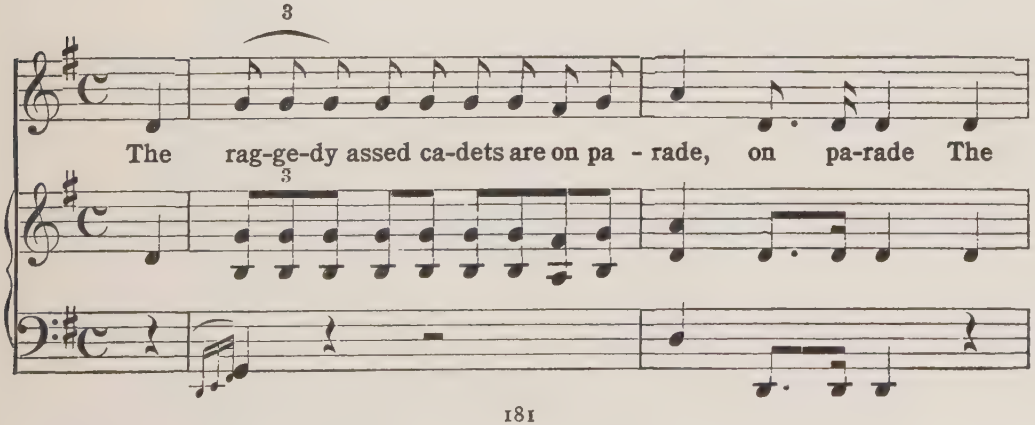
In the third verse, the Ki-wi (pronounced Keewee) is a non-flying aviation officer, sometimes called a ground-hog. (See the "Ki-wi Song.")

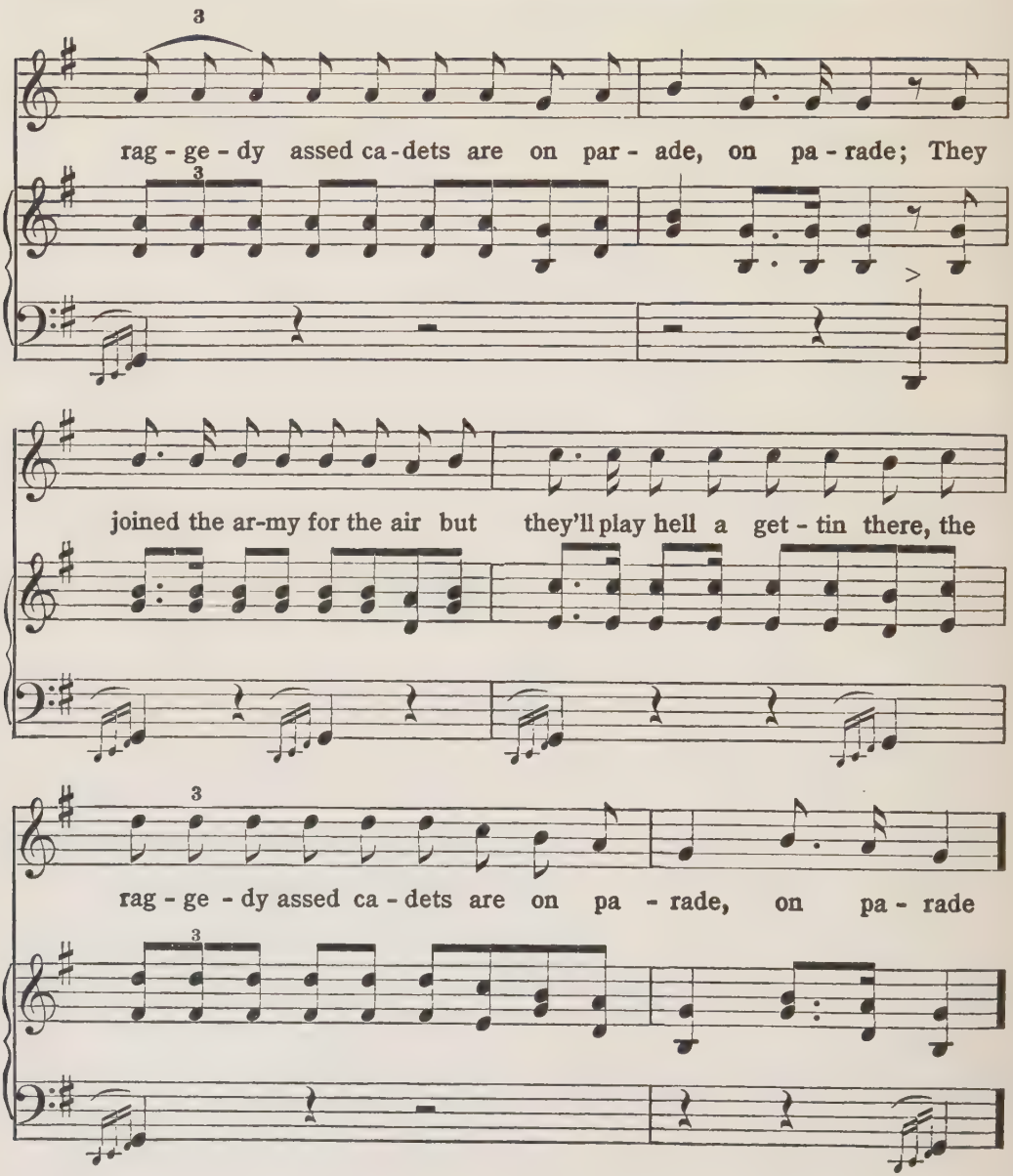
In the fourth verse, one finds the worst advice an aviator ever received. If a pilot wants to get killed, let him fly low and slow. He won't fool the soldier with the shovel and the spade very long. High and fast is the only safe way of flying so far discovered.

THE RAGGEDY-ASSED CADETS

(The finest body of troops in the whole Bloody War)

This is a ballad of disillusionment—fine, heroic, disillusionment—a ballad that was sung more times than any one knows and never with the slightest show of weariness at the ideas it expresses. On November the 11th, 1927, it was sung by 500 ex-aviators at the Park Central Hotel, during the annual Armistice Night Banquet, and the emotion poured into that 1927 performance was quite up to the standard of the 1917 and 1918 performances back in Issoudun.

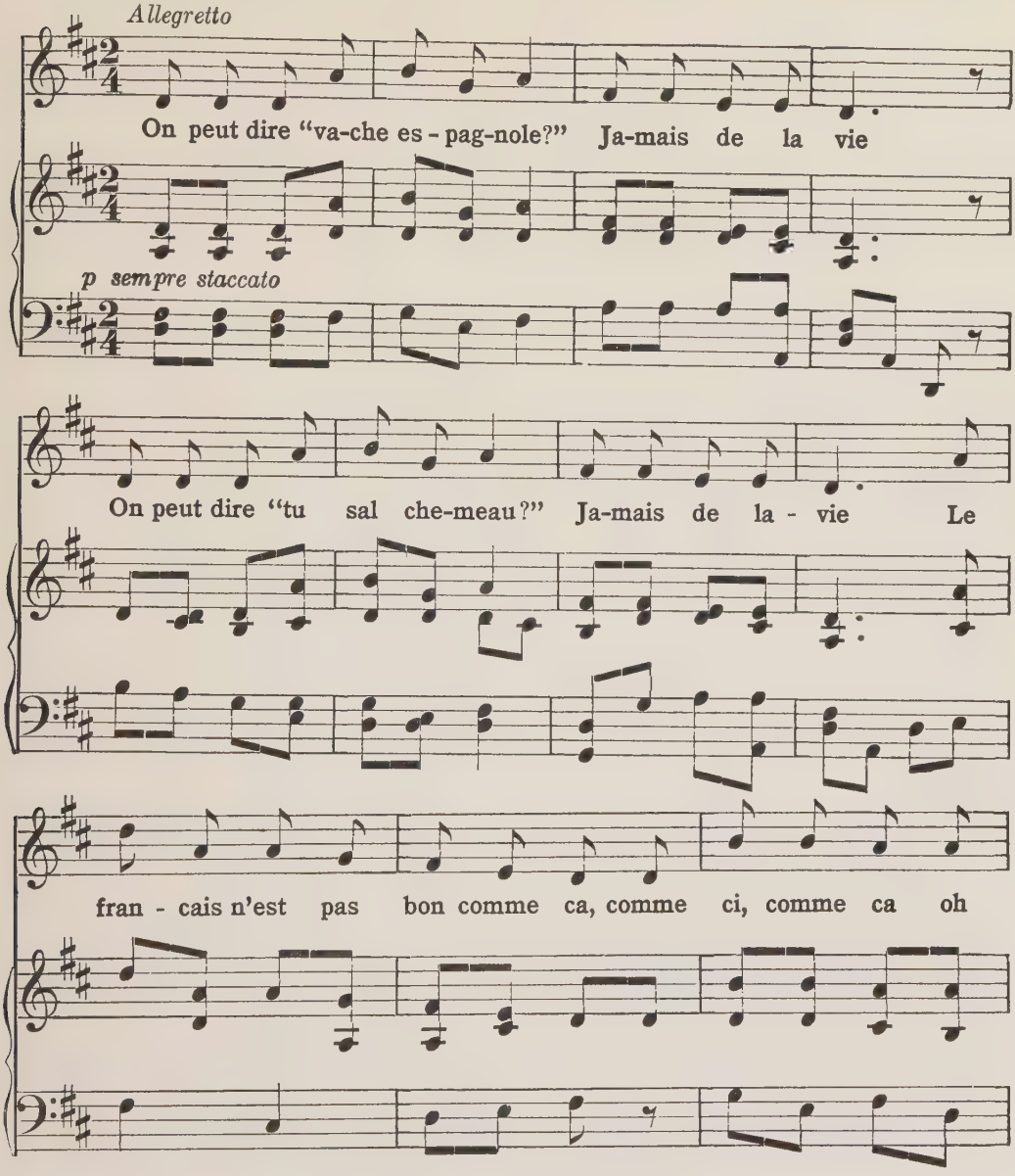


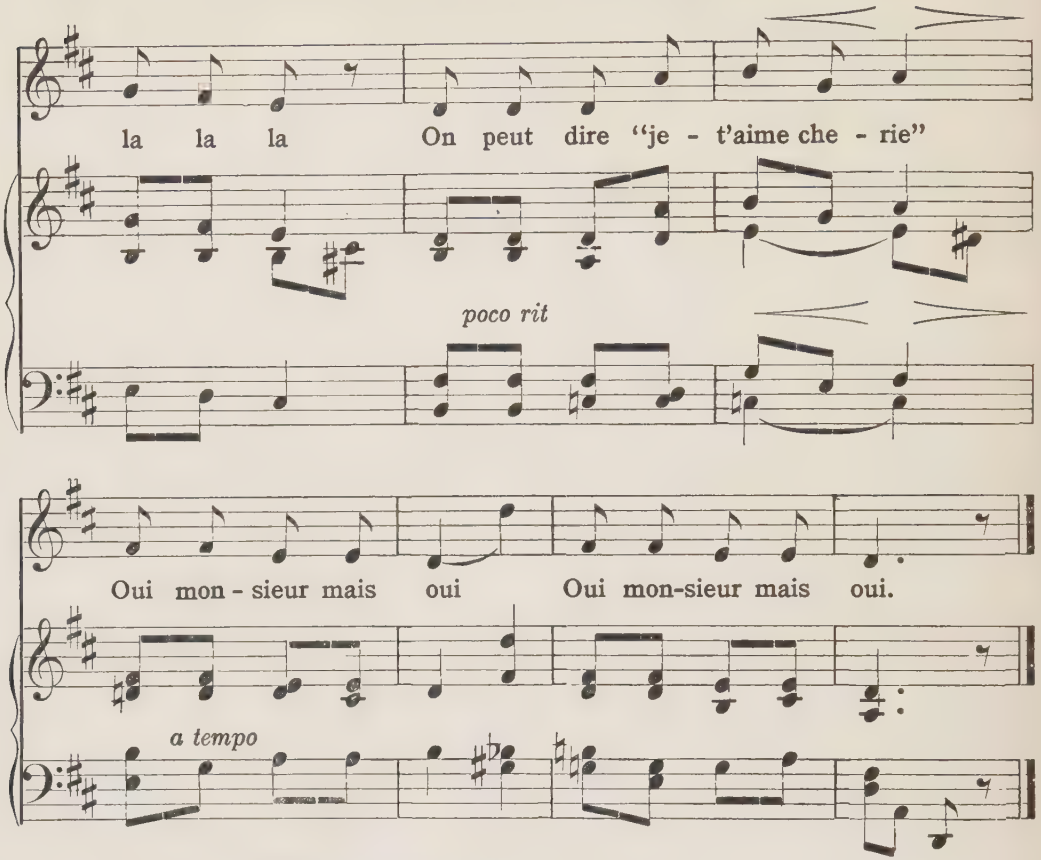

rag - ge - dy assed ca - dets are on par - ade, on pa - rade; They
joined the ar-my for the air but they'll play hell a get - tin there, the
rag - ge - dy assed ca - dets are on pa - rade, on pa - rade

Chorus
Roll - ing on, roll - ing on, By the
light of the Sil - ve - ry moon. A ha ha ha ha,
3
A ha ha ha ha, the rag-ge-dy assed ca-dets are on pa-rade.
3

JAMAIS DE LA VIE

This plaintive little "bergerette" was written (words and music) by a sailorman in the AEF. The tune and musical setting is in imitation of a 12th Century French folk song, while the lyrics are intended to represent a conversation between an American who is trying to learn how to swear effectively in French, and a Mademoiselle whose vocabulary is supposed to be limited to only the very best girls' school usages. Try it on your French friends. It will prove to be a most successful drawing-room act, if done in the proper boarding school girl manner, with appropriate blushes, etc.

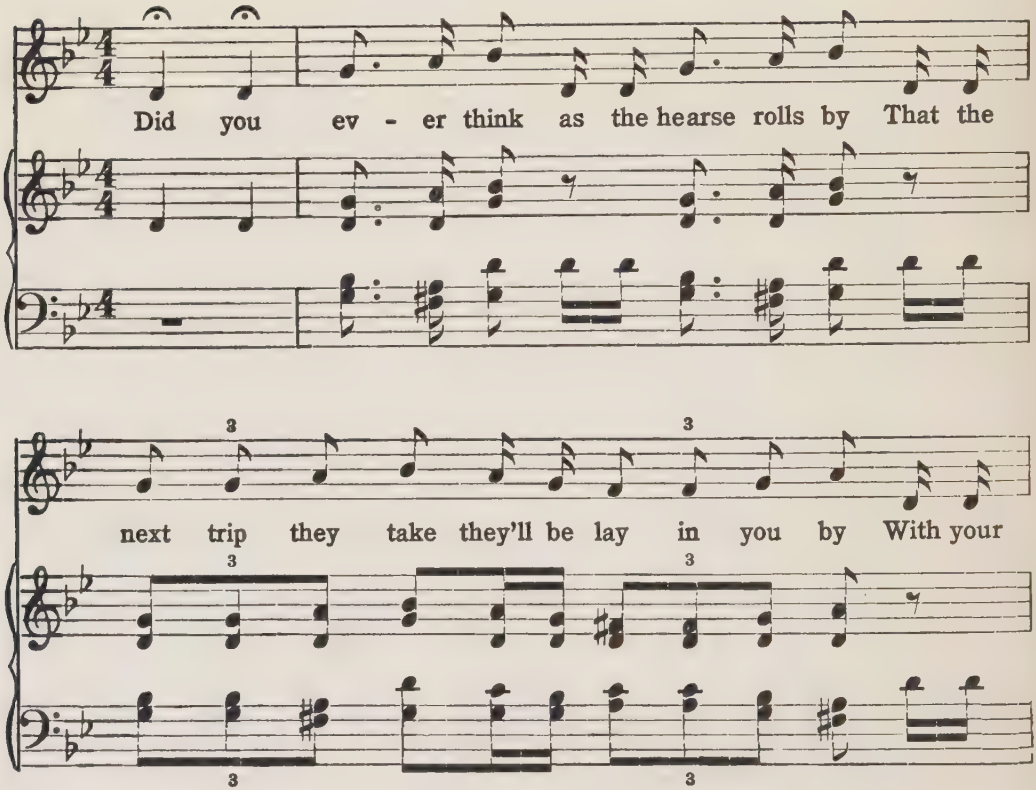

Allegretto
On peut dire "va-che es - pag-nole?" Ja-mais de la vie
p sempre staccato
On peut dire "tu sal che-meau?" Ja-mais de la - vie Le
fran - cais n'est pas bon comme ca, comme ci, comme ca oh

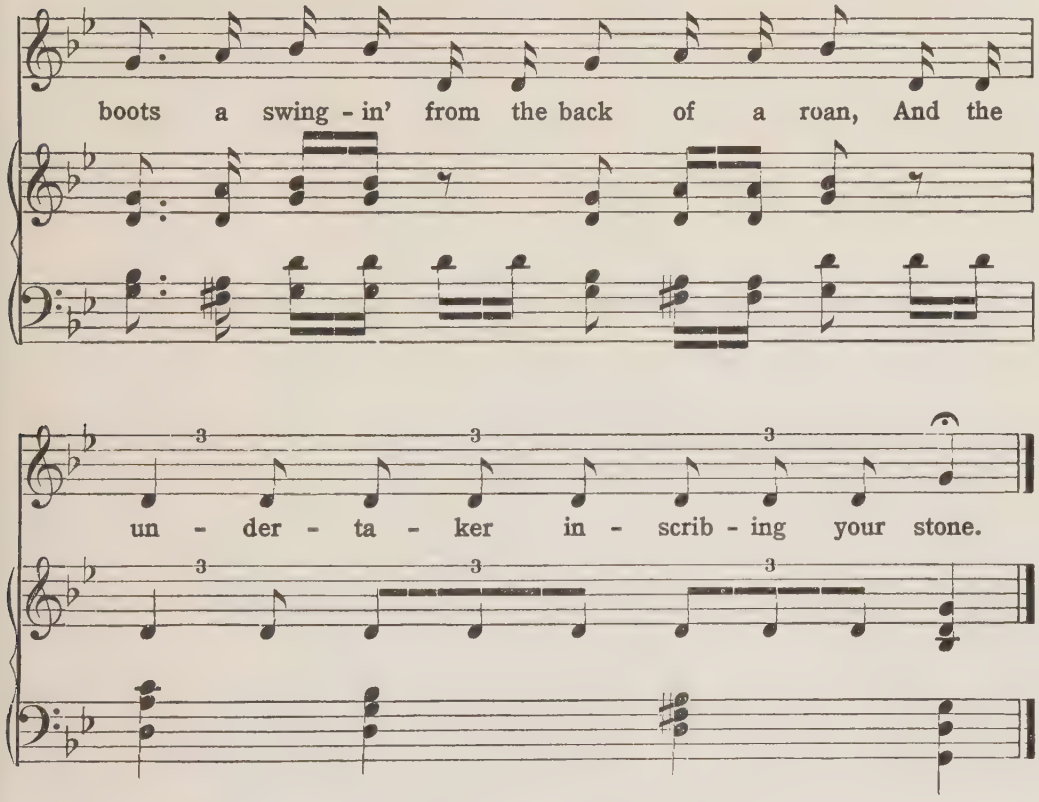


Ma maman m'a dit une fois,
Jamais de la vie.
Causes tu avec les soldats?
Jamais de la vie.
Les soldats ils sont amoureux,
Pour les jeunes filles, trés dangereux,
Quand ils regardent et coupent les yeux,
Gardes toi, ma fille,
Gardes toi, ma fille.

Enfin quand je suis sorti,
Oui maman j'ai dit.
Les oiseaux chantent une melodie,
Comme heureuse je suis.
Mais tout de suite, ma foi! j'ai vu,
Un magnifique et jeune poilu,
Et j'etais tout a fait perdue,
Je m'en fiche m'en fou,
Je m'en fiche m'en fou.

THE HEARSE SONG





'Cause when the old motor hearse goes rollin' by,
You don't know whether to laugh or cry.
For the grave diggers will get you too,
Then the hearse's next load will consist of you.

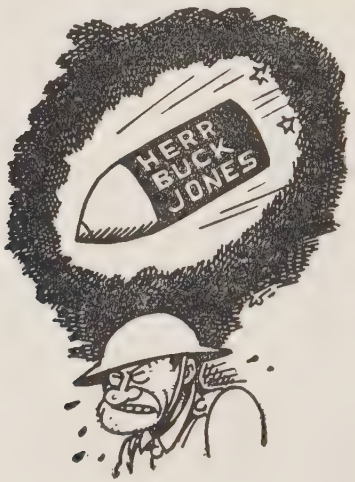
They'll take you over to Field thirteen,*
Where the sun is a shinin' and the grass is green,
And they'll throw in dirt and they'll throw in rocks,
'Cause they don't give a damn if they break your pine box.

* Field Thirteen was the Issoudun Graveyard. We had flying fields numbered up to 12, when some humorist hit onto the idea of numbering the graveyard 13.

Oh, the bugs crawl in and the bugs crawl out,
They do right dress and they turn about,
Then each one takes a bite or two,
Out of what the War Office used to call you.

Oh, your eyes drop out and your teeth fall in,
And the worms crawl over your mouth and chin,
They invite their friends and their friends' friends too,
And you're all chewed to Hell when they're through with you.

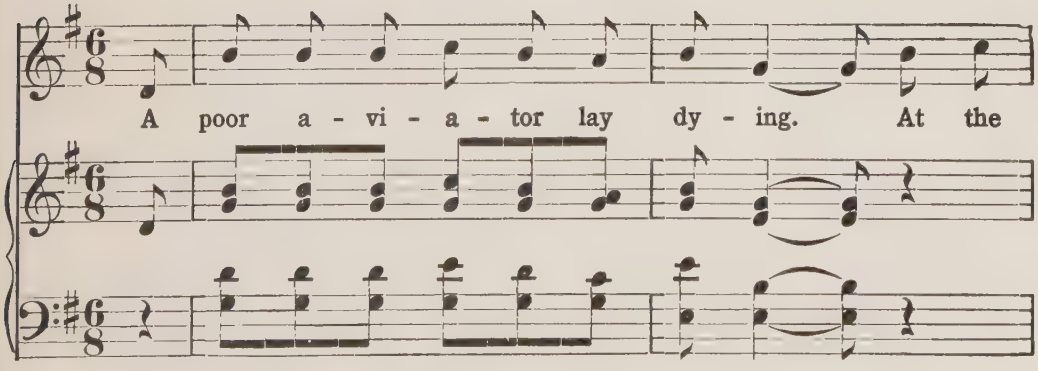
The Hearse Song and the Refrain to Chopin's Funeral March were great favorites at Issoudun (Indre), during those months when the Cadets were being bumped off so regularly. The funeral march song concerns the ten thousand dollars for the folks back home and has been given in full elsewhere. The Hearse Song is more to the point. It discusses future possibilities of a hearse ride, the grave diggers, and the gnawing of the worms.

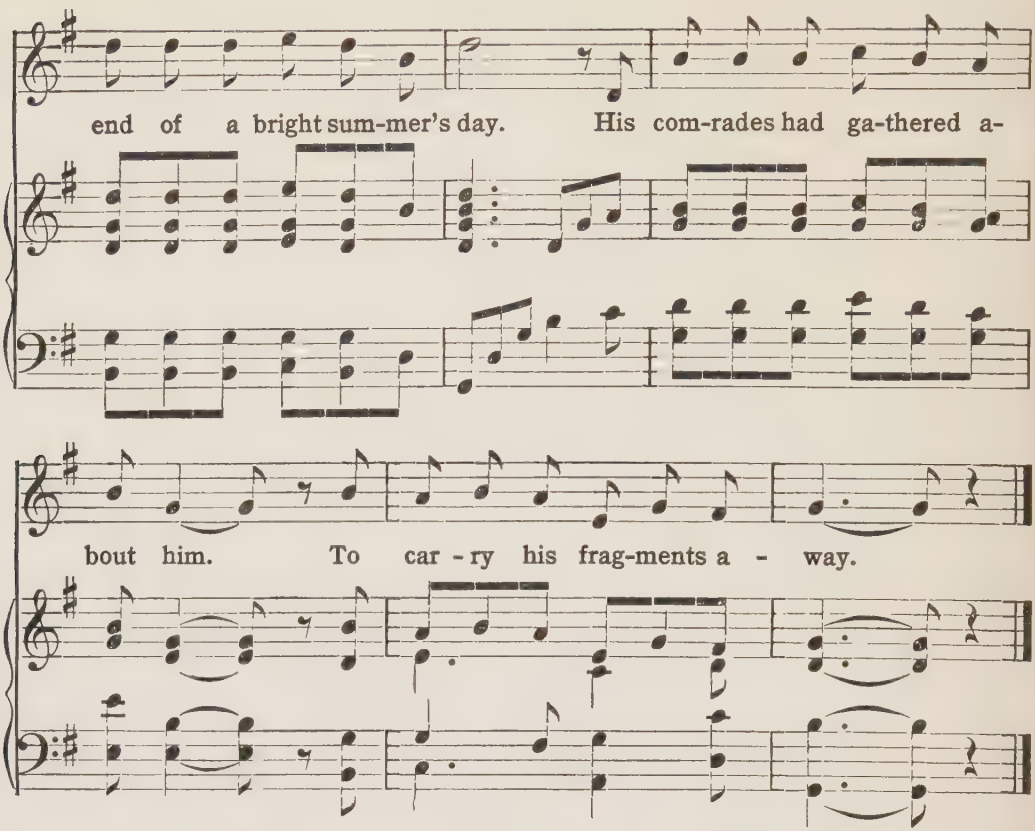


A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING

(A mechanical dirge)

This is possibly one of the glummest songs in the entire Air Service repertoire. Many of the good boys who sang it back in 1918 helped to fill up the passenger list for the graveyards at Issoudun, Tours, Clermont-Ferrand, Cazeau, St. Jean and Foggia. It's rather a mechanical song, but tells its own story quite well. We might add that it was a prime favorite in the spring of 1927 out on Long Island around the hangars occupied by the ships belonging to Chamberlain, Byrd and Lindbergh. Both pilots and mechanics sang it to a variety of tunes, the original melody being an old stand-by known as "The Tarpaulin Jacket."





The airplane was piled on his wishbone,
His Hotchkiss was wrapped round his head;
He wore a spark-plug on each elbow,
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket,
And stirred in the sump where he lay,
And then to his wondering comrades,
These brave parting words he did say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,
And the butterfly valve off my neck,
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,
There are lots of good parts in this wreck.

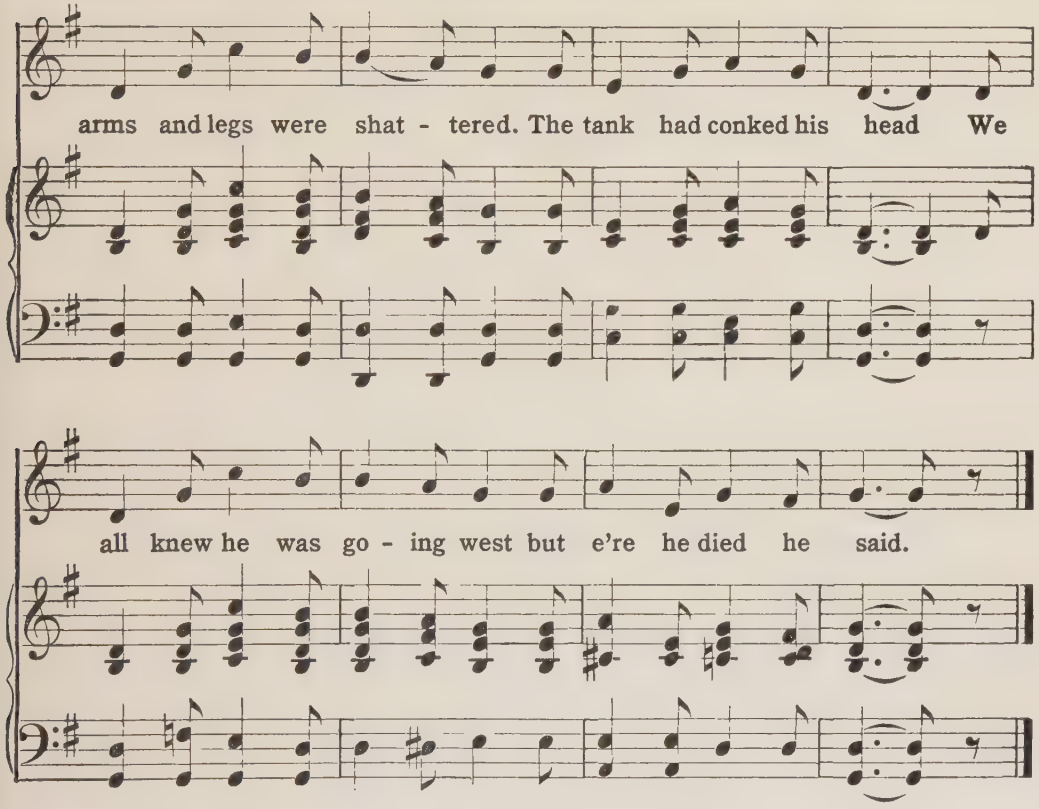
"Take the manifold out of my larynx,
And the cylinders out of my brain,
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys,
And assemble the engine again."

In the "American Songbag," Mr. Carl Sandburg records the Tarpaulin Jacket song, and also a song about a "handsome young airman." We were Airmen and some of us surely were "handsome," but modesty compelled us to refrain from singing about it. However the idea of the above song came from "Wrap me up in my Tarpaulin Jacket" altho we did not stick to the original tune.

BESIDE THE BREWERY AT ST. MIHIEL

Be-side the Brewery at St. Mi-hiel one bleak No-vem-ber day, Be-

neath a bust - ed D. H. 4. A brave young pi - lot lay. His



"Oh, I'm going to a better land,
They souse there every night,
Where cocktails grow on crab apple trees,
And every one stays tight.
Where bugles never blow at all,
Where no one winds the clocks,
And drops of Johnnie Walker,
Come trickling down the rocks."

The brave young lad was bouncing off,
But as he passed away,
We saw his lips were moving,
"My friends, it was this way.
The goddamned motor wouldn't hit,
The struts were far too few,
A tracer hit the gas tank,
And the flamin' juice came through.

"Oh, I'm going to a better land,
Where motors always run,
Where housewives hand out juleps,
And pilots grow a bun.
Where they've got no Sops, no Spads, no Sals,
And not a bloody flamin' four,
And absinth frappés, cool and stout,
Are served at every store."

There are other versions of this. One starts out, "Beside a Belgian 'staminet, when the smoke had cleared away." Another is located beside the brewery at Conflans. In each case, the pilot is about to kick off and as he dies, he tells of a happier land. One would gain the idea that the war-time aviation section was made up of philosophers from reading poems like the above, but that was not strictly true. Such poems as "Beside the St. Mihiel Brewery" were concocted out of thin air purely for the purpose of getting a laugh.

Lieutenant J. Heath Brasselman disagrees with us on the time mentioned in the song. In his Machine Gun outfit the song was sung about a dying gunner and the date was in September—not November.

Mr. Carl Sandburg tells us of a similar song, the hero being a railroad engineer. Mr. Sandburg calls it "The Dying Hogger" and has recorded it as a Hobo Song in his encyclopedic "American Songbag."

A hogger on his death bed lay,
His life was oozing fast away.
The snakes and stingers 'round him pressed,
To hear the hogger's last request.
Etc.

(A snake is a railroad switchman and a stinger is a brakeman.)

Under the title of "The Dying Hobo," Mr. Charles J. Finger records the death of a tramp in an empty box car. Mr. Finger says that the song came to him from one Bob Hughes, a sheep herder and ranchman in southwestern Texas.

All in an empty box car one cold and dreary day,
Beside a railroad water tank a dying hobo lay.
His chum he sat beside him with low and bended head,
And listened to the last words the dying hobo said.

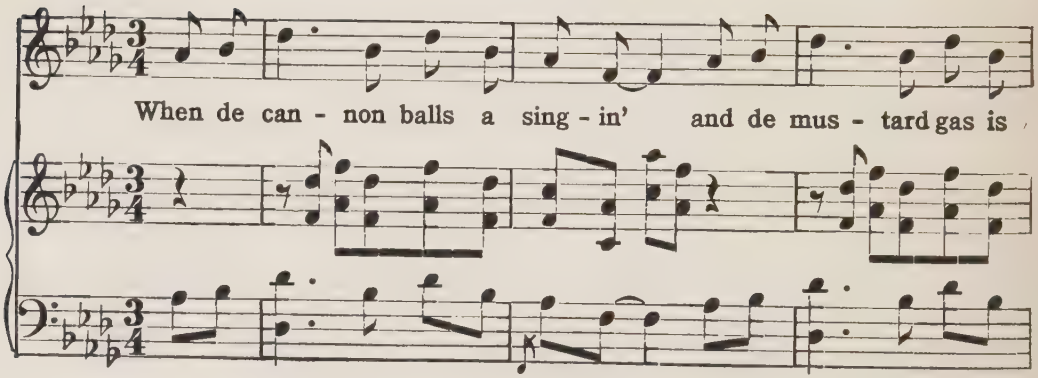
It is rumored that the aviation version of this song came from the British squadrons up in the north end of the lines. No one seems to know exactly who the composer was, but I shall never forget the first time I heard it sung. It was past the middle of September, 1918; the St. Mihiel Drive had just succeeded. Four American aviators and two American Red Cross girls (whose names will not be recorded here) had been celebrating in the city

of Bar-le-Duc. Bar-le-Duc is a well known town to the A. E. F., particularly the A. E. F. of the St. Mihiel and the Argonne. The celebration that night in Bar-le-Duc lasted far into the night. There had been quite a fine dinner and all the trimmings. Among the aviators was a captain. He was well known in the U. S. Air Service—well known for flying, fighting, singing and other aeronautical accomplishments.

The celebration was concluded when the captain sang about the young aviator dying beside the St. Mihiel brewery. It seems that one of the Red Cross girls had lost an aviator lover. That was earlier in the war, but just the same, aviator lovers were worth grieving over. They still are!

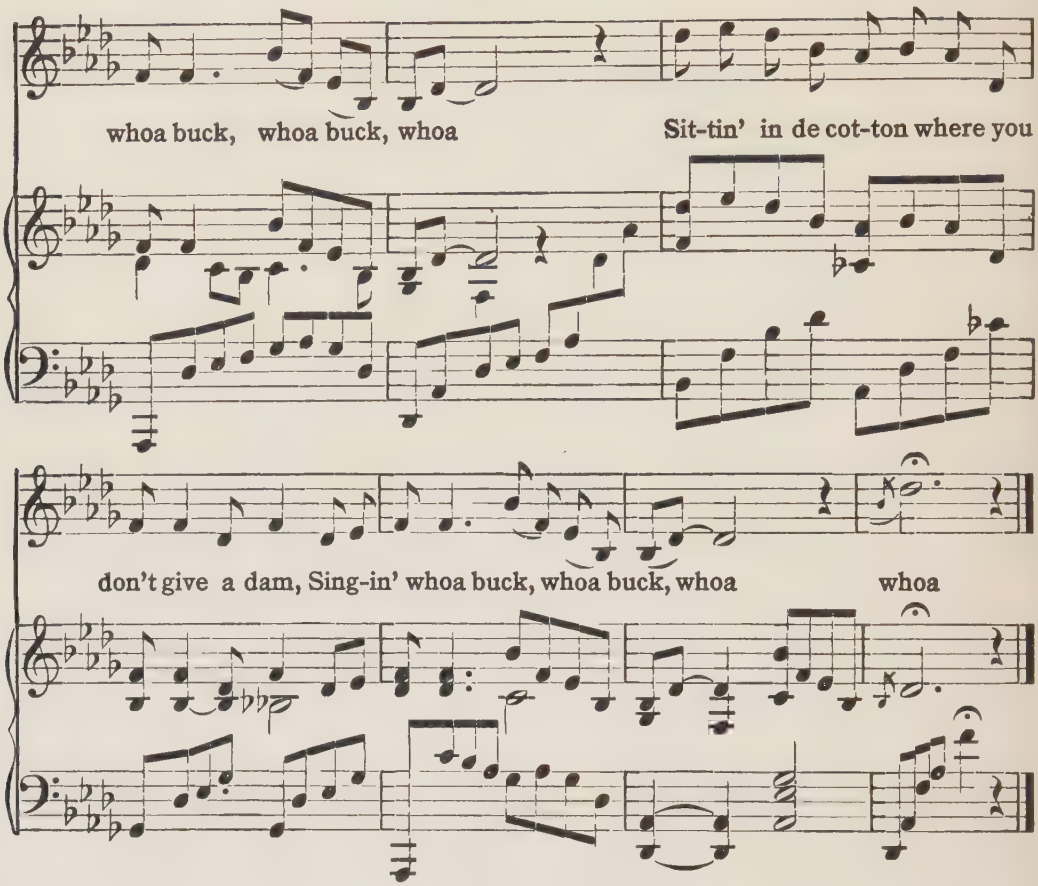
The French they are a
funny race ~
Parlez vous ~
US
US

SITTIN' IN DE COTTON



low If I sho - ley had my ru - thers Al - a-bam - a's where I'd

go. Sit - tin' in de cot-ton where you won't give a dam, Sing-in'



When I thinks 'bout de doctors clippin' off a laig 'er two,
I'd like to tell dose drafters at de Court House what to do.
Sittin' in de cotton, etc.

Oh, de States is full o' people tellin' how de war is fit,
But when hit comes to fightin', never fit a single bit.
Sittin' in de cotton, etc.

Oh, we eats our mess and wonder ef it's meant fur men 'er hogs,
An' when Hiney shoots a bender, we lays down and dies like dogs.
Sittin' in de cotton, etc.

When de Colonel and de Major and de Judge Advocate,
Tries to lock me inside de bull pen gate—I'd ruther be,
Sittin' in de cotton, etc.

When de grave diggers puts a million soldiers in de grave,
I think o' my grand-pappy, who lived and died a slave.

A Maryland outfit of negro Engineers supplied the verses and music of Sittin' in de Cotton. It is not unlike a song sung in southern Mississippi, where of course the cotton fields are actually handy, and form a part of the working life of the agricultural negro. . . .

MULE SONG

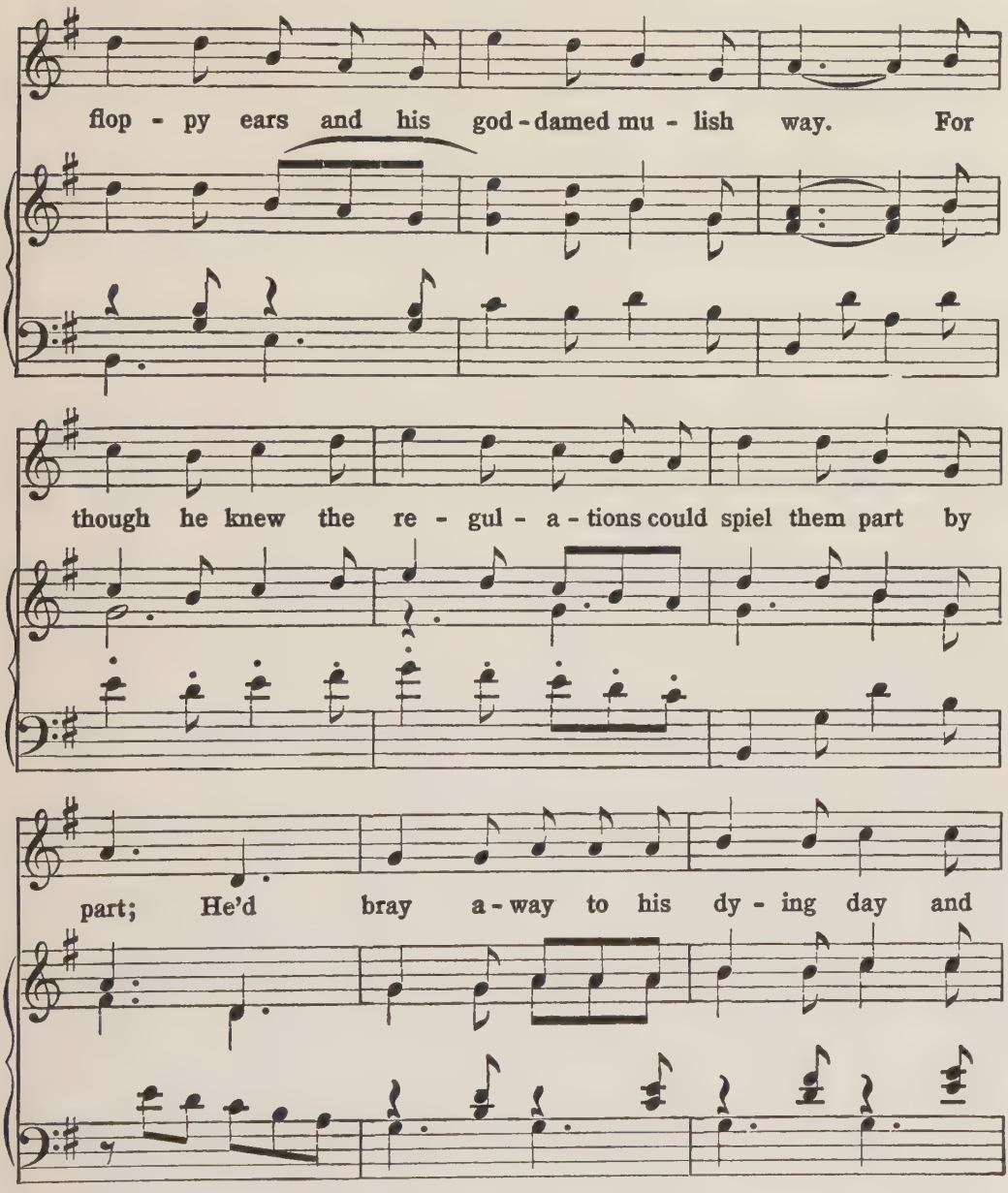
With swinging rhythm

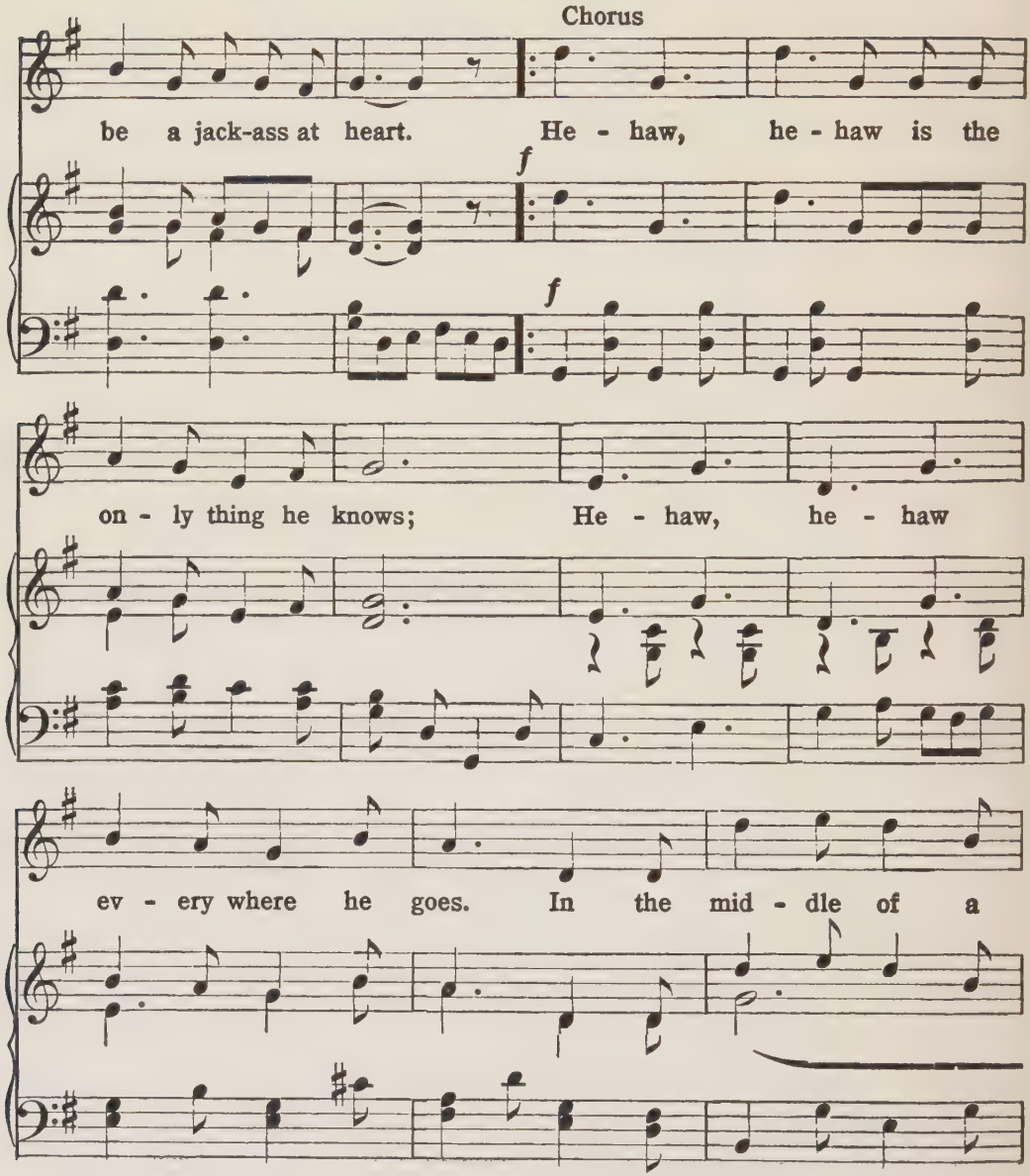
no mat-ter what you teach a mule, He'll

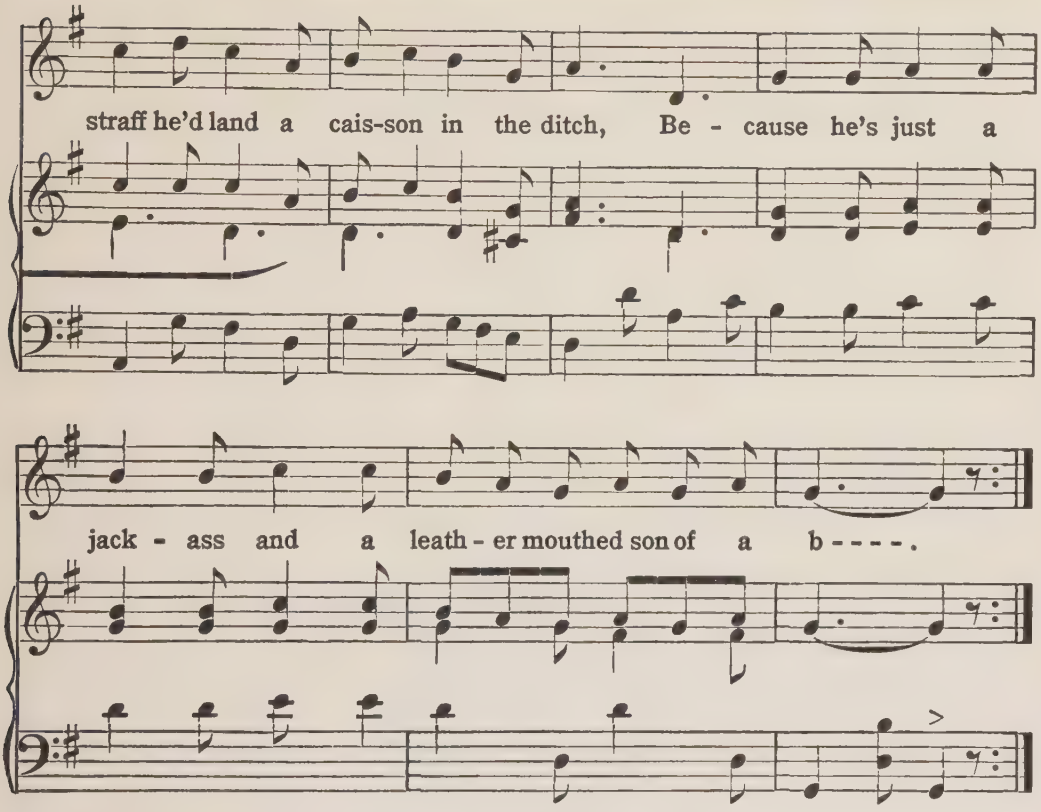
mf

ff *mf*

al - ways have his bray; He'll al - ways have his


flop - py ears and his god - damed mu - lish way. For
though he knew the re - gul - a - tions could spiel them part by
part; He'd bray a - way to his dy - ing day and


Chorus
be a jack-ass at heart. He - haw, he - haw is the
f
f
on - ly thing he knows; He - haw, he - haw
ev - ery where he goes. In the mid - dle of a



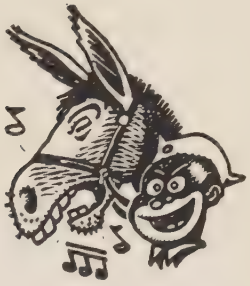
What man may write of war and not mention the mule! And what soldier, particularly an artilleryman or a machine-gunner, may soldier long without becoming familiar with the cares and worries that attend the noble jackass! One colored boy sang a requiem to his pet jackass—a jackass whose demise was coincidental with the explosion of a box of grenades. You already know about him. But here's another, who sang of the mulishness of a mule, avoiding any statements of affection.

Dey's a lot of things a soldier knows about de mule he drives,
An' one thing is that a jackass has 'bout 213 lives.
For when de company's polished off and all de pieces gone,
Yo' jackass will be chewin' grass and gaily carryin' on.

Chorus.

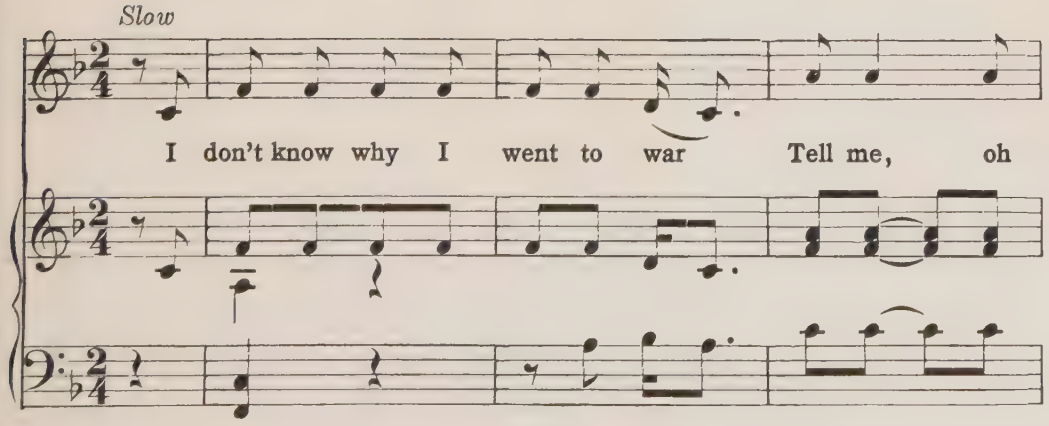
Come out strong on the "He haws," producing what operatic baritones call a goaty kind of tone. They ought to know, those operatic baritones.

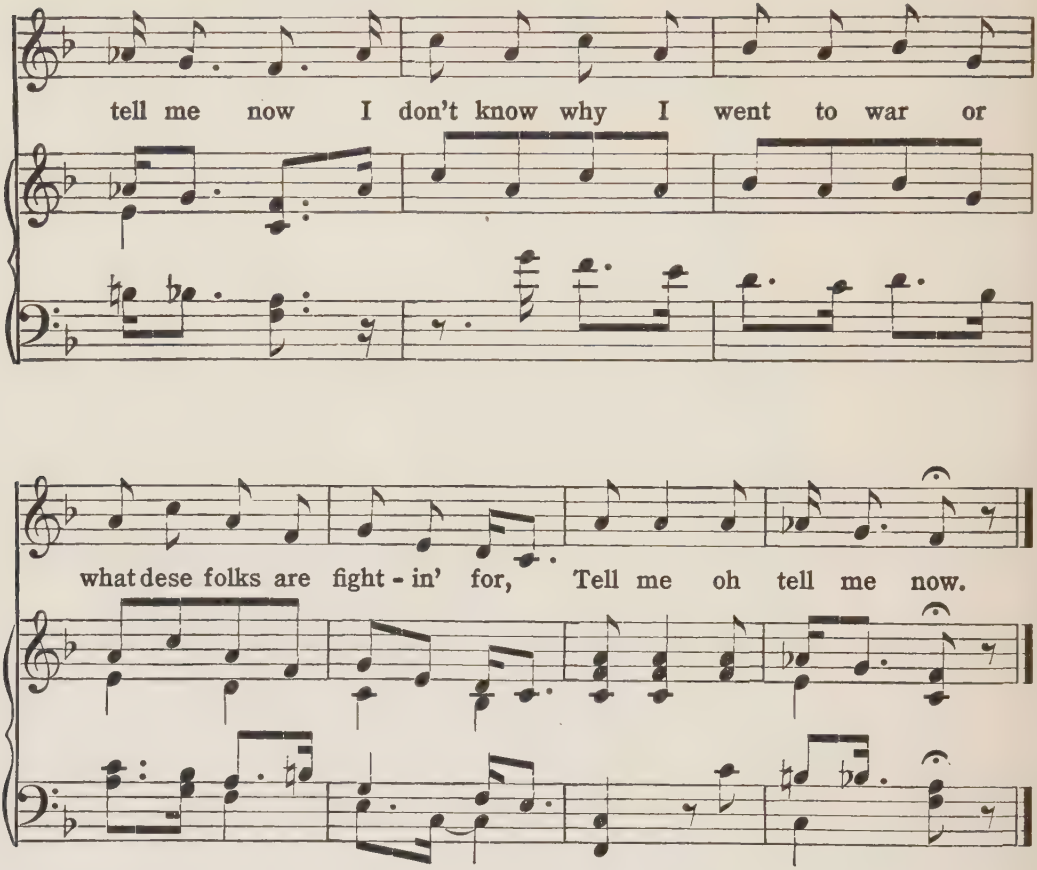
TELL ME NOW



This is what the negroes did to the "Mlle. from Armentières."

"Mlle. from Armentières" was a white man's song. The negroes would have very little of it. Why should they! Their ancestors had been inventing better songs ever since they learned the English language. But the colored boys took the form of "Hinky Dinky, Parlez-Vous," and with the idea of repeating the first statement several times, they got to work and "Tell Me Now" was the result.





I don't know what my brown's a doin',
Tell me, oh, tell me now.
I don't know what my brown's a doin',
With all dose bucks around a wooin',
Tell me, oh, tell me now.

I don't know why I totes dis gun,
Tell me, oh, tell me now.
I don't know why I totes dis gun,
'Cause I ain't got nothin' 'gainst de Hun,
Tell me, oh, tell me now.

I don't know why we feeds so pore,
Tell me, oh, tell me now.
I don't know why we feeds so pore,
When de officer men eats so awful much more,
Tell me, oh, tell me now.

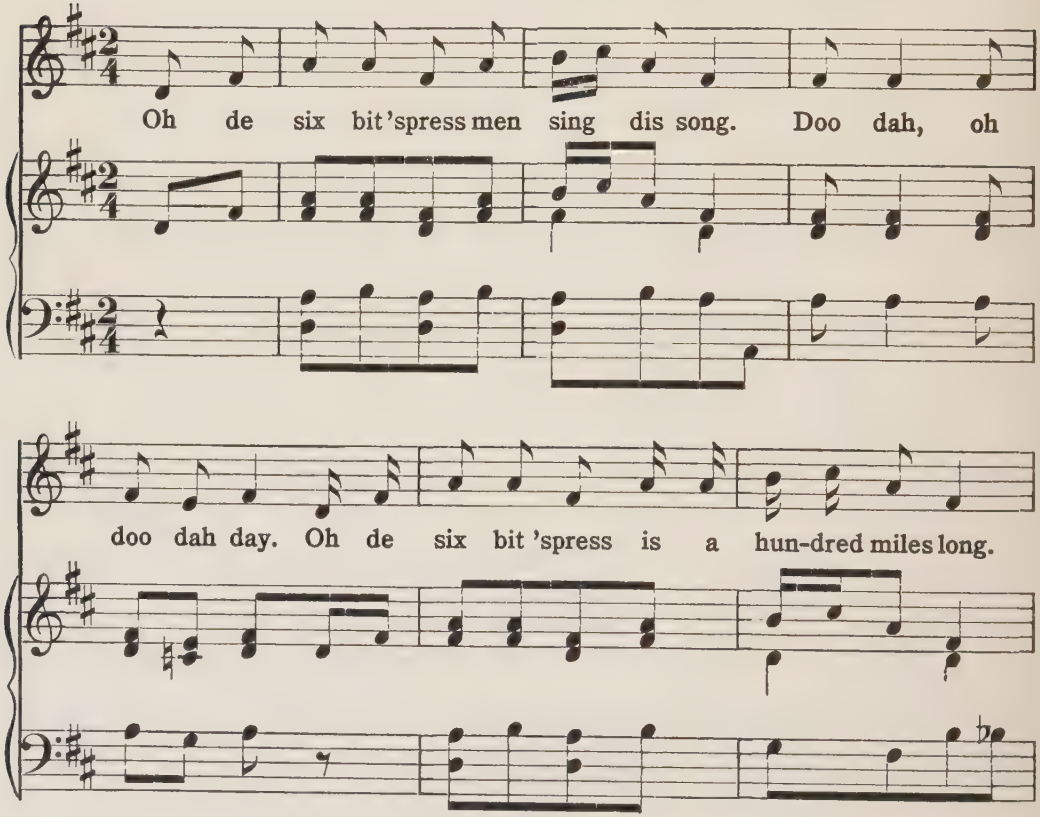
I don't know if I'll ever git back,
Tell me, oh, tell me now.
I don't know if I'll ever git back,
'Cause de voodoo's sure God on my track,
Tell me, oh, tell me now.

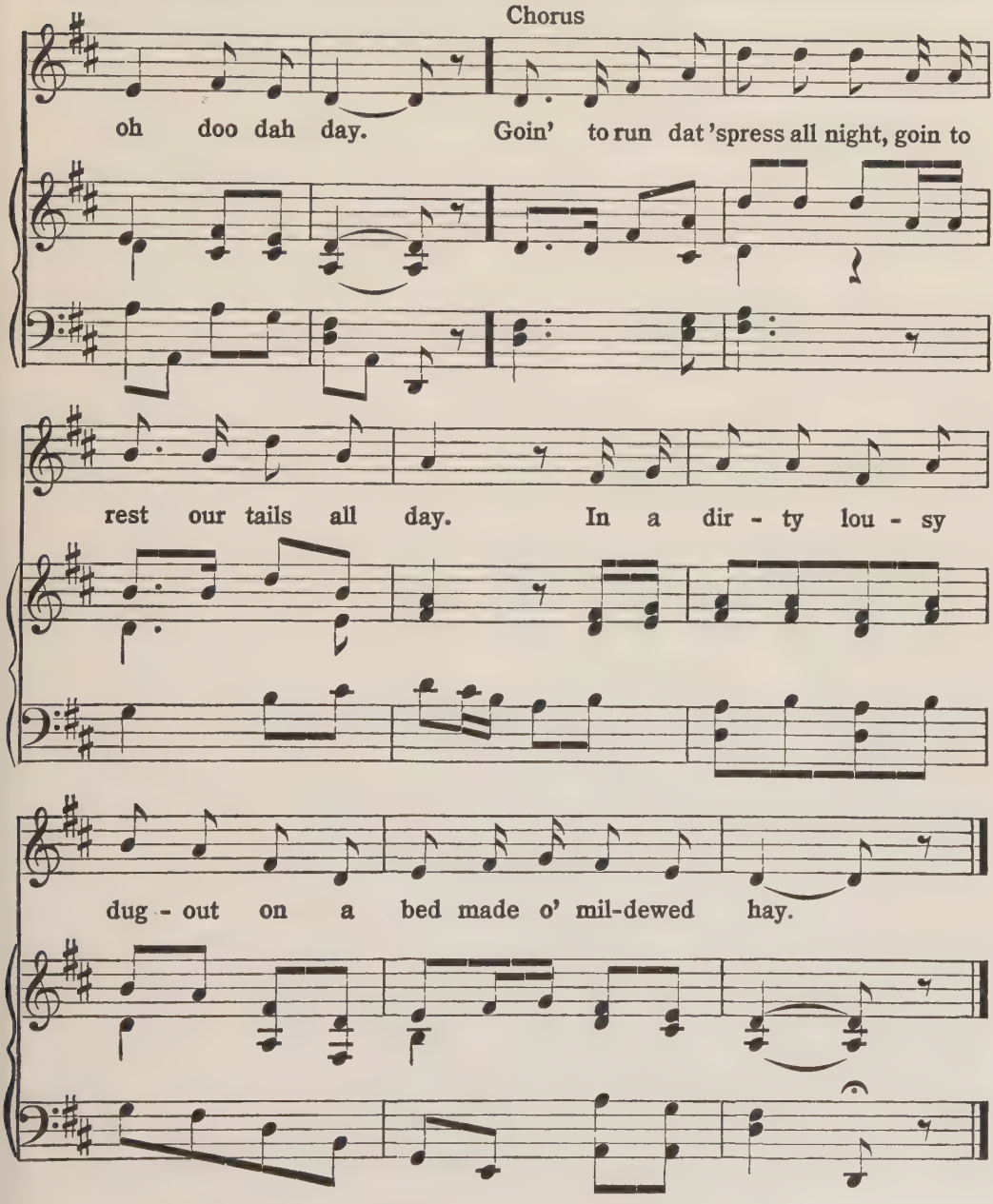
I hopes dey surely is a God,
Tell me, oh, tell me now.
I hopes dey surely is a God,
When de grave-digger slaps me in de face wid de sod,
Tell me, oh, tell me now.

It is a revealing song. It asks the War Department some very embarrassing questions, which to date are unanswered. But most negro songs did that. The colored soldiers didn't think much of the war as a rule, and they didn't mind saying so. The whites didn't think much of it either, but for reasons best known to themselves, they didn't sing about it nearly as much as the black boys did.

DE SIX-BIT EXPRESS

(As sung by an outfit known to us as the "Six-Bit Express men," who operated a narrow gauge railroad in the St. Mihiel country from October to December, 1918)




Chorus
oh doo dah day. Goin' to run dat 'spress all night, goin to
rest our tails all day. In a dir - ty lou - sy
dug - out on a bed made o' mil-dewed hay.

Got in a crap game wid my hat caved in,
Doo daa, oh, doo daa day.
Goin' to come out wid my pockets full o' tin,
Oh, doo daa day.

Chorus

Oh, engineer man, won't you shake your hips,
Doo daa, oh, doo daa day.
For de harbor at Brest is full o' ships,
Oh, doo daa day.

Chorus

The melody is "The Camptown Races," by Stephen Colin Foster. The idea of working all night and resting all day was exactly what happened to soldiers engaged in transporting supplies in the battle area, but we are inclined to believe that a parody titled "Lincoln, Hoss and Stephen A.," suggested this rhyme to the negro singers. It was back in 1860 that the Republicans used the Lincoln, Hoss and Stephen A. song to rile the Democrats who were trying to land Stephen Douglas in the White House. The chorus of the Lincoln, Hoss song goes as follows:—

We're bound to work all night,
We're bound to work all day,
I'll bet my money on Lincoln Hoss,
Who bets on Stephen A.

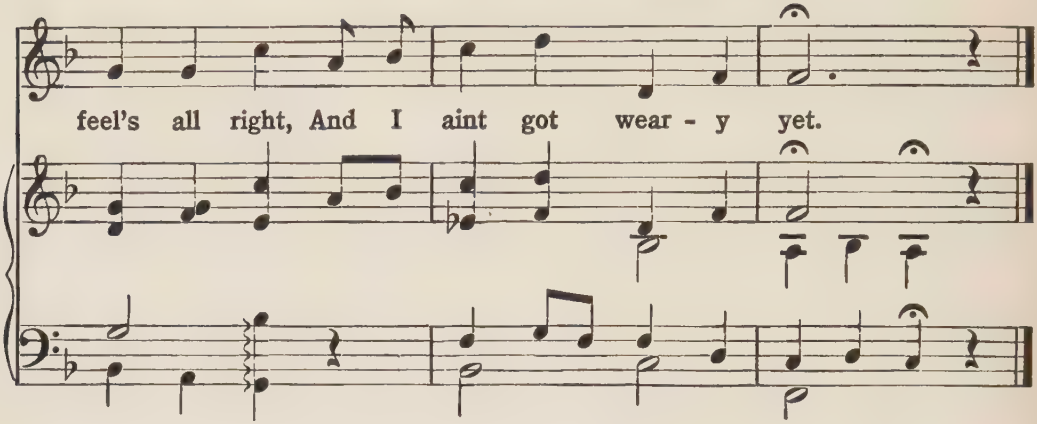
So we see that the Al Smith and Herbert Hoover songs of 1928 were not such awfully original ideas after all.

I AIN'T GOT WEARY YET

Andante

Oh I'se been wound - ed in this fight. Shot at sun - rise

gassed at night. Out - side o' dat I



Life out here ain't worth a damn,
Fightin' dis war fur Uncle Sam,
Usin' yo' head for a batterin' ram,
But I ain't got weary yet.

Lot more happens day by day,
Dan ever dose newspapers say,
But tellin' too much wouldn't somehow pay,
An' I ain't got weary yet.

When we buries half our squad,
Plantin' 'em dere beneath the sod,
Bein' alive seems mighty damned odd,
But I ain't got weary yet.

As a contrast to this almost pathetic negro song, we have a six-line fragment indicating well being at every turn. The origin

is unknown. An American newspaper correspondent sang it for us. He heard it somewhere in France, and it was sung by a negro.

Reel, reel, reel,
Jesus Christ, how well I feel.
Ain't no use to stop me now,
'Cause my life is just a wow.
Reel, reel, reel,
Jesus Christ, how well I feel.

WHEN I LAYS DOWN

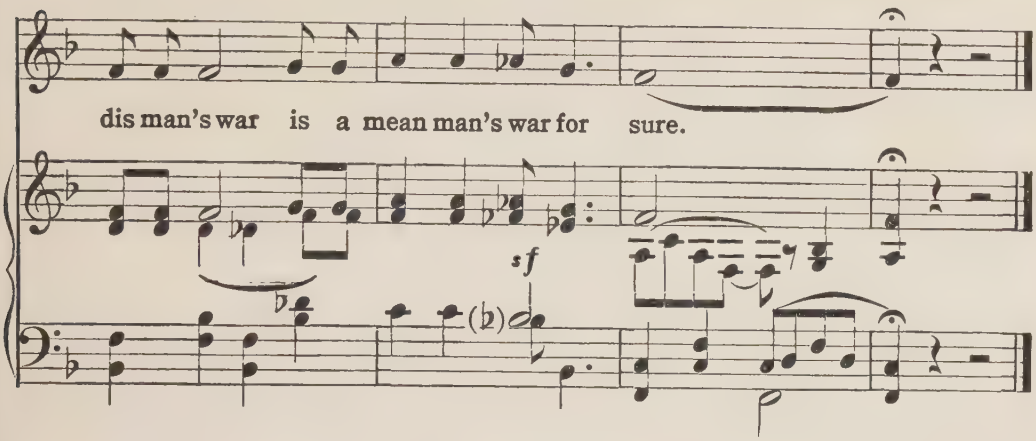
(A negro soldier song coming from a correspondent in Texas)

Not fast

When I lays down and dies on my old tired hun - kers, De

mf

fami - ly back home 'll get ten thou-sand plunk - ers; Oh



I only wants to live but I knows I'se got to die,
De fun I'll have'll be in de sweet bye and bye.
Oh, dis man's war is a mean man's war for sure.

All dose black mamas back home is a pinin'
Fur a papa like me when de moon's a shinin'.
Oh, dis man's war is a mean man's war for sure.

Can't think 'bout livin' when you know you got to die,
Can't think 'bout sparkin' when de Heine's near by.
Oh, dis man's war is a mean man's war for sure.

Findin' out every day how to be a fighter,
I'm a totin' my gun but my pack's gittin' lighter,
Oh, dis man's war is a mean man's war for sure.

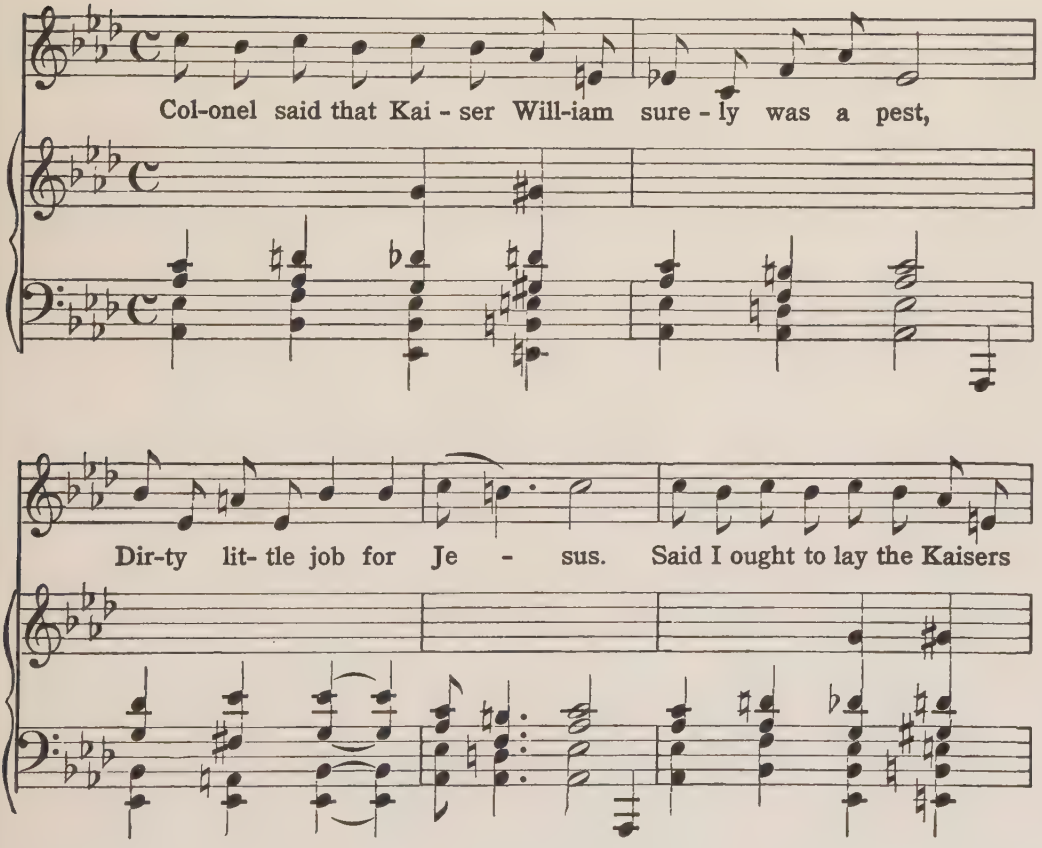
Dere's a sniper over yonder in what's left of a tree,
But he'll be a snipin' son of a b . . . before he ever snipes me.
Oh, dis man's war is a mean man's war for sure.

The melody of "When I Lays Down" starts out to be the exact tune of "The St. Louis Blues," but after the first measure it safely departs into original channels. It is safe to say that our war was a "mean man's war," and that the mamas, both white and black, pined for their soldier lovers, and that ten thousand dollars were paid to more than fifty thousand families back home.

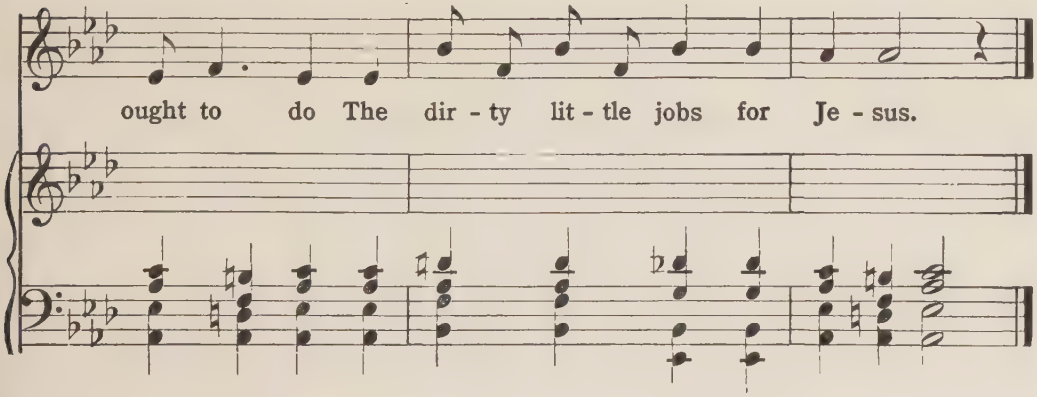
But "When I Lays Down" is much more interesting as a song than a piece of historical data. It should be sung, like most negro songs, gently, and the pianist should, by all means, bring out the left hand in the fourth measure. That descending scale, beginning with the E flat, is worth a little practice.

WHAT DO THE COLONELS AND THE GENERALS DO

(A song that explains itself—and how!)

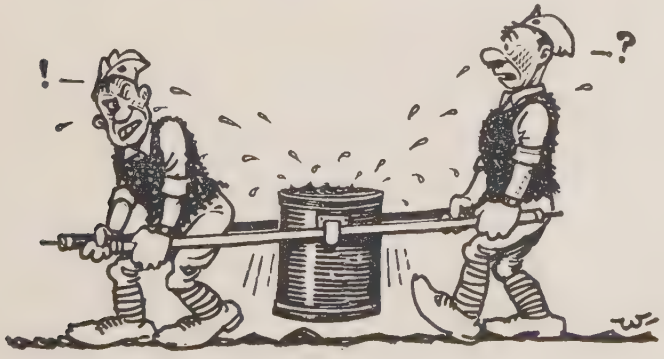


hips to rest, Dir-ty lit-tle job for Je - sus, Oh
What do the Gen - erals and the Col-onels do - - -
I'll tell you, I'll tell you fig-ger out just how the privates



Now when I run away they said I was afraid to die,
Doin' dirty little jobs for Jesus.
I said the only reason why I run was 'cause I couldn't fly,
Doin' dirty little jobs for Jesus.

Fifty thousand privates died for democracy,
Dirty little job for Jesus.
Twenty major generals got the D. S. C.,
Another dirty little job for Jesus.



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"YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW - YOU'RE NOT BEHIND THE PLOW."